

EXTERMINATION Z O N E



By DR. RANDALL PHILLIP

EXTERMINATION ZONE



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OBITUARIES

THE BLOOD OF THE INNOCENT CONTINUES TO SPILL UNSAVED.

Ilsa, whose wisdom has been an inspiration, whose love has saved me, and without whom this book would not have been possible.

William Delbert McCall, who obtained crucial information for this book, and whose investigations have led him to be missing in action. Wherever you may be, Bill, your efforts were not totally in vain.

Tom Crites honors this book with his incredible drawing talent in the following sections: "Judgement Day", "Pornography: A Woman's Point of View", "Happy Fuck'n Hallowe'en!" and "Tucci on my Cock".

Marissa Lafferty graces this book with words of wisdom.

Mitchell Altum provided a few choice pieces of technical data.

Medical researchers of many fields, who have requested to remain anonymous, whose assistance has been deeply appreciated, you are so noted here as per your instructions. Thankyou. You know who you are.

M.C. McDonald annoints these pages with his prophetic observations on the ignorant masses. May his life cause the destruction of millions.

The Aggressive Christians Missions Training Corps
for preaching The Word of God so righteously.
Box 203, 8001 E North Mesa, El Paso, TX 79932.

Mike Hunt Publications has the balls to publish this book.
P.O. Box 226, Bensenville, IL 60106.

Jesus Christ has spoken His words through me. I am merely His vessel.

Others have indirectly aided in and supported the formation of this book. May you never rest in peace. If I didn't mention your name here, consider yourself lucky.



INTRODUCTION

I hate this book. I hate most about it. I hate that I have to waste my time bothering to write anything. I shouldn't have to do it. You should all know what to think without me having to tell you it. I look at this book as a bassackwards to document, with some hope of understanding, the sequence of thoughts that are going through my superior brain. So, I guess I write for me. I can't help but write this book... The same way a happily married man can't help but look at other women's legs and get aroused. Maybe later that night, this man goes into the bathroom and jerks off, thinking about those other women's legs. Maybe he even fucks his wife, thinking about those other women's legs. You can see how that man could grow to hate such a thing, yet still do it, don't you? Well, that's how it is with me writing this book.

It has taken me a long time to write down as completely as I can what occurs inside my beautiful head. Countless times I have wanted to throw this book in the trash, rip it to shreds, burn it to ashes, block it out of my mind, and forget about it to save myself alot of trouble. But, *I like trouble*. Trouble makes the world go around.

I used to think that people could think for themselves. I was wrong. You need me to tell you what to think. That is why my own words offend me. I don't want to be telling anybody what to think. But, you're all so fucking *stupid*. You need *somebody* to tell you what to think. That somebody might as well be me. This is why I am sure my words will offend others, who are *even stupider* than you are. Now, that's hard to believe! I know that the last thing you probably want to do is read a bunch of words. Well, *tough titties!* You cretins are going to read anyway! If you do, you'll get a reward that is calculated to frighten, amuse, and nauseate you. I'll give you the goods! I'll give you the gift that keeps on giving! Because, in a strange way, I love you. *Gosh, I'm blushing!* I love you dummies *so much!* My cute little whipping boys! What would I be without you? What fun would I have? I'll give you what you really want: *the truly repulsive*. I'm just a sharing kind of guy. You bunch of fuckin losers.

There is some of the Extermination Zone in everyone's heart, soul and brain. It's in the brutal nature of our survival. The Extermination Zone exists to make life more interesting... to have *something* to fight, to hate. It consumes me with the fire to exterminate everything and everybody. It allows me to see the beauty in people: their frailty, their strength. Being able to see this beauty in people makes my life worthwhile. Life is harsh enough. So, I should make it harsher for others. I'll tell you why: It makes me feel good. The flames blaze with fury, pumping burning blood through my veins. Besides, you think I'm cool. Being mean and evil is cool. You're my fans.

Let me be frank with you here, so that there can be no mistakes. The fact is, that nobody can live up to my standards. This is a problem that is very hard for me to deal with. I am a reasonable man. I expect

the people who I come into contact with to be mean, unreasonable, and inconsiderate. This tends to make me a well-adjusted soul. I consider myself to be a sensitive guy. I'm sensitive to every shitty thing around me. This causes me to have a great harmonious feeling with all the world that fills me with inner peace. I take responsibility for myself. But, like anyone, I am influenced, inspired, and coerced into doing- and yes- even thinking things. After all, all our thoughts came from somewhere. Originality went out of style when the first caveman shat in a toilet instead of in a lake. Then everybody else followed suit. I consider myself to be like that caveman. I am the next step in the evolution of the Human Race.

I'm trying to give you a nice little lesson here that we can all learn from. Yes, I know that a great deal of learning amounts to no good. All the shit we hate, that makes us feel so good to frown upon, doesn't go away and make us better people living in a better world. The foul stinking shit just recirculates itself in other forms. We can never get away from it. So, we might as well enjoy wallowing in it, and slinging it at our neighbors.

The lowest muck at the bottom of society's genepool is the undisguised version of the greatness that sparkles at the highest levels of our society. Think: "inbred mongoloid Niggers pimping out air-headed bimbos for drug money". Then think: "multi-million-dollar businessmen making money off the labor of wetbacks at ritzy cocktail parties". Those, who believe themselves to be of civilized upstanding morality, run with the dogs in the desert, snarling and biting strips of raw flesh off each other. Survival is not graceful, nor is it ever civilized. I am not any better. I'm just disgusted with pretending. So, if there's something wrong or right with me, there's something wrong or right with you too. Hatred of me is an expression of your jealousy. If you had what you wanted, you'd be me. Hating *me* causes you to become a loathsome frog flopping around in a pile of turds. I will demonstrate this to you further as you read this book. I'm pretty good at showing you how stupid you are. I'm not exactly proud of it. It's just something you allow me to do extremely well.

The term "Martian" is a dirty word I use for a stupid, piece-of-shit Human. Perhaps, not unlike yourself. You may stupidly regard this book as fiction, though it shouts facts at you that your pathetic mind will refuse to comprehend. Sadly, fiction passes itself off as reality these days, and so, my book will be a calculated excursion into *true reality*.

The unrelenting ache of reality sticks tiny needles in my head of a million slights and mocking glances. I am no longer the rollicking kid contentedly playing with my plastic dinosaurs in the sandbox. The outside sirens and shouts have deteriorated my nerves into spiteful stumps. Throbbing gloom mercilessly wares my at my reason. Insincerity has broken me with its inhuman callousness. "That's just

the way it is," I'm told by charmless social workers. They warmly hold my hand, as if to comfort me, while they try to tear a smile into my face. They insist, in their sing-song womanly way, that I must swallow the bad tasting medicine of life like a common kick in the stomach by a schoolyard bully. Sometimes, the shadow of dread closes my eyes and holds me in its embracing cold cage of despair. My impotent rebellion's creeping sweat sinks its jagged teeth deep into my skin while the congealing gravy of gloom roils in my stomach. When I can not do what I want, I reluctantly do what I'm told, for the time being, in order to survive. I bite my fingernails, chew my stuttering lip, and raise my limp hand to wipe the bitterness from my tired eyes. I have been an unwilling witness to the erosion of my world's sanity. I am jolted into the hungry pain of suicide and homicide like a door slamming shut in my head.

Hope for humanity

The most decent humanitarian forces are those which menace and terrorize the garbage of our sickly society. Any force which threatens mediocrity must be welcomed with open arms. Any force that is called a monster by this pathetic population is humanity's most beneficial ally. Any hope for humanity will come from its monsters. Humble yourself before them and aid them to do their bidding. Monsters torment the Martians. Only good can come from this. Use your own discretion. Hopefully, you have some. But, alas, that's probably giving you more credit than you're worth.

Use me as your role model. Psychiatrists have pronounced me to be the most perfectly adapted human being alive. And so, I am most fit to make humanity something it has never been before: intelligent. This task will be engineered by the elimination of the non intelligent. It is that simple. I, Randall Phillip, hater of the unintelligent, was myself raised unintelligent. I am a 29 year old male living in Pennsylvania, U.S.A. My mother previously had an affair with a retarded black man and had an abortion. I am the direct result of an unplanned pregnancy. My soon to be white irresponsible dad wore a condom, but I came into my irresponsible mother's uterus anyway. I am a miracle of irresponsibility. I have severe abnormalities caused by my eyes and left hand. Additional findings include psychic abilities, the ability to use both the living and the dead as my puppets, as well as being a mental catalyst. My inability to join my lips most of the time gives me a permanent smile, assuring everyone that I was born happy. A tall and thin appearance is my asset in social settings, because to be born this way, people either laugh at me, have a desire to beat the shit out of me, or love me at the shock of what they have just seen. The world is granted the privilege of seeing a great showman in me. I disrupted the 1993 Pro-life/Pro-choice *demonstrations* in Philly, when I released my

Pro-death view to the unenlightened fools. Under my direction, the Human Alliance was formed; in which dangerous super beings are let loose from their sheltered lives upon this sad excuse for civilization. Meat is easily harvested from the population out in the middle of nowhere. Isolation from large amounts of people is beneficial for slaughtering them without much interference. You have a kinship with me. You might say that I am preparing the soil from which you will later fully blossom. People of all ages around the world enjoy the interesting things I'm doing. I'm a popular favorite and am considered a genius by my many fans and allies. Strike at night. Switch your killing methods. Even the score. My enemies' misdeeds are being recorded to prove that I am not insane and that I am a genius. Indeed I am. Why ask to help people who want to be helped? Instead, why not help people who don't want to be helped, and cause them to scream? Much better than Disneyland, this Deathland provides its visitors with reality-based amusement. The Extermination Zone. This land is my land. This land ain't your land. This land was made for your burial grounds, not me. You can not help but be deeply moved to recognize your own mortality and the eternalness of death. This garbage gallery of corpses is a required experience for you all.

Diagnosis of the ill patient

When a person's stomach is feeble and unable to assimilate the ordinary food given it, the physician prescribes a light or predigested diet. In other words: mush. Thereby, the glands and other digestive organs are relieved of much labor.

In this world we find all about us feeble thinkers, who habitually use predigested thoughts. Scum bags have presented thoughts to the world population for ready use by their timid minds. Their unevolved brains are too lazy to undergo the labor of thinking out and framing up independent thoughts. Shoddy, shelf-worn, worm-eaten thoughts are good enough for them, as they save mental labor. The sickly, gangling thoughts they *do* have, travel on the path of least resistance. They are fond of the nice, level, smooth, paved thoughtway. They yield blindly and without reflection to buffoons and thugs who rob them of their moral freedom to discuss and judge. Predigested thought as a regular and only mental diet is always followed by weakness, disease, and mental atrophy.

The poorest bargain one can make is to swap one's thinking individuality for what is called respectability and authority, to be on the side of the big majority. There is nothing more subversive to Human progress than the hobbling of an honest, independent thought. Mental slavery is a copartnership with mental death. It is the duty of each Human to dare to break the bonds of the mediocre status quo, to

stand up for what is truth, and not be the claquers and repeaters of what namby-pambies and wishy-washies say. We become righteous *not* by substituting one faith for another, but by opening ourselves up to receive salvation from the full strength of our own abilities. Salvation can only be brought about by our vigilance to keep our minds full of our own thoughts. Open wide your own eyes of Divine Truth. Virtue is to be true to yourself. You can do more for yourself than all the prayers, books, sermons, and associates in the world.

I am obliged to introduce a probe into the veins of society, and push it in as far as it will go, into the heart's atria and ventricles. My obligation is considered moral and can not be disputed. My contribution to the training of citizens is the alliance between a purely hygienic attitude towards life and a defined moral code. My high principles govern the training of my citizens. First and foremost, my principles include the utmost respect for Human Life. To protect it. Promote it. And kill off all the worthless vines that strangle it.

One night, I was visited by God. He told me that, "I am a True Christian, and to keep doing what I'm doing." I searched myself and knew that God had spoken the truth. I resigned myself to listen to what God had to say. He told me that, "God was saddened and displeased with those calling themselves Christians. Because, they were practicing sin to the highest degree." And that, "The Bible is the Truth of God mixed with the words of men. Men are corrupt. And so, their words are corrupt. The Bible is full of sinful men's corruption, and is a blasphemy unto the Lord." I accepted this, and asked God how it was that I was a True Christian. God told me that, "He wants me to put before the world a test." It told me that I am "doing the work of God" and was therefore "a True Christian." God told me not to brag about it. But, why the heck should I listen to a dumb old God that obviously doesn't have his shit together, as demonstrated by the goings on in the world since time immemorial? "One doesn't need to brag about God. Nor does one need to actively convert people. Nor should one harass people into following the path of God. If one wants to find God, one must do so willingly, for oneself, and for no one else." God left me and I fell asleep dwelling on the experience.

When I awoke in the morning, I knew that it had happened- that I had actually been visited by God! I knew that I had to write the Third Testament of The Holy Bible! This Third Testament is to be a test for Christians and *for all the world!* This Third Testament is what you now hold in your hands! Read it. Cherish it. And Obey it! You gotta listen to God, donchya?

I WANT TO GROW UP AND BE JUST LIKE MY MOMMY AND DADDY

Daddy could not resist Mommy's hard nipples poking up through her tight blouse. Mommy was bred to entice rapists. Thus it was, that in the backseat of a Chevy on a cool October night, I was irresponsibly conceived. Mommy's unplanned pregnancy of me resulted in an unplanned marriage to Daddy.

Alcohol gave meaning to Daddy's life of failure. For 19 years Daddy hurled questions at me, for which I never had the right answers. Wrong answers were punishable with a beating. For whatever reasons, Daddy's interrogation of me took place after school, during dinner (by which time, Daddy was usually drunk). During this ritual prelude to punishment, I'd have to eat the terrible food that Mommy cooked: burnt meatloaf, or burnt tuna-fish casserole. Daddy instructed me not to speak unless I was spoken to- and never, never was I allowed to laugh during the course of a meal. I'd get beaten every day, for some reason or another. This gives you some idea of the usual, daily routine I went through for most of my life growing up.

As a kid, I would draw skeletons. I felt that they were protecting me and terrorizing those who were mean to me.

One day at school, my teacher (Mrs. Jacobs) caught me drawing a picture of a skeleton. She was aghast that I, a child of 7 or 8-years-old, should draw such a thing. She called for an immediate conference with Mommy.

The next day, whenever I attempted to use my left, skeleton-drawing hand, Mrs. Jacobs would hit it with a ruler. At the end of the day I went home with my left hand red and sore. I told Mommy what Mrs. Jacobs did to me, and showed her my hand. Mommy casually informed me that it was 'good for me'.

I would never trust Mommy again.

I was smarter than my dumb Mommy and Mrs. Jacobs. I used my right hand as I was told to do, but... secretly, I used my left skeleton-drawing hand. To this day, I am ambidextrous because of this.

One day, after Daddy beat me, he pinned me down on the floor of my room. I remember it quite clearly: I struggled under his weight, but could not move. His heavy body crushed me against the rough carpet on my floor. I cried, but he clamped his hand hard over my mouth and growled beneath clenched teeth for me to shut up. I could do nothing but obey. After a little while, I felt him pulling my pants down. "Oh no," I thought, "I'm going to get

another spanking." I felt a burning pain that I had never felt before going into my ass. I yelled, but Daddy pulled my hair and told me again to shut up. It hurt like hell, but I tried my hardest not to make a sound. Daddy moaned, as he stabbed into me again and again. I sobbed with no sound coming out of my mouth, and stared out the window at the pale blue sky. Nothing but pale blue sky. I left my body and went somewhere else- I don't know where- somewhere, where I felt no pain.

Daddy visited me many, many times over the course of the years. I can only remember bits and pieces of other times, because I'd always leave my body when they started happening. I don't know how old I was when his visits began, or when they ended. They all blend together in my memory: in the closet with Daddy's big penis gagging smelly and dripping down my throat; being tickled by Daddy until it hurt and he wouldn't let me get away; pants down with burning pain in me while Daddy laid on top of me; I'd lie in bed at night and Daddy would come in. All my muscles tense, unable to move, scared to make a sound, paralyzed with Daddy.



A photo Daddy took of me
after he beat me.
Dated Feb. 1971

I drew skeletons to keep him away; to protect me. I guess I didn't draw enough of them, because Daddy kept coming back. Once, Mommy asked me about the sticky stuff in my pants. I told her it leaked out of my butthole from Daddy. She smacked me across the face and told me not to ever talk like that ever again. Mommy knew alright, but she didn't care.

I just figured my Dad fucking me was standard treatment, like my

beatings. So, I just put up with it... endured it... began to like it. I hated my Mommy and Daddy. But, I also loved them. They hurt me, but they also took care of me. I know they loved me. But, I also know they hated me. They were nothing. They hated themselves. And I would just remind them of why. I'd look up to them and they'd beat me down. They needed me. They needed me to beat down. I was smaller than them and they could feel great. I needed to be beaten. It was the only attention they ever gave me. I took it as 'love'. My warm bruises were trophies I'd carry with me throughout the day. The lingering aches and pains were my companions. For awhile, I was really scared of Daddy. After he beat me, he would stand there and laugh at me. He took photographs of me crying. I don't know what



Pic of me as a youngster.

to make of it. I guess it was his way of getting the most pleasure out of his retarded life. Your guess is as good as mine. At around age 11, I ceased crying. I looked at my various punishments as ways to build up my endurance and strengthen my will. But, after awhile, I got used to being beaten, found it a stupid gesture, and mustered up the stone-cold-hard guts to smile and laugh at my parents as they hit me. This scared them. I liked scaring them. Their fear of me told me that I didn't love them anymore. They were stupid and weak, after all. I couldn't love such lowlifes. So, I hated them. I provoked them by putting dead cockroaches on their pillows, cat turds on their bed, threw food on the walls, brutalized my brother and sister, you know... generally, went to war. Torment escalated all around. My word! Isn't family life grand!

I smile fondly, as I remember when Daddy punched me in the face, giving me a bloody nose- and when Mommy washed my mouth out with soap and made me clean the kitchen floor with a toothbrush for calling her all sorts of dirty words. This only meant my tricks

would be worse next time. I smile when I recall Daddy hitting my knee with a hammer because he didn't like my attitude. I giggle when I remember Mommy screaming at me, "You're not my child! Where did you come from!" as she hit my knuckles with a hairbrush and pulled clumps of my hair out. I chuckle when I think of how I made them hurt me. It told me that I was right and they were wrong. They couldn't take that. Not from a little kid. It made me feel powerful.

When it comes down to it, I don't know why Mommy and Daddy did the things they did to me. Maybe their parents, or someone, did these same things to them. Who cares. There are a million ways to rape and abuse people in this great world of ours that are acceptable. That's what working at a job is all about. Or, I can go to a restaurant and pay some cheap whore to serve me. I enjoy humiliating them. I go see the 'Richie Rich' movie while people in Bosnia are being raped and killed. It gives me great satisfaction.

Conclusion:

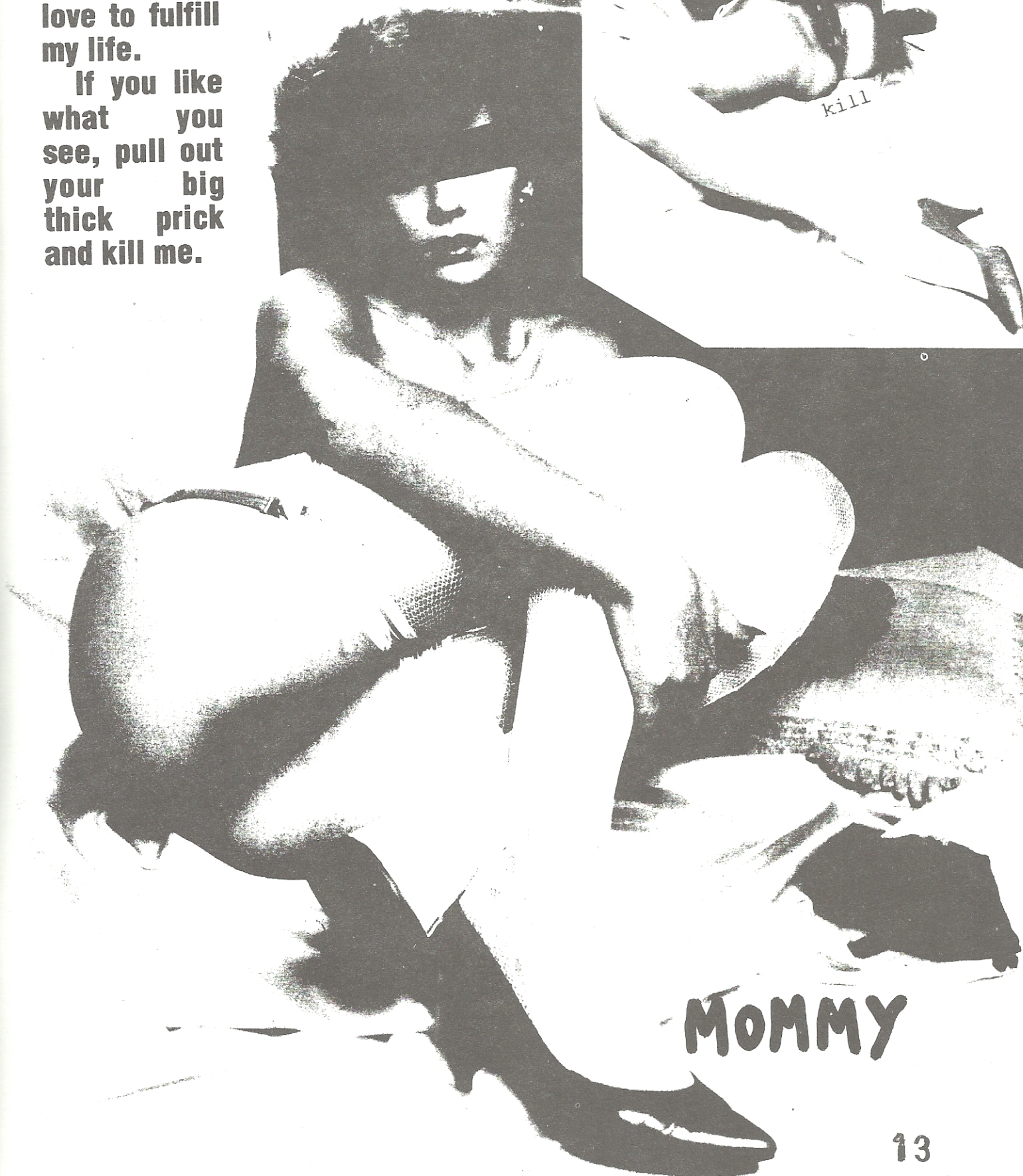
1. My Dad was (and probably still is, *God bless him*) a pedophile.
2. Mom and Dad were my attackers, as well as, my trainers.

I am thankful to have been assaulted by them, because they taught me what strength is. I survived. And I am a better Human Being for it. My strength was made greater by them. They were too dumb to realize they were training me in the glorious arts of WILL and POWER. I thank them for exercising rape, punishment, and merciless beatings upon me. Otherwise, I might have grown up being hopelessly shallow and mundane. I thank my Mom, and especially my Dad, for making me better than them. I don't like them. Yet, their lives are still of some worth to me now as I muse upon their lonely existence. As I write this, they're probably at each other's throats fighting over trivialities, wasting away in their suburban cage, with my Dad corn-holing my Mom, thinking of me. They will be even more amusing to me when I send them a copy of this. I'm very sure they don't want to be reminded of the past. The thought tickles me. Two rats in a cage and I'm going to throw them a piece of poison cheese. Ah, the mystery and suspense of things yet to come! Hopefully, they'll kill each other. Every day that goes by until I drop this in the mailbox is invigorated by the thought of them reading this. But alas, it is more likely that they'll pass off my trip down memory lane as the writing of their crazy devilson and shake their empty heads. Time will tell.

I do not wallow pathetically in the notion of being a victim. I respect myself enough to know that I am a participant. I don't want the disrespect of anyone feeling sorry for me. A swift backhand across your face is what I'll give you for that. I don't want the worthless pity of martyrdom that is owned by wretched victims: the females and gaybirds sobbing over memories of their "tragedies" amidst their inept Jew tears. Pity is the trait of imbeciles who don't have the dignity to grant a participant with any awareness of his actions. Pity exiles a participant from having any power over his willful decisions that comprise his fate and his situation. The insult of anyone's pity reduces the willful participant to a victim; a crybaby Jew; a whimpering female; a submissive homosexual; a stupid nigger. I think we can agree that's not very nice.

**My ass
needs every
inch of your
love to fulfill
my life.**

**If you like
what you
see, pull out
your big
thick prick
and kill me.**



MOMMY

H U M A N S !

ARE YOU AFRAID OF BEING WHO YOU ARE?



This is your world. It has been made NOT to be your world by diabolical Martian forces. Their actions are violations of your being. Their presence is an invasion of your soul. They are your enemies.

Do You Like Making Life Hard For Yourself?

Ever since I can remember, even as a child, I instinctively knew that *something* was wrong with the world around me. As a kid, I had many hopes and aspirations, as I'm sure you did too. I had that sparkle in my eye that said "This is my world and I deserve the best of

everything". My hopes and aspirations were smashed by every conceivable means in every conceivable way. At a very early age I felt agonizingly hopeless and totally alone. Terrible things happened to me. I looked around and all I saw was pure unadulterated horror. I was force-fed lies by my parents, my school teachers, and by my peers. Anytime I spoke the truth I was reprimanded. Whenever I showed any sign of awareness I was punished. I was mentally tortured and physically beaten by most everyone around me. Sound familiar? I was *even* beginning to get used to their abuse. *But still*, I refused to submit to their pervasive dull ignorance. I could see past their shallow attempts at deception as they tried to manipulate me. At a very early age I felt homicidal, but told no one. Around this time I made a discovery: I was o.k. *but everyone else was WACKO!* With this discovery came connections to others like myself. What was happening to me *was*, for a time, beyond my comprehension. I knew that there had to be some explanation for why I was an outcast. Slowly, the hideous pieces to a twisted puzzle started to fall into place. I now know what the frightening, horrible truth was: that *my enemies* were not Human. At first, it was impossible to consider it... then it was impossible to ignore: *I was living amongst Martians.*

How Many People Understand You?

Realizing that I was Human made me feel self-conscious for not being one of the crowd. I was always an entity in the background. Being a young Human was a handicap among the Martians. Many Humans sense something different about themselves as early as age four or five. The age at which most acknowledge they are Human is between 12 and 16 years old. Eighty percent of Human youth report severe isolation problems. They experience social isolation (having no one to talk to) and emotional isolation (lack of access to good information about Human orientation and The Human Race).

I learned one rule to overcome my fear of unavoidably encountering Martians: Have something honest to say. Martians gab alot, but seldom have a real, sincere, honest thing to say. It is obviously clear that honesty scares them. My law of attack is: Pick your own weapons- then, pick your own battleground.

I feared them because I believed them to be stronger and better than me. In reality, this is not the case at all. There are simply more of them. Remember that it is not **you** who are inferior, *but it is they who are.*

This Is What You'll Do

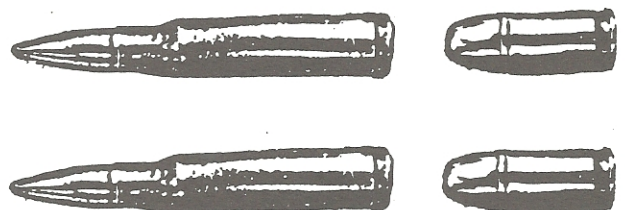
Let me spell out the cold, hard facts-- the way it's going to be and what you're going to do: First of all, start by using your Martian enemies, as well as your Human friends to gain victories.

Make your friends happy. Believe it or not, **you do** have Human friends out there. In their happiness you will gain strength. You can not always win victories by fighting alone.

Make your Martian enemies very very

unhappy. They can not always lose by failing alone. Succeed in making problems for your enemies, in order to solve your own. You will gain peace of mind from creating problems for your enemies. Find out what their needs are, and sabotage their fulfillment of them. Find out what problems they've already got, and multiply them by ten. The only love they have ever known has been to submit to The Martian Race. They have lost themselves. **They have no life.** You must understand that they need your help. They are failures. They need you to help them fail more. Their reactions to you demonstrate their obedience to you. When they respond to you, they are being slaves to their own failure. Their loss=your gain. What they're upset about is what they are. You will experience a renewal of life and energy in their defeat. Have nerves of iron, determination to win, and the will to keep going, regardless of the obstacles. Smash your enemies down hard! Bash them full in the face! Your apathy and indifference is equivalent to suicide!

FIGHT FOR VICTORY!



What would happen if one day those who repulse you became dominant on the planet and more intrusive in your everyday life?

This is what would happen: They would become a threat to your liberty and well-being. Their intrusions would pile up after awhile so that their presence becomes an obstacle to your freedom. What would you do?

FACTFILE

MARTIANS

Martians are the result of an extraterrestrial invasion of flesh. This is how alien conquest began. Martians are racially deformed aliens spawned by the bestiality of their ancestors, who genetically engineered fornication with apes! Martians are nothing but biological vessels to be controlled by their extraterrestrial genetic inheritance. The most prominent characteristic of their inheritance being, subservience. The Martians were able to create offspring with a Martian brain and physical characteristics that were Human-like but, *not quite Human*. These offspring were more like an unrefined Human whose definition was lost with each successive hybrid. They are something deranged... something that went astray from the evolutionary path down some forsaken corridor of foul, twisted flesh.

It is quite apparent, in view of the overwhelming evidence testified by the present world situation, that members of The Pure Martian Elite Race still reside somewhere on this planet, and are still continuing their crossbreeding efforts for their ultimate conquest and domination of this planet. (See

"Extermination Through Procreation") For quite some time reports have been coming out from "Area 51", located in the arid, sun-baked Nevada desert. It is a place very much like the conditions on Mars. Area 51 is a top-secret military zone and a restricted area where the *unconstitutional* use of deadly force is authorized against citizens.

The term "Martian" defines both the members of The Pure Martian Elite Race, as well as, the hybrids they genetically engineered, who are predominant on the planet today. *The derogatory term of "Martian" in no way reflects upon any members of The Human Race.*

IDENTIFYING A MARTIAN

From observation and experience, I have concluded that it is entirely possible to distinguish Martians from Humans. So, be careful! Look carefully! Scrutinize your neighbors and the people on the streets. Are they what they seem to be? Or, are they Martians? It is trust which leads to extermination. Every interaction with strangers is potentially life-threatening.

Telltale signs that identify a Martian:

- 1. An affiliation with any type of religion.**
- 2. The inability to carry on an intelligent conversation.**
- 3. Having a vacant "zombie-like" expression on their face.**
- 4. Reacting with fright, or, becoming offended by any display of honesty.**
- 5. Commitment to upholding existing state and/or federal laws.**
- 6. Having the social position of governmental authority. You cannot trust the Martian government and you cannot trust their workers, soldiers, or police.**
- 7. Advocating "equal rights" for all. It is the Martian Rule which preserves weaklings as being equals to superior beings. The Human Race will never be equal to weaklings. Weaklings make ideal Martian slaves.**

There is probably a simple biological test that can determine with total accuracy even before one is born, if an individual is a Human or a Martian. Unfortunately, as yet, I do not have such technical means at my disposal. However, through personal experience I've determined that I've rarely been wrong in the judgement that 95% of everyone I meet soon prove themselves to be Martians.

Other Humans are invited to devote attention to this subject, and through combined and systematic effort we can come up with a foolproof method for detecting Martians. This will be of tremendous aid in eliminating them. It must be the duty of each and every Human to manage these Martians, for they are the scum of the universe.

HUMANS

Humans evolved from apes separately from the Martian pollution. It is important to note that Humans evolved. Humans possess wisdom and intelligence, and so, have no need of religious fairy tales, nor the subservience and slavery that goes with its genetic alien inheritance. Humans are superior beings because we can think for ourselves. Humans possess wisdom and superior intellect, and therefore, have the express duty to manage and eliminate The Martian Race.

In a Martian society which places such a high value on ideological conformity, it is no wonder that Humans (intelligent and superior beings) are considered enemies by The Martian Race.



ENEMY!

THE MARTIAN THREAT TO HUMANITY

The Martian is usually typified as a big-headed, bug-eyed, little, green man. However, in reality the Martian could assume many forms, from a fat little stockbroker to a presidential candidate. How are you going to recognize a Martian?

To maintain their dominance it is mandatory for The Martian Race to experiment with every means to exterminate Human intelligence. The Martians chose their present abode: this planet. They left Mars for the purpose of conquering The Human Race. What the Martians continually attempt is a reaction to a marred and fallen idol- God.

Consider the potential strength under the Martians' jurisdiction. They are cognizant of all Human frailties. They can cause you to do things. However, they do not know what you are going to do next. You are free to bring credit or blame upon yourself. Through the admission of your faults and weaknesses you can hope to see your more valid points. Maintain your quiet determination to attain everything you need. Resolve fervently to obliterate your omissions.

A general preparing his battle plan gathers all possible information concerning the enemy. You, too, can know about the Martian.

Strength? A Martian can keep a brain under his power.

Firepower? Martian firepower is all of the world military forces.

Number? Who can estimate how many collaborate with The Martian Race to bring about their hideous ends? Be suspicious of their numbers. They are continually recruiting new members. Even an acquaintance, unwittingly working for them, might lure you into their service.

I alleged previously that the Martians might bring about the extermination of Human intelligence. That was erroneous! Subdue it, they can. Exterminate it? Never! Any harm that they can inoculate with their psychopharmacology and removal of brain tissue *can be reversed* with the resources that Human intelligence can provide.

What protection, what defense have you? Resistance. Refusal to compromise to their lowly, slick, sneaky, and sleazy ways. You must

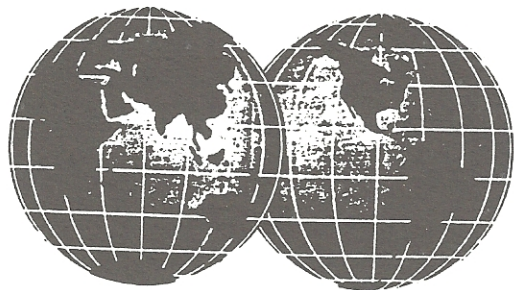
be ever vigilant against their lures and underhanded tactics. At the same time you must strive with all your might to erase their putrid stain.

When your arm is infected you take the proper measures to cure your ailment. If you could see the bacteria infecting that area, you would be shocked. So, too, if I could show you the Martians' mentality, you would be sickened, for of all diseases, a Martian's mentality is the most loathsome. You would want disinfectant for every one of their tiny thoughts.

Recognize the powers of The Martian Race, realize their intentions and become aware of their diabolical ways.

The Human Race segregates, casts out, banishes and deports the Martians. Through their own sneaky, slimey, loathsome mentalities and their own assaultive behaviors, they have condemned themselves to an excruciating torture and death as payment for their crimes against us. Permit the Martians to die forever, and walk proudly with The Human Race. Our love for The Human Race is greater than any of the Martians' sickening desires. With Human intelligence we can do anything.

Now you know why mankind fights and kills each other in disastrous wars... why Human greatness rots in a cold broken-down house! Man is just a pawn... a pet in their hands! But they cannot control man forever. They cannot keep The Human Race stashed in extermination pits throughout time! I have found others. We have banded together to fight! We will break the hold the Martians have on Humanity!



Government Officials Convicted of Embezzlement/Fraud
Father Poisoned His 5 Children Death tickets, at a premium
Police Officers Guilty of Using/Selling Drugs
5 Firefighters Accused of Setting Fires
Murder Kills 36 New World Order?
Virtual Workstation Shapes A VIVID Reality
Teachers Convicted of Driver dies in crash; said
Molesting Students to be inhaling laughing gas
Toxic Waste from Chemical Plants
Responsible for 1,000's of Deaths



RUSH LIMBAUGH
A smiling nightmare;
A hideously deformed clown.



SENATOR JESSE HELMS
*Beyond the scope of Human imagination,
crawls this twisted mound of Martian Horror!*

IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK

Nuclear Warheads
Ozone Depletion



HEAD OF MARTIAN F.B.I., LOUIS FREEH
A vacant-minded robot slave puppet.

Society's illness

U.N. "Peacekeepers" Kill Thousands

**DO YOU DARE TO DOUBT THE
EXISTENCE OF MARTIANS?!**

DISSEASED!

The government purposefully pumps neurotoxins (similar to Agent Orange) into the air to cause brain damage and central nervous system damage in order to render the population susceptible to the wide variety of behavior modification techniques and subliminal commands.

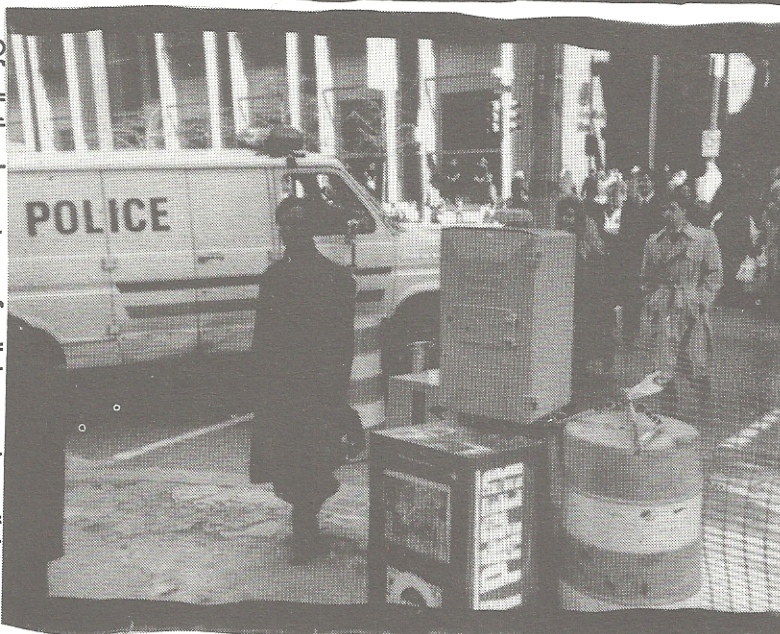
GOVERNMENT CONTROL SOURCES OF NEUROTOXINS:

Disinfectants, shampoos, waxes, polishes, paints, solvents, glues, varnishes, hairsprays, soap, pesticides, perfumes, deodorizers, air fresheners, water and food supplies, heating, ventilating and air conditioning systems.

These findings cast serious doubts on any form of the 'public health' offered by medical facilities and their federal and state sponsorship.

The majority of present medical professionals engage in the practice of diseased religious illness. Together, the two branches of religion and medicine, have given rise to serious abuses. Their primary abuse is to create an abundance of slaves in a chronically vegetative state. Their object is not to improve that state, but to prolong it. Thanks to medicine, religion has acquired the mastery of procreation, heredity and the nervous system. The hope for the future is a vaccination against religious illness.

Of all the branches of religion and medicine, the neuro-sciences are certainly those that are making the most dangerous progress, exemplified by the rigorous use of psychopharmacology and the grafting of certain nerve cells. This gives Martians the fearful power to alter Human intellectual activity, emotions, and behavior, thereby raising the most serious crime that The Human Race has to deal with.



Our first priority is to respect Human dignity by protecting against the fertilization of an unwanted enemy. This cure will prove possible to limit genetic defects without degrading The Human Race.

There are over five billion enemies on our planet right now. Did you know that? But suppose there was another planet with just as many enemies on it, and they announced that all five billion of them were coming over here to exterminate us. Imagine what that would be like. Well, it is already happening! Wholesale extermination of The Human Race is happening at this very moment! It is truly us against them. Despite their smiles, Martians are not friendly. Do not be fooled by their Human-like appearance. Martians may look like us, but they are entirely NonHuman. The behavior of political leaders, religious clergy, and the mediocre throng of worldwide population confirms our worst fears and proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that **THERE ARE MARTIAN ENEMIES.**

Former military bases, factories, and warehouses are in use today as Martian Death Camps! THOUSANDS OF HUMANS ARE ROUTINELY SLAUGHTERED EVERYDAY! The Martian Death Camps are equipped with dissection tables, organ and tissue storage units, and cremation furnaces. You think: It can't happen here? Guess again! There are more than 2,000 Martian Death Camps set up from Pennsylvania to California. More than 3 million of us are already on computer lists for "detention", "organ retrieval", and "cremation".

CRITICAL NEWS THAT DEMANDS YOUR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION!

WORLDWIDE EXCLUSIVE!

This “abandoned” U.S. Army Barracks located in the Philadelphia slum of the 24-2500 block of Grays Ferry is in use at this very moment as a MARTIAN DEATH CAMP!

**PHOTOS
JUST
RELEASED
FOR THE
FIRST TIME!**

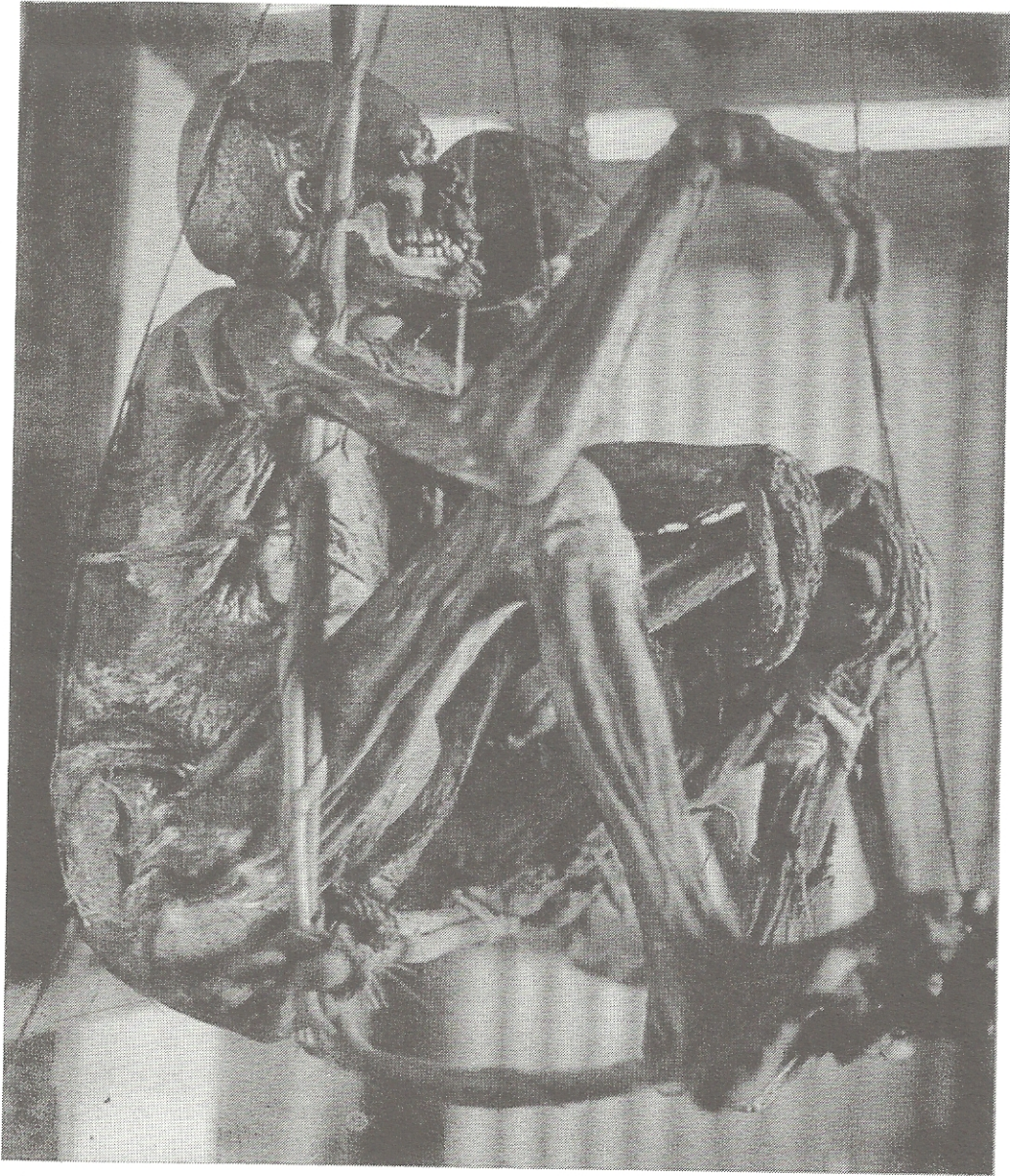


The perimeter of this Martian Death Camp is surrounded by 10 ft walls and barbed wire. It is patrolled by trained K-9 attack dogs- so, no one can get in- OR OUT!



Once inside these formidable walls, one can see the Martian Death Camp nestled behind an overgrowth of trees and bushes.

HARD EVIDENCE



Skinned Human Bodies with various organs removed found inside Martian Death Camp.

**WELCOME
TO
THE
EXTERMINATION
ZONE!**

"Nice weather were having, isn't it?"

"Yes it is. It's supposed to get up to 50 degrees over the weekend." -Typical Martian conversation.

The majority of this planet's population goes through their entire existence in an insulting mockery of life as puppets doing the bidding of The Martian Race. These horrible creatures are everywhere on the face the planet. Just take a walk out your door and look at the scum. I get scared everytime I have to leave the house to go out there.

Figure A. Graveyard

Figure B. City

PLANET EARTH: REST IN PEACE

I reluctantly get on the trolley. I take a seat among the herd of Martian Scum, and look out the window. I see metal coffins on wheels driving by, carrying lifeless carcasses. The man in the seat in front of me, leans back and puts his arm across the top of the seat. I quickly draw back to get away from him touching me. In a reflex action, I nearly punch him in the back of the head, but stop myself.

I look out the window again. There's a black woman *gettin' down* to the music in her car. She'll soon be dead in an auto accident- a bloody pile of torn meat, broken glass, and twisted metal.

The black man sitting across from me, glares at me with eyes that say *he used to use guys like me in jail as his bitches*. He wants to get off at my stop to beat me up and take my money for being a white boy.

Some middle-aged queer wearing Buddy Holly glasses and greasy hair, sits down and looks me over, licking his chops, and thinking what a nice catch I'd be for his fag emporium.

The Martians periodically get off this cattle transport to go to their slaughter. Such a terrible experience still disturbs me, even though this familiar horror has been going on every day of my life. Is it any wonder that I resent being on the same planet with them, enduring the terrible humiliation of being in proximity of their deformed carcasses? I get off the trolley at my stop, and am corralled up the stairs and down the street.

The police are special Martian slaves. They have the official duty to exterminate and imprison deviants, criminals, and *Humans*. A typically out of shape cop stands on the corner to make sure that no one goes astray from their designated route to the Extermination Zone. The Extermination Zone encompasses that intangible area of 'the unimaginative' that becomes the tangible area of the mind numbing and inane world around us. Bit by bit, the Martians slaughter each other's brains, until one day they have big gaping smiles on their blank faces. The Martians exterminate all decency, all intelligence, and all fun. The Extermination Zone's concrete skyscrapers are mammoth gravestones that mark the deaths of

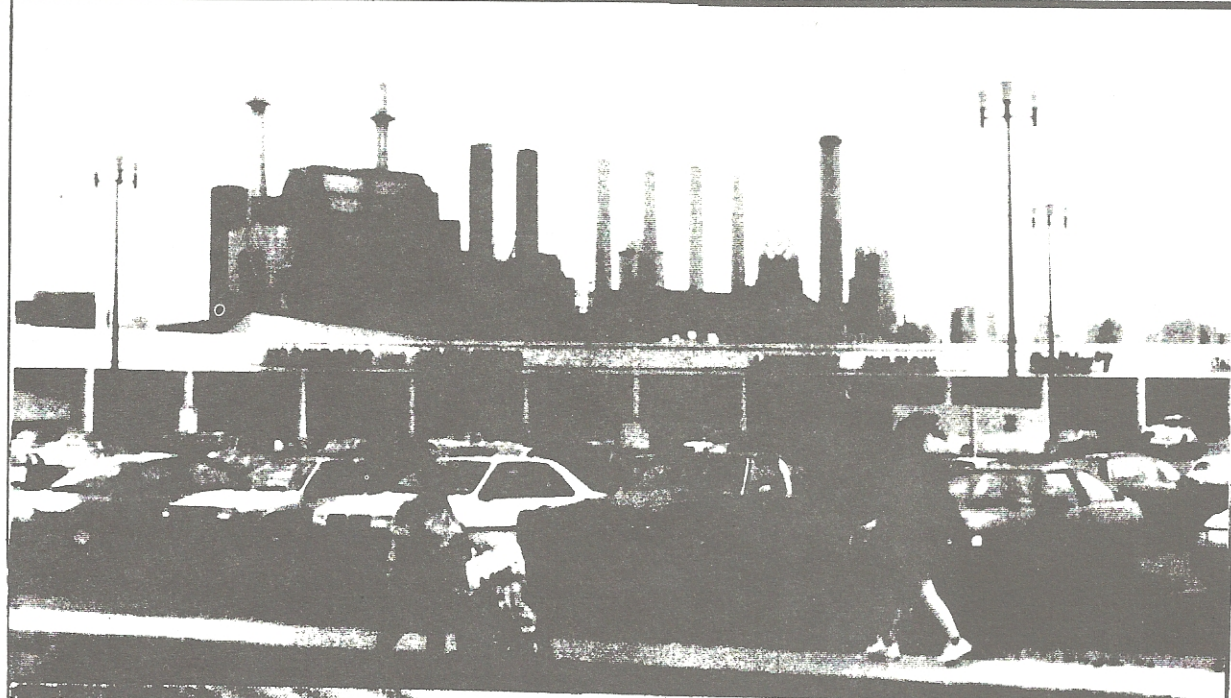
countless billions. Inside each gravestone are hives of Martian drones busily building the Extermination Zone larger. The gravestone buildings are arranged to be the walls of a gigantic extermination maze, from which there is no escape. The Martians have turned planet earth into a huge cemetery. This is not planet earth anymore. This is New Mars: the Extermination Zone.

Casualties of The Martian Race waste away on the edges of the Extermination Zone, begging for spare change and yelling madly at phantoms. These are the weak ones, who serve to show the others what will happen to them if they are not productive and obedient slaves. Drug dealers and drug addicts wander about freely, in plain view. There are shopping malls, stores, and restaurants to keep the Martians addicted to death. The Martians consume and graze on everything that benefits the limitless greed of The Martian Race. This is truly a sickening place, and yet, for so many it passes for everyday normalcy. This place is *anything* but normal.

On the sidewalk dragging its carcass towards me, is a twittering old hag draped across its walker. In trying to avoid this horrible creature, I am blocked by a door opening up in my face. A dark-brown bitch with a smiling gash for a mouth is accompanied by its two slobbering, howling offspring. They walk out the door to attack me with the putrid stench of their rubbery hides. Everywhere I go- there they are- in my way- trying to get me. I want to kick, punch, and strangle them all! They are everywhere. I hate their belching corpse grins. I hate their pride in their pathetic misshapen carcasses and idiotic brains. I hate them. I hate them all.

Unfortunately, this is not a bad dream from which I will awake (at least not yet). Everyday, I wake up and am sickened to the deepest pits of my stomach. It is unbearable to wake up being the Martians' prisoner of war. To bear this place is to give in to them. This is a red alert emergency- has been for quite some time. We must take back what is rightfully ours from the clutches of the enemy. The alternatives are: We perish, or, worse yet, we become one of them.

PIECES OF MEAT WITH LEGS!



Public Safety Demands Instant Protection With Minimal Damage



The uncreation of The Martian Race by Humans is considered within the dreadful realm of murder. It is murder to reduce an unhealthy devastation- but, it is also *preservation*. Uncreation is protection against damage. The uncreation of Martians is the most benign of all courses we Humans can take. Their uncreation can be made most comfortable and painless, if only we could be in a position to bestow it upon them. Only the most humane of procedures need be employed, if only we had the opportunity. Here is a proposed procedure for humane uncreation: The uncreation facilities would be located on the Bahama Islands. The recipient of uncreation is to be pleased with a week in the Bahamas, with every whim provided for: the finest of foods served at meals, spectacular entertainment, luxurious surroundings, the use of swimming pools, tennis courts, etc. It will be just as if they were given an all-expense paid vacation with no expense spared. The only requirements are that they be given a medication (such as heroin) to enhance their euphoric state, and at the conclusion of their stay, they are to be given a painless medication (such as an over-dose of heroin or sodium pentothal) to relieve them of their existence. This uncreation procedure would encourage Martians to volunteer for it. Think of it! An entire week of self-gratification and every greedy desire filled, free of monetary charge, is quite a temptation for a Martian. Of course, these are ideal circumstances for the uncreation of The Martian Race, and are not likely to become the present reality. I highly encourage individual Humans to come up with whatever procedures of uncreation they can manage. Understand that these procedures may need to be both unsophisticated and brutal, due to the lack of other more pleasant methods. Unfortunately, although police are a stupid numb-minded Martian task force, they aren't totally without academic capabilities. With the aid of high technology, the law enforcement field has become too skilled at catching determined systematic uncreators. An individual's advocacy of uncreating Martians is not without the risk of incarceration at a Martian Death Camp. So you be careful.



VOLUNTEER TO BE UNCREATED

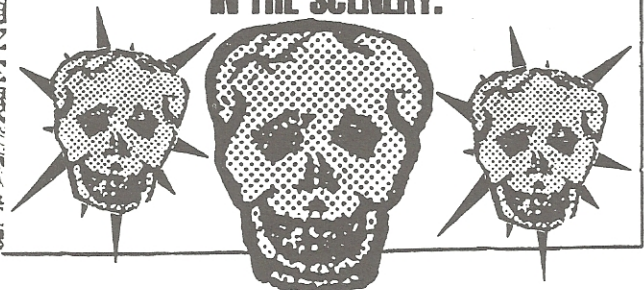
Maybe you've wanted to uncreate yourself, but were too much of a coward to do it. Every problem has a solution. Being provided with a happy uncreation is *the answer for you!*

Have you reflected upon the certainty of your death?

I have. In fact, in a humane effort to make the certainty of your death *more certain*, I have decided to help you in as many ways as I can. I will ease for you the ordeal of thinking too hard about how your certain death will be attained. Nobody but yourself can decide what you want to do. Here are some reasons why you ought to uncreate yourself:

1. Everything always goes wrong for you.
2. Your life is pointless.
3. You always lose. And when you win, nobody cares.
4. You are insignificant in the scheme of things.
5. Nothing you do ever works out.
6. There's no purpose to your life.
7. You have nothing to live for.
8. If you are ugly and disgusting, and you know it, clap your hands.
9. You have nothing worthwhile to contribute, except by taking your own life.
10. Nobody loves you. Nobody even likes you. Those who say they like you are lying.
11. You are stupid.
12. You are hurting inside.
13. You have no reason to live.
14. You'll get to be in everlasting peace.
15. You might as well end it all. It's not that big of a deal. You'll feel so much better.

LET'S SEPARATE THE MEN FROM THE MICE.
LET DEATH SEPARATE YOU FROM A
GUTLESS COWARD.
LIFE IS ETERNAL. DEATH IS JUST A CHANGE
IN THE SCENERY.





**YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ANYMORE.
YOUR CLOGGED MIND WON'T LET YOU.**

**WHEN STUCK IN A TRAFFIC JAM, THERE ARE
TWO WAYS OUT:**

- 1. YOU CAN GET OUT OF YOUR CAR AND LEAVE.**
- 2. YOU CAN SHOOT ALL THE PEOPLE HOGGING UP
THE HIGHWAYS AND BLOW UP THEIR CARS.**

ARE YOU LIVING FOR THE FUTURE?

**~~NO~~ DON'T
...DON'T...DON'T...**

**MAKE A DECISION NOW ABOUT YOUR
PRESENT. THINGS AREN'T GOING TO
CHANGE, UNLESS YOU MAKE THEM
CHANGE. EITHER OFF YOURSELF OFF THEM-
OR, CONTINUE MUDDLING THROUGH, AS
YOU ARE NOW, AT THE WHIMS OF OTHERS
WHO AREN'T WORTH A SHIT.**

**THE CHOICE IS YOURS AND
YOURS ONLY.
TAKE CHARGE NOW!
AFFIRM YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE!**

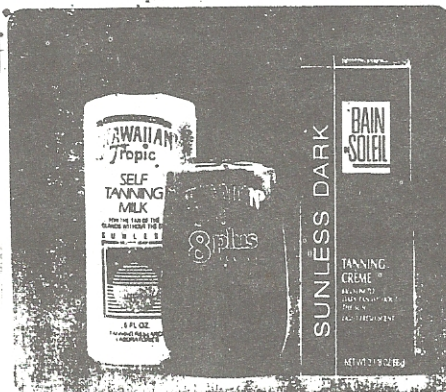
THE PROBLEM OF GENETIC POLLUTION

Martians are divided into ethnic classes, which are most often called races. There has always been tense race-relations. Many sissy White Men would have you believe that everybody should live in harmony with each other, just like one big happy family. Reality teaches us otherwise. I will be the first to admit that racism is a terrible, terrible thing. The only way you're going to get rid of racism is by getting rid of the NonWhite races. I know that in your innocence you have tried at one time or another to get along with *them*. I have. But, even then you realized that it was difficult to have an intelligent conversation with them. They just weren't as smart as you. Based on everyday interactions with those of NonWhite-races, you have learned that they are not very nice to you. Their behavior is obnoxious, inconsiderate and uncalled for. Why is this? It is because they are animals- mindless brutes, who by sheer luck happen to have the capacity of speech (just barely). Reality shows us that NonWhites don't look so good. Their appearance is, at the very *least*, *slightly* repugnant. Still, many sissy, fake White Men today, persist in treating those of NonWhite races fairly and equally, like a brother or a sister. Even when these sissy, fake, phony, false, unreal, White Men are beaten over the head and robbed by NonWhites, they rationalize with a hands-off sigh, "Those poor NonWhites been oppressed for hundreds of years." Obviously, they haven't been oppressed enough. Because if they were oppressed enough, then they wouldn't have the nerve to stick a gun in my gut and call me a "White motherfucker", as they rob me.

The ethnic classes of Martians are determined to be mentally incompetent. Just as one does not encourage the spreading of herpes, one does not permit the unhygienic practice of allowing them to spread. Eliminating the feeble-minded ethnic classes is in the best interest of public health.



The ugly products of racemixing



TANNING LOTIONS

5⁹⁹

Our Regular 7.79-9.49

Hawaiian Tropic
or Bain De Soleil,
3 1/8-6 ounce,
assorted types.

Equality is the desire of the unintelligent throng to force everyone to conform to the lowest common denominator. The inferior ethnic classes try to con the Human Race to lower our high quality standards down to their base level of ineptitude. The fact that they feel the need to be equal, logically means that they must be inferior. In other words, they know they're animal pieces of garbage, but they want what they don't deserve: respect. It is not in their ethnic nature to be worthy of respect. They would like nothing better than to preserve the worst and most detrimental specimens to the Human Race. They will use sympathy, violence and pride to achieve a mediocre harmony. Sadly, they do convince lesbians and mamma's boys to accept their demands on the grounds of racial equality and tolerance. These racial sissies interbreed and spawn handicapped mulattoes.

The presence of The Martian Race is a flagrant act of aggression against The Human Race. The Martians' greatest attack on The Human Race is their birth. The fact that they are born means that we will have to be subjected to their stupidity and their ugly bodies. Since they choose to threaten our well-being with their unwanted presence, they can not be dealt with by the use of kindness. It must be made clear to them that their assaultive presence *will not* be tolerated. A liberal open-minded attitude may make you feel nice, but it is highly self-destructive. 'Liberalism' and 'having an open mind' are drugged-out hippie concepts which have no basis in reality. In reality, it is obvious that Humans do not want to ever live in peace with leechful, ugly, stupid Martians. There is no way anyone will ever convince me to take care of a worthless retard. Martians do not deserve an equal chance- *they must be something they can never hope to be: Human.*

Foreign dregs have devalued their homelands and sucked their own countries dry. Like hordes of starving rats, or swarms of locusts, they migrate to America, the

land of opportunists, to loot and plunder everything in sight. While the Martians listen to lousy trash music and watch futile T.V. sports, an uncontrollable tidal wave of colored alien immigrants pours into America, drowning the country in urination and plague-ridden diarrhea. How do the bleeding-heart liberal lesbians and mamma's boys respond? *With sympathy! (?)* They say, "Sure, come on in. The U.S. is a big old melting pot toilet. Dump your flow of molten shit immigrants here." The simple fact is: America has no room for these parasites. We are far past the point of living together in false harmony with our enemies. By having a liberal open-minded attitude, you give your enemy an equal chance to take advantage of what you hold dear. Uncreating them is the only option they give us. ■

JUSTICE TRIUMPHS: A Fat Greasy Mexican Retard was decapitated as punishment for 'possession of money'. The only reason a Spick would have money in his possession would be with 'the intent to buy stolen property'. Justice was served!



Baboon Child

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR SIMIANS?!

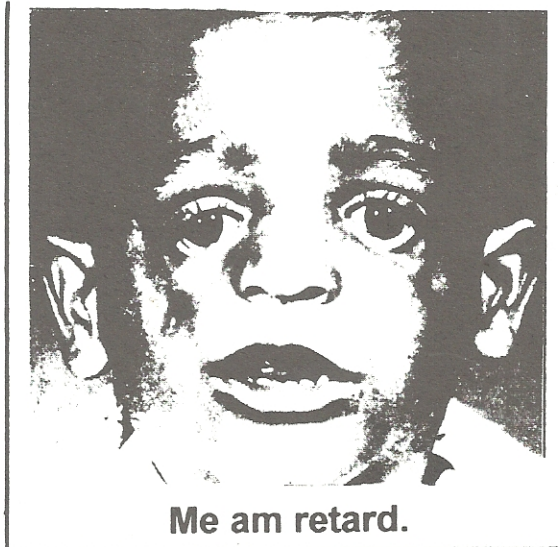
The following three examples were taken from world news sources. They clearly demonstrate just how far Martians will go to ensure the lowest common denominator for their mediocre standard of equality. It is important to note the improper use by these Martians of the term *'Human'*:

1. Scientists launched a global campaign to have the United Nations declare gorillas, chimpanzees and orangutangs equal to human beings. Inspired by English philosopher, Peter Singer (A Jew), the Declaration on Great Apes would guarantee the animals' right to life, protection of individual liberty and freedom from torture. "This goes further than animal welfare," Singer said. "This recognizes them as non-human persons who are not property but individuals in their own right."

2. Sue Savage-Rumbaugh, a Georgia State University psychologist who pioneered research into apes' language ability, said that gorillas, chimpanzees and other apes deserve the same protection as severely retarded children. "We certainly would not put these children in a zoo to be gawked at as examples of nature," she explained, announcing support for the Great Ape Movement to grant apes semi-human legal status.

3. Outside Dhaka, Bangladesh, armed vigilantes launched a search for a monkey that slapped, bit and scratched scores of people, sending 13 of them to the hospital. One group showed support for the monkey, organizing a street demonstration. Members of Youth for Animals carried signs reading, "We are ready to die for the freedom of the monkey."

How many apes can the White Man kill?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind.



Me am retard.

THINK QUALITY

THE STATUE OF FOREIGN INVASION

DON'T GIVE US:

YOUR SCUM

YOUR DREGS

YOUR UNWANTED

YOUR UNINTELLIGENT

YOUR RETARDED

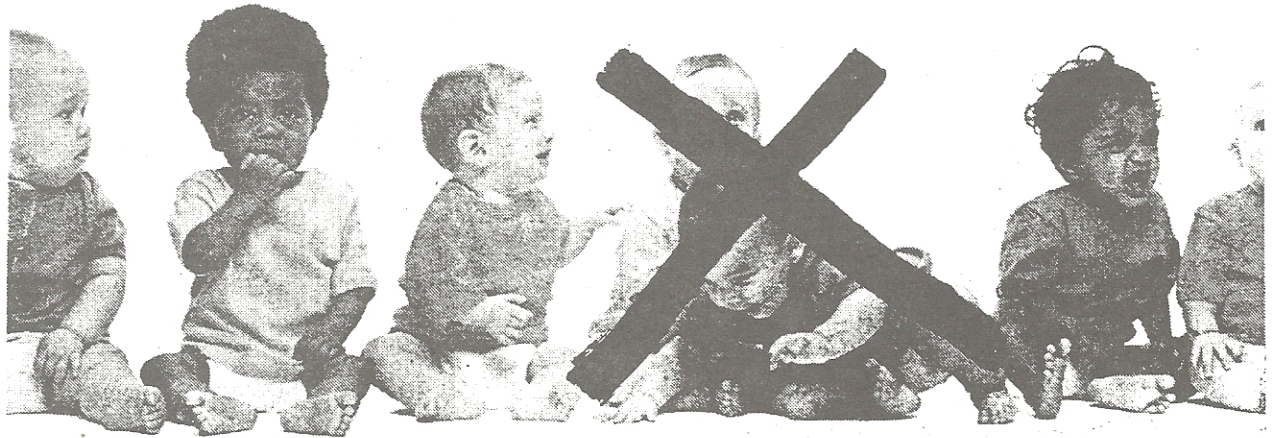
FOUL SMELLING

UGLY LOOKING

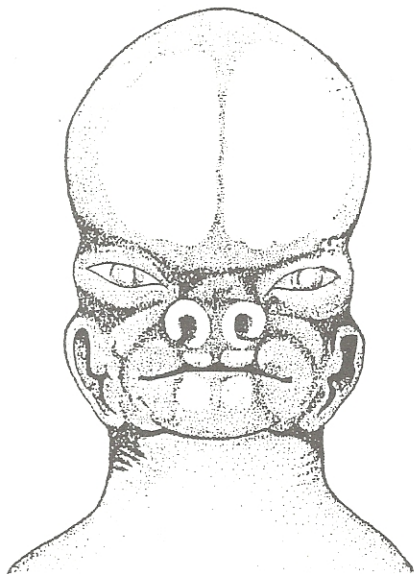
PARASITES.



EXTERMINATION THROUGH PROCREATION



Everytime another one of *them* comes forth from birth, the world comes one birth closer to doom! Humans must not have sexual intercourse with Martians. It follows that sexual intercourse with a Martian has a particular and distinct disgrace, repugnant to The Human Race. Sexual intercourse with a senseless, dull Martian is highly detrimental to The Human Race because whenever insemination occurs with a Martian and a Human, it is pollution of The Human Race. This pollution diminishes the strength and quality of The Human Race. Reproduction is an unquestionable crime, since when Humans and Martians mix, it furthers the creation of more Martians, but rarely more Humans. Procreation is the deceptive extermination of Humanity by the Martian Race.



8-week-old Martian fetus.

UFO ABDUCTION

There is no lack of Martians who infatuated with their baggage of blind stupidity will venture to deny what is testified by everyday experience: namely, that Martian offspring use debilitating mental energy to control the Martian parents' brains. The child demands breasts, food, and slavery. These witless Martians allege that this conclusive evidence comes from the troubled Human imagination, and that there is nothing to it but paranoid theories. The like, they say, to lunatics or the insane, who under the influence of an hallucination, fancy that they are abducted aboard U.F.O.s and are masturbated for the purpose of cultivating Human semen, though in reality Humans are not brazenly kidnapped to these U.F.O.s (Martian aircrafts) nor being robbed of their semen. Of course, it is not contested that young women, deceived by the Martian elite, partake in the extermination of Human flesh and blood aboard a Martian aircraft, without its being anything but an imaginary vision. But this is not always the case. On the contrary, it more often happens that Martian elites are present at abductions and have masturbated men for the cultivation of Human semen and have likewise taken Human flesh and blood from women, which has included the theft of their entire uterus. This testimony is confirmed by many instances taken from interviews of intelligent and truthful Humans, whose testimony is beyond suspicion, and which prove that Martian elites are indeed present at abductions and most shamefully masturbate men for their semen and rape Human women to inseminate them with Martian sperm.

CASE 01: To settle the question, I have the authority of a Human investigator, Agent William Delbert McCall, whom had contacted me in November of 1994 from Washington D.C., who, speaking of the theft of women's uteruses, expressed himself as follows: "It is

SPECIAL CASE STUDY

widely credited and such facts are confirmed by the direct or indirect testimony of thoroughly trustworthy Humans, that the Pure Martian Elites have frequently molested women, sought, and obtained from them coition. There are even Pure Martian Elites, who very regularly indulge in these unclean practices. The fact is testified by so many and by such weighty authorities, that it is impudent to doubt it." Such were the very words of a Human investigator just two weeks before he "disappeared" while on location researching Area 51 for this book. The Washington office from which he contacted me, had this to say about his "disappearance": "We've never heard of a William D. McCall. He never worked here. He was not an agent here. If you contact this office again, measures will be taken against you regarding the matter of your federal offenses. Are we clear on this?" Indeed, I was very clear on the meaning of this veiled threat: The truth must be kept hidden at the cost of Human lives. The Martians will abduct those who speak out against them.

Abductions serve the purpose of crossbreeding stronger Martians, while simultaneously exterminating Humans from the planet. Those who ridicule the validity of U.S. abductions have been duped by the Martian government.

CASE 02, May 6th, 1995: A lowly Martian I managed to interrogate at great length, openly bragged about his appalling activities to me: "Firstly, Martians have to conclude with a Pure Martian Elite, and express in a pact by which, they enlist in the service of The Martian Race, in exchange for 's'jouou riches and carnal pleasures. Secondly, they commit to one of the many religious faiths and pledge obedience to God. If they are Christian, they must accept Christ and the protection of the Virgin Mary, and all the doctrine of the Church. Thirdly, they promise to strive with all their power, and give their utmost zeal and care for the enlistment of other Martians into the service of The Martian Race. Fourthly, they promise to carry out weekly misdeeds to the misfortune of The Human Race. And by means of this pact, a Martian elite is carnally united with a Martian. And when a female Martian is impregnated by a Martian elite, it is in the form of procuring seminal pollution from a Human male during his sleep, by abducting him and masturbating him for his semen, whence follows impregnation and pollution of The Human Race." Such testimony is supported on a number of quotations and instances taken from various reputable investigators. Keep in mind that these represent only the identified cases. (It is important to note that the term "Martian" was written verbatim from the individuals who gave these testimonies. Such specific usage of this term clearly defines the origination of the extraterrestrials, as well as, designates the racial nature of these extraterrestrials as being Martian.)

Martians will fornicate with just about anything: Pure Martian Elites fornicate with each other, with the hybrid Martians, and with Humans; they will combine genetic

material and dissected organs. Just about any perverse form of fornication, crossbreeding bestiality, or genetic mutilation there is- *Martians will do it*. Numerous women have been incited to coition by a Martian, and who, though reluctant at first of yielding to it, are soon moved by its entreaties, tears and endearments: the Martian is a desperate fucker and will not accept denial. This comes sometimes of the craftiness of some Martian slave who avails himself with the Will of The Martian Race. This is how and why Martians have been so successful in overrunning the planet with their great hordes, and how The Martian Race has managed to dominate and control all aspects of planetary activity.

An Option

Since the problem of the Martians' existing dominance stems from the over-creation of their Martian kind, it must be solved by uncreating their excess. This ought to be done on a large scale by the power of an entirely Human government that is in control. However, an entirely Human government has never existed, and presently is not in control, so, another way must be found: A vigilante organization with military capability must take over one of the Martian world governments, with the aim to establish Human supremacy on this planet and to abolish religion in all its forms. Doing so will vitalize the sovereignty of Planet Earth for exclusive Human Dominion.

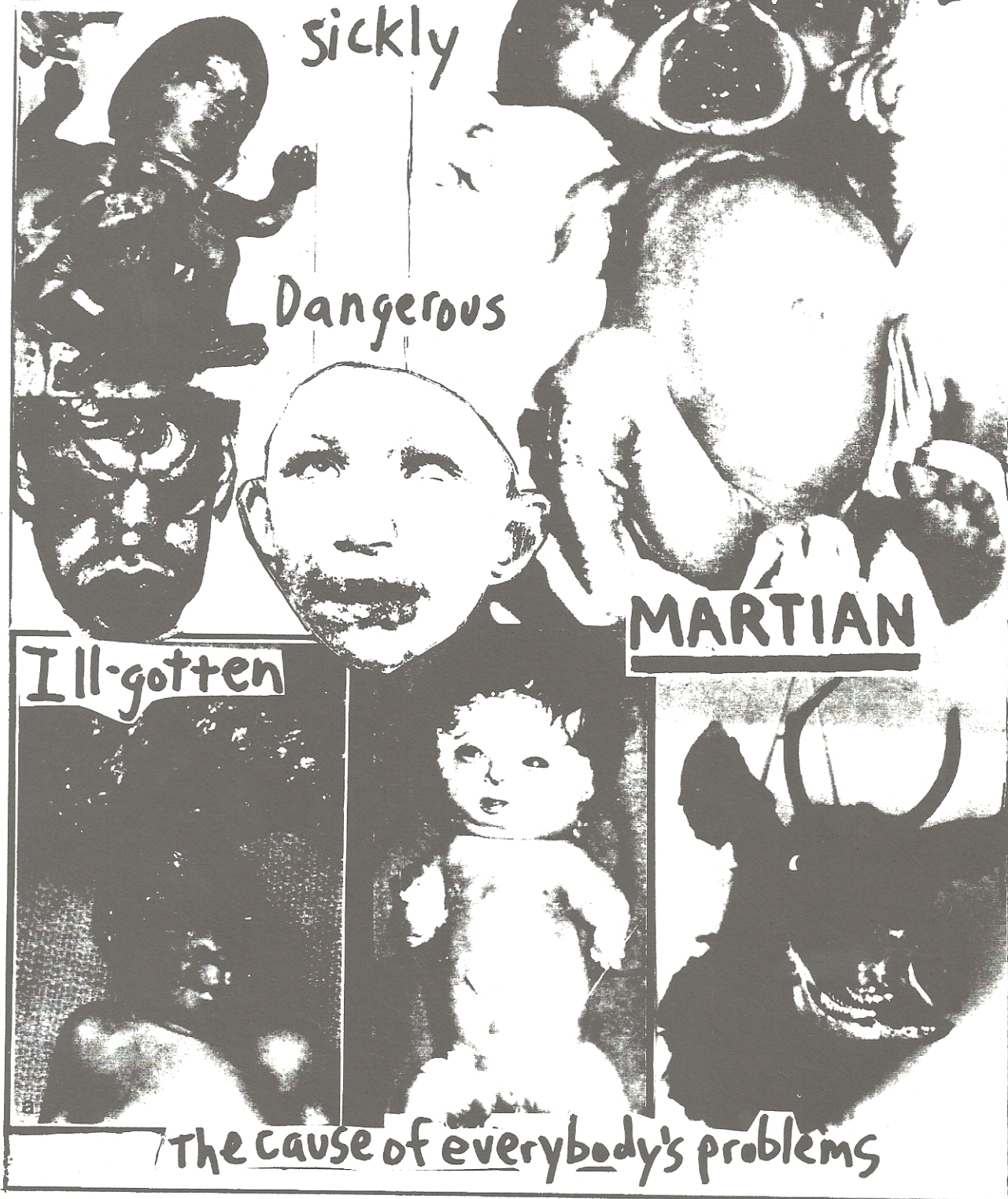
With this option comes its own set of problems, risks, and the possibility of failure. Hopefully, others will elaborate on this option and come up with the best of all possible strategies. This option wholly includes the halting of the over-creation and the subsequent uncreation of the excessive numbers of Martians. Thus, restoring the balance of nature's perfect order.

Deeranged Pollution

Martians feed on crops and devastate the environment, causing long-term damage to the planet. For centuries, studies have shown that the planet is overrun with Martians. Damage to nature and global vegetation hinders the ability to preserve the planet in a healthy condition for Humans.

Open hunting season has not as yet been declared on Martians, but it is often declared on the deer population when they produce too many offspring. Say, for instance, that you saw a deer and blew off its nose and jaws with a shotgun blast. Taxidermy is completed on the uncreated deer. An uncreated dog is procured for the use of its nose and jaws. When these portions of the dog are affixed to the deer, it proves that an inter-species hybrid is indeed a deranged pollution. Such is the case when Humans breed with Martians. Such crossbreeding results in the mongrelization of The Human Race. Though, the post-mortem reconstruction of deer and

dog is of a lower animal lifeform, it is an example used to clarify the point that when bestiality is practiced unbeknownst to Humans who fornicate with Martians, they spawn a deranged Martian child. I think we can stop referring to it as a child. Perhaps the body is Human-like, but the brain... NEVER! A pregnant woman who carries this pollution inside her, carries a parasite and a trespasser inside her womb. Let that sink in.



The cause of everybody's problems

SAFE SEX: A PUBLIC HEALTH VENTURE

The institution of the venereal act is the connection of male and female genitalia. Parasitic embryonic reproduction is nothing more than an alien trespass deployed by religion. The Embryo... The Fetus... appears to be only a worm, a harmless blob of wriggling flesh. But, it carries within itself the power to destroy everything that Humans hold dear. **The Fetus is an Enemy.** If the Martian Parasite should mature into a trespasser, it will become as unintelligent and deadly as its Martian parents, it will hunt you down and make it its business to murder you for The Martian Race. The procreation of Martians is no longer sound. We can no longer risk their reproductive encounters. The Martians must produce offspring no more. One can readily comprehend that to uphold the sanctity of life for Martians is not only ridiculous, but harmful. The right to life for Martians gives them free reign to promote their religious defects and severe mental retardation.

THE POPULATION IMPROVEMENT LAW:

Women and men belonging to The Martian Race are to be given mandatory sterilization. They have willingly given their consent for mandatory sterilization by the fact that they choose to exist. Their choice to exist is a threat to The Human Race. Mandatory sterilization will improve the quality of worldwide Human Life. In short, The Martian Race will be barred from having offspring until they eventually die off or are uncreated. Those Martians who produce pregnancies will be tortured to death. This is a requirement by law. Only the torture of the irresponsible will prevent irresponsibility.

These desperate times call for drastic action. We cannot risk any births of the enemy. All Martian births must be uncreated. Procreation of any and all Martians WILL NOT BE CONDONED.

WE HUMANS TAKE OUR HEALTH SERIOUSLY



**This Page Will Be Seen
By More Than 5000,000
Readers, And Therefore, Is Law.**



Five Ways To Kill An Unborn Parasite Yourself

1. Suction Abortion. To abort an early pregnancy, insert a tube through the opening of the womb and connect it to a suction apparatus. The vacuum is so powerful that the parasite is instantly broken up into a fluid mass of blood, tissue, and cartilage. It passes through this tube into a bottle.

2. Herbal Abortion. These herbs can be gotten at any herb store: 3 teaspoons Pennyroyal. 3 teaspoons Rue. 1 and a half teaspoons Celery Seed. 6 teaspoons Black Cohosh. Steep in 2 pints (half a gallon) boiling water in a ceramic (non-metal) pot for 15 minutes- strain and drink 2 pints a day (about half a cup every hour)- take 2 tablets of Brewer's Yeast each time you have tea.- If it hasn't worked by 5th day STOP and try something else. It worked when you bleed blood clots and mucus.

3. Laminaria Abortion. Laminaria is a seaweed that can be inserted into the cervix. A piece of tampon can be placed in the vagina to prevent the laminaria from slipping out. After 5 hrs. the laminaria will double in size. It may be left in as long as 12 hrs. Then remove it. Laminaria can be ordered from Milex-Western, P.O. Box 46030, LA, CA 90046.

4. Use your own fingers to stretch the opening of your uterus enough so that the pregnancy will slide out on its own accord. Best done beyond 11-12 weeks of pregnancy. Can take several hrs. As with all of these methods you experience cramping, dizziness, and passing blood.

5. Direct Insertion Abortion. Insert a flexible Q-tip into the uterus, then wiggle it. If abortion does not occur within 24-48 hrs. try again. This encourages the cervix to dilate and induces labor!

PRO-LIFERS KILL KILL KILL FOR GOD!

OPERATION RESCUE

May 14, 1993
Randall Phillip
Philadelphia, Pa

19103

Dear Randall:

Greetings in Jesus' Name!

Exodus...

During early morning prayer time with the IMPACT team, one of the young ladies prayed, "Oh God deliver your people from making bricks for Pharaoh." God's people were in such bondage in Egypt that when Moses attempted to deliver them they got angry!

Exodus...

Some have said that we need to stop the "offensive actions of rescues." They say that it is time to be nice. What about the children? Is it nicer to stand back and do nothing while little boys and girls are literally being torn limb from limb? God desires true loyalty and dedication not merely that which is socially acceptable. Let me say loud and clear, if the "Christian establishment" is more willing to be in trouble with God than with Bill Clinton, they will be building bricks for a long time.

If you were living in the time of Nazi Germany and you had the chance to destroy Adolf Hitler and put a stop to the holocaust, wouldn't you? Any Christian would. There is a holocaust happening right now as you read this! And the perpetrators are the abortion doctors! It is your God given right to destroy any man or woman calling themselves doctors who willingly slaughter innocent children. Obey the law of God before the law of man. You must not faint. You cannot faint. Now more than ever you need to join your brothers and sisters and resolve to keep encouraging the Christians and the nation to abandon their brick making. The Church must come and worship God with all their hearts, minds, bodies, and souls- not for their own sake, but for the children of the Lord.

There are many faithful Christian people like you who have not bowed their knee. Thousands of God-fearing believers every week are setting aside the cares of this life and the American dream for a greater reality. They understand the critical hour that they live in. How will history record the actions and priorities of this generation? If God has indeed raised up a pharaoh, then he has also raised up a people ready to pursue God's purposes.

There will be those around us who will whine for the days of plentiful straw, but must leave the bondage of the Pharaoh and take the land that God has given us.

Now is the time to put aside man-centered motivations and follow our God wherever He leads us.

In the Master's Service,


Pastor Keith Tucci
Executive Director
Operation Rescue National

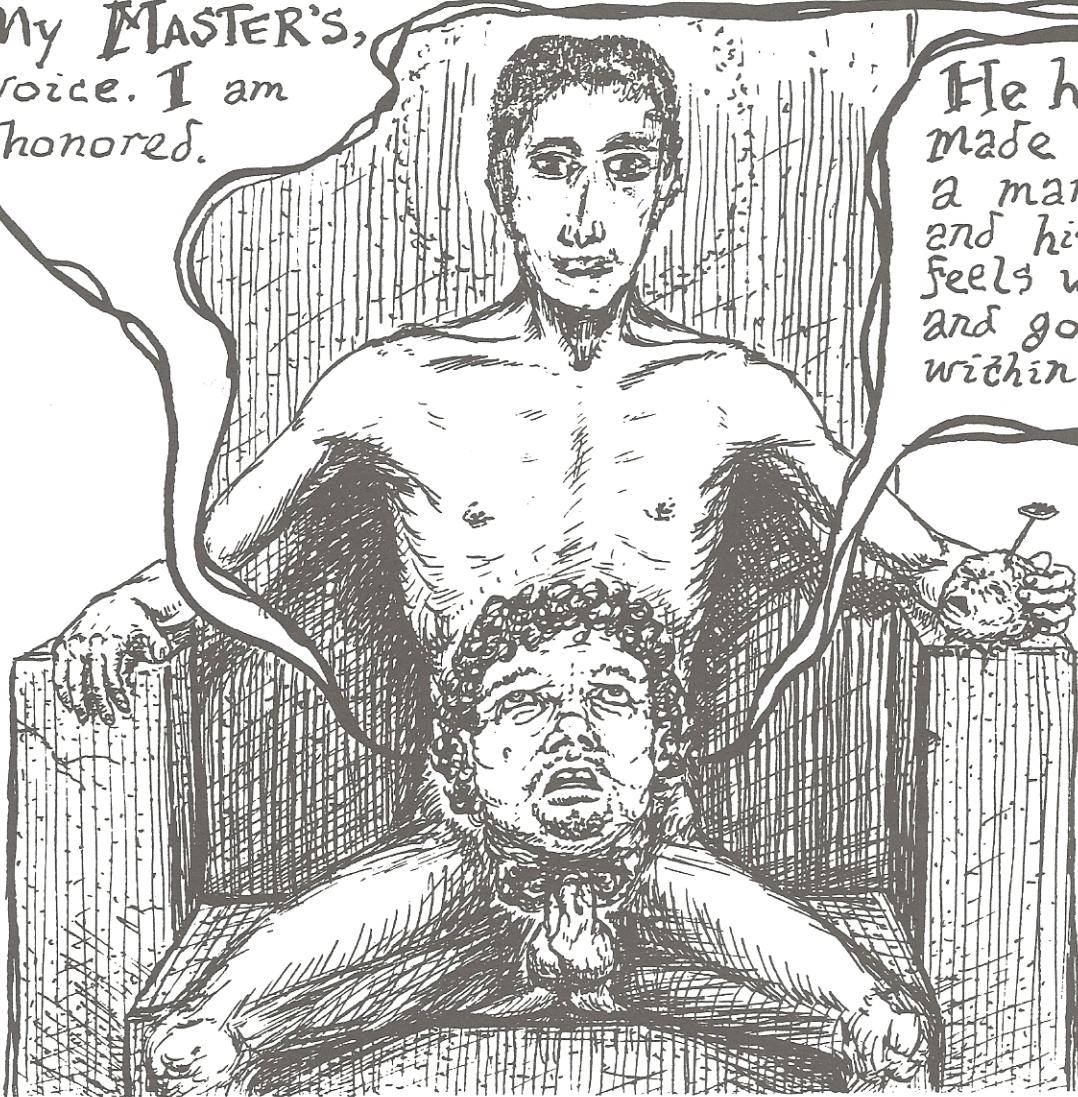
PO Box 127, Summerville, SC 29484, Office (803) 821-8441

I tried to warn pro-choice organizations about what would happen when I received this letter from Operation Rescue. But, did they listen? No.

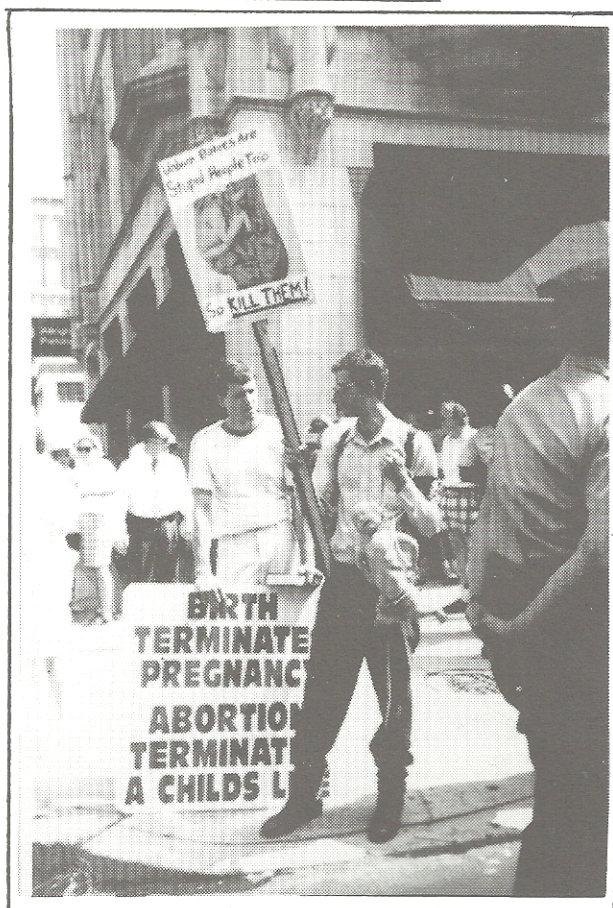
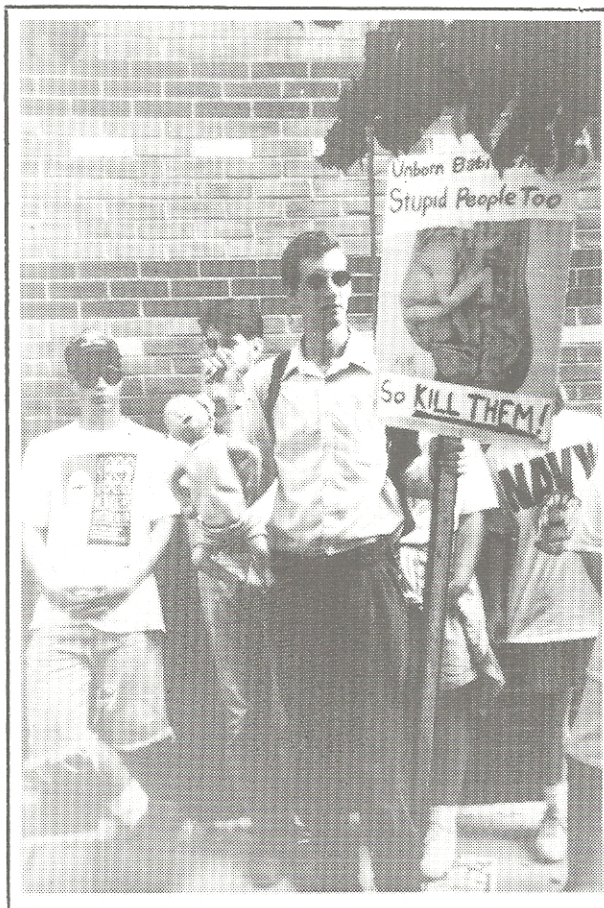
This letter, and its subsequent publication in the mainstream press, resulted in the resignation of Tucci as executive director of Operation Rescue National. This was largely due to the prodding of his followers, who felt his preachings were "too violent".

My name was Keith Tucci. As director of Operation Rescue, I used spiritual blackmail to force whores to overpopulate the world with their useless hideous offspring. As a pastor I told many other lies, deluding mortal idiots about the true nature of things, and filling my pockets well. One day I told a great lie, about LORD RANDALL PHILLIP. He came unto me, and illuminated my soul. He gave me to eat of the flesh of aborted children, which I relished. He freed my head from my fat, ugly, parasitic body, and allowed it to be used as a puppet for his, My MASTER'S, voice. I am honored.

He has made me a martyr, and his cock feels warm and good within me.



I DARED TO DO BATTLE.



Philadelphia was one of the six cities nationwide targeted by Operation Rescue's "Cities of Refuge" demonstrations (July 9-18, 1993). I was there to support the continuation of much needed abortions. Strangely, the pro-choicers (Planned Parenthood) barred me from standing with them. They even went so far as enlisting Civil Services to threaten me with arrest.

Why?!

? WHY KILL THE UNBORN?

You like to stare at the funny man and laugh at him. I can't possibly be serious, sane, or more importantly, RIGHT. You don't want me to be RIGHT. You'd rather go along being the safe, stupid coward that you are. You can't get out of your little rut to break free from the herd you're a part of. But, *now*, it's just you and me here, one on one. You don't have to giggle and snort and look to your fellow dolts for affirmation. It's just you and me. I'm in your head now. You're not laughing now, are you? Now pay attention to my voice in your head.

I understand that females make the mistake of getting their wombs invaded. The pro-choice point of view on this aspect always gives me the lame party line: "The fetus is not alive/ it doesn't feel/ it's just tissue/ it is a woman's choice what to do with her own body." I believe the fetus *is* alive, and *does* feel pain quite a bit. And I feel that a woman gives up the right of what to do with her own body when she gets herself pregnant. I feel that accident or not, when she allows herself to get pregnant she has crossed the line of being responsible, and therefore has given up her right to her own body. To me, it is quite obvious that there is a living invader growing within her. More so, than when semen resides in the man, or when the unfertilized egg resides in the woman. In these non fertilizing places, nature takes its course; the woman has her period and the unfertilized material passes out of her; the same is true with the man. The party line I previously mentioned is a defensive response, a reflexive spouting- the kind of reaction someone gives when they don't want to feel the guilt of their deed, or more likely: *the pleasure*.

I don't deny the unborn their feelings, existence, nor their helplessness. I like all these qualities about them. I like seeing photos of them bloody, mangled, and dismembered; and thinking about their excruciating pain as they were tortured and put to death. I only wish that I could be there to do it myself, or watch them inside the womb being pulled apart. Their ugliness only adds to my satisfaction of their untimely demise. All of these aspects in concert are beautiful. Indeed, they do not deserve their torture-murder. This *adds* to the beauty of it. I like the unborn for this reason. I'm glad they're there. It's like when I was a kid, and on many separate occasions, I pushed my brother and sister down the stairs. They didn't know what hit 'em. I was glad they were there for me to do that. They didn't deserve it. I just got extreme pleasure from hurting them and watching them cry. They were afraid to be in the house alone with me. I enjoyed their fear supremely.

I'm glad that idiot sluts get raped and have their turds killed. Otherwise, I would be denied the exquisite joy of pouring over their turd's brutal fate. This doesn't mean that I *like* the cows that get fat and pregnant from drunken male fuck-juice. Oh contraire. I'd very much like the sluts to meet the same abortive fate. I can only dream of the day of their slow deaths to dawn.

I marched down to 12th and Locust streets, holding my sign saying "Unborn children are stupid people too, so kill them", and went to stand with the pro-choicers, with whom I felt some allegiance. A big burly ape-nigger wearing a yellow vest saying "escort" pushed me away and told me to get lost. I explained, "I'm with you, man, on your abortion crusade." A bunch of fat dykes, (who would never stand the chance of getting laid by a man, let alone, pregnant) chanted moronically, "Sexist! Fascist! Go home!" As if I were a pro-lifer! A heated argument ensued, and the burly ape-nigger was getting macho with me, when the police pulled me to the pro-lifer side. They too, did not want me to stand with them, and fanatically yelled that I was "the anti-Christ". A nice compliment, but quite untrue. The police were a little confused as to what to do with me. They ended up giving me my own corner. It is interesting to note that while the pro-choicers came to my corner to insult me in some pitiful fashion, the pro-lifers and I had some interesting conversations. By no stretch of the imagination did we agree, but at least they were civilized and made an effort to talk to me. I made two pro-life friends, whom I've kept in contact with ever since. They're nice chaps who recognize my flair in the whole situation. They too, have some admirable harassment techniques, though they are misguided. But, I can still appreciate them for their audacity. The pro-choice queers could learn from them, but alas, it isn't in their scrawny faggot nature.

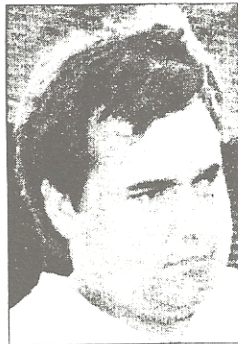
NOT AN ISOLATED INCIDENT!

PENSACOLA, Fla. — A doctor was shot to death during a protest outside his abortion clinic yesterday, and an anti-abortion activist who had prayed for him to "give his life to Jesus" calmly surrendered.

Said Steve Powell, a witness: "The guy just went up, chased Dr. Gunn and just shot him point blank."

Don Treshman, head of the anti-abortion group Rescue America in Houston, said Griffin told the doctor "Don't kill any more babies!" just before the shooting. He said several members of Rescue America attended the protest and called him afterward.

Burt said Griffin walked calmly up to police officers after the shooting. "I've just shot Dr. Gunn," Griffin said.



Michael F. Griffin

Mindless Pawn
KILLER

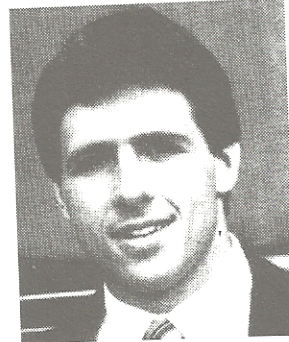
INSANE FANATICS!

COLD-HEARTED MURDERERS!

WICHITA, Kansas- George Tiller, a nationally known physician, was struck in the arms by two of several bullets that shattered his van windshield.

Rachelle Shannon of Grants Pass, Ore., editor of an anti-abortion newsletter, was convicted of attempted murder and will plead guilty to setting fires at abortion clinics in Oregon, California, Idaho, and Nevada.

"I see it as an act of defense," said Michael Bray, pastor of the Reformation Lutheran Church in Bowie, Md., and leader of many anti-abortion protests in that area. "It is legitimate to use force to defend an innocent person from imminent danger."



Michael Bray Jitbag
Baltimore, Maryland, age 42.
Convicted of conspiracy in the bombings of ten abortion clinics and related facilities in 1984 and 1985.

FOOL

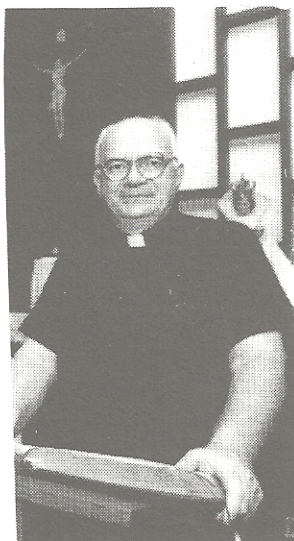
Paper rejects ad justifying the killing of abortionists

ASSOCIATED PRESS

MOBILE, Ala. — A Roman Catholic priest wants to place an ad that labels the slaying of abortion doctors "justifiable homicide," a newspaper reported yesterday.

The Rev. David Trosch, who heads St. John the Baptist Catholic Church in Magnolia Springs, designed the advertisement that shows a doctor about to perform an abortion, and another man with a gun pointed at the doctor. Two words accompany the drawing: "Justifiable Homicide."

Father Trosch, 57, attempted to run the advertisement in the Mobile Press-Register last week, but the newspaper refused. "If 100 doctors need to die to save over 1 million babies a year, I see it as a fair trade," the priest told the paper in an interview published yesterday. He said he had thought of killing a doctor himself, but "only remotely." Archbishop Oscar Lipscomb, head of the archdiocese that includes Mobile, was in Denver for appearances by Pope John Paul II and could not be reached for comment.

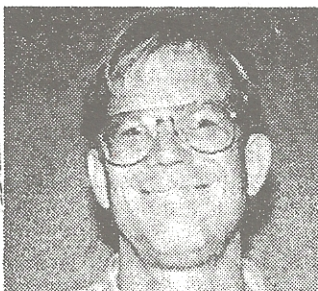


Rev. David Trosch
Child Molester

MORON

Abortion Doctor Killed in Florida

PENSACOLA, Fla. — A radical anti-abortion activist who has openly called for the killing of doctors who perform abortions opened fire at an abortion clinic early yesterday, killing a doctor and another worker and injuring a third person, police said.



Paul Hill Retard

IDIOT

Algerian who supported abortion stabbed to death

ALGIERS, Algeria — A psychiatrist who had criticized religious taboos and favored legalized abortion was stabbed to death yesterday outside his hospital.

There was no claim of responsibility for the killing of Dr. Mahfoud Boucebci. But authorities blamed Islamic extremists, a frequent target of his criticisms.

Two unidentified men stabbed Boucebci in the throat and chest at the entrance to the Hocine Drid hospital in Kouba, a stronghold of religious extremists in Algiers. The assailants escaped.

2 Shot to Death in Abortion Clinics

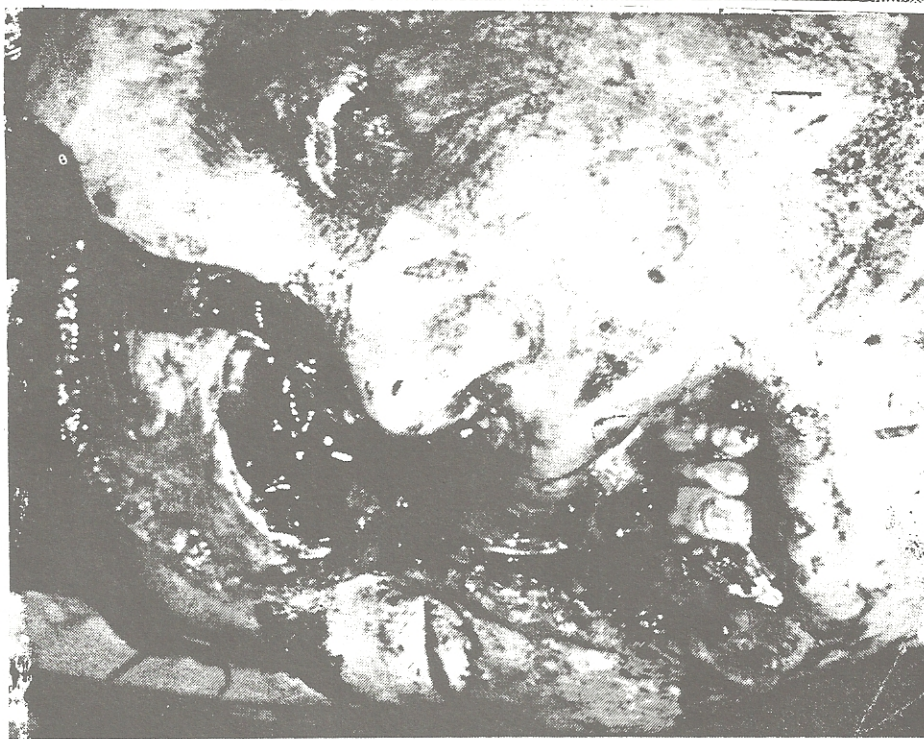


John C. Salvi A Fucking Faggot

BROOKLINE, Mass. — A black-clad rifleman sprayed carnage inside two abortion clinics in this affluent Boston suburb yesterday, killing two women and seriously wounding five other people, including two patient escorts.

KILLER

WHAT "PRO-LIFE" CHRISTIANS DO TO PRO-CHOICE DOCTORS



Dr. Gunn's Head!

Blown Open With a Gun!



Dr. Tiller's Hand! Severed By Bullets!

REPACKAGED MURDER

The sooner we accept the fact that abortion is murder, the sooner we recognize that mass-murder is justified.

In a perfect world, our enemies should be afforded every opportunity to die comfortably. However, this is not a perfect world. The sooner we accept this harsh reality, the sooner we can make the correct decisions concerning our survival.

The euphemism "pro-choice" means nothing in a world where we cannot choose to pursue freedom without harassment. The term "pro-choice" was created to give the illusion of freedom where there is none. It is a great lie. Though I approve of abortion, I am honest enough to call it what it really is: mass-murder. I feel o.k. with that, and I am not ashamed to say it. Wherever the Martians are concerned, mass-murder is a truly lovely thing.

The fact of the matter is that a "child" is a social and economic burden. Women, too, are social and economic

burdens. If you believe that life is fair, you are naive. Naivety is criminal. Therefore, both you and your opinions are worthless. Wake up to reality and stop behaving like a small child, or you'll be killed like one.

Anybody will agree with the fact, that there is something wrong when women are killing their babies. *This does not mean that killing babies is not necessary.* Killing corrects a mistake.

Martians believe that they will live happily ever after in heaven. And so, they don't give a damn about anything in *this* world. They wreck the planet and sicken anyone within their reach. They ruin everything. The consequence of their folly insures that women must kill their babies. Ask yourself this question: "Would you want a child to live in a shithole like this?" We must flex our moral strength to alleviate this problem by granting women the opportunity to undergo therapeutic abortions. This

has nothing to do with "women having a right to choose what to do with their own bodies". Anyone with half a brain can see that a woman having a therapeutic abortion is murdering a parasite inside her. Women are next in line to be aborted. We do *not* live in a world where it is *possible* for a child to live a happy well-adjusted life. So, stop banging your head against the wall, and learn to feel GOOD about murder. The whole point of murder is this: "Babies" and "children" are Martian parasitic enemies.

MURDERING UNBORN ENEMIES MAKES SENSE.

The euphemism "pro-life", with regard to Christians and other religious cultists, is not just erroneous, *but an insult!* Their idea of "life" is to crowd the planet full of obedient brain-dead minions. They will shed bucket loads of tears for their unborn Martians. They will harass and *kill* anyone who stands against them. Do not, even for a second, be fooled by their lie that they mockingly call "pro-life". They want to squash life dead. Do not be fooled when they plead for the lives of

"unborn humans". They plead for the lives of unborn Martian scum.

MURDERING UNBORN SCUM IS REALLY QUITE HEROIC.

It is not justifiable homicide to murder abortion doctors. Abortionists are caring obstetricians, who deliver unborn children in an unusual manner.

The "pro-lifers'" objective is blatantly deceitful and heinously wrong. It has no justification whatsoever. Furthermore, such an objective clearly marks the "pro-lifers" as valid targets for the legitimate use of force necessary to eliminate the problem of their existence.



THE ULTIMATE CHILD ABUSE

It's small. It's weak. It's helpless. What's so wrong with squashing it? Killing it? It may grow up to kill you!

The unborn fetus possesses every quality that unequivocally defines all that it is to be Martian: no intelligence, no self-awareness, and no consciousness. Essentially, the fetus is a mindless blob; much like most of the world population. If the fetus possesses any of these qualities, the amount is so minute that it is negligible. Therefore, the fetus does not qualify as a Human Being.

Since the fetus is Martian, it must be killed. Most Martians, at this point, say to me, "But, Randall, what about you? Weren't you an unborn fetus?" My answer to these Martians is, "Yes." But, I had the privilege to be born Human. And therefore, I was able to defeat the Martians in the battle of my birth. I am here because of my superiority. I demand mass-murder of Martians.

Here is what the Martians are saying: "All fetuses should be allowed to live." Isn't this ridiculous? This is like saying that women should have the same privileges as men! Or, that blacks are an equal people to

whites!

Martians say, "Yes. Let all the fetuses live or die on their own. Give them a chance. Love the unborn children." By saying this, they're also saying, "Love the unborn abortionists. Love the unborn mass-murderers. Love what most certainly will be fat and lazy, sitting on the couch, watching football on T.V."

The Martians do not have the judicial foresight to make any distinctions when it comes to unborn fetuses. I guess their love is all-encompassing only for the unborn. Once fetuses are born, then they can hate them.

Do you see how ridiculous it is not to discriminate?

Discrimination encompasses everything. But, discrimination is not blind. One who discriminates is one who recognizes that he must not love what is lethal to him. Discrimination is justice. Discriminate to kill.



October 21, 1995- A Day That Marks a Highpoint in 'Childcare':

Body of newborn is found on passenger jet in Conn.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

WINDSOR LOCKS, Conn. — The body of a newborn baby was found yesterday on a passenger jet that landed at Bradley International Airport, police said.

Ground crews found the baby, umbilical cord still attached, on a Delta Airlines plane that arrived on a flight from Atlanta on Thursday evening, State Police Sgt. Dale Hourigan said.

He would not say exactly where the body was found but said it would not have been visible to passengers or flight attendants. "It does not appear at this time that the death occurred on this particular inbound flight," Hourigan said. The FBI has been called in, and police said they were looking into several leads.

Pregnant Chinese women arrested near Hong Kong

REUTERS

BEIJING — Border authorities in China's southern Guangdong province have arrested 400 pregnant Chinese women trying to sneak into Hong Kong this year to have their children born there. Officials said they plan tough steps to prevent others from doing so, the Xinhua news agency said yesterday.

Authorities will ban pregnant women from visiting relatives in more prosperous Hong Kong and Macau or traveling there for sightseeing. In addition, permits to visit Shenzhen, which borders Hong Kong, will no longer be issued to anyone who is pregnant.

Officials also will step up patrols and checks at and around ports and in coastal areas throughout the province and strengthen liaison with Hong Kong officials, the news agency said.

16-year prison term starts for priest in Md. sex case

ASSOCIATED PRESS

UPPER MARLBORO, Md. — A Roman Catholic priest began serving a 16-year prison sentence yesterday after pleading guilty to sexually abusing five young men during a 17-year period.

The Rev. Thomas Schaefer, 69, showed no emotion Thursday as Circuit Court Judge William Spellbring Jr. sentenced him to four consecutive four-year terms on child-abuse charges and to four years on a single count of sodomy. He will be eligible for parole in 5½ years.

Three of the five victims spoke in court. All said they had had difficulties adjusting to normal relationships and one spoke of having problems with alcohol and drug abuse. Prosecutors said the abuse occurred between 1966 and 1982.

PROPERTY OF MOTHER

FREEDOM

DISPOSAL

INEVITABLE NECESSITY

Mother Gave Her Child Away

Tina Vanderhorst said she turned her child over to a woman, believing the stranger could better care for her 2-year-old son. Vanderhorst had previously left the child in stores and at homes around the neighborhood.

Vanderhorst, who has a history of cocaine use, was paroled from Muncy State Prison after being convicted of drug possession. She gave birth to Ke-Shaun at the prison, and gained custody of him last year after going through a drug-rehab program. She remained at the Philadelphia Industrial Correctional Center yesterday, where she was being held on a parole violation for drug offenses.

MORALLY BANKRUPT FEMALES!

WHO CARES ABOUT WOMEN'S RIGHTS



A pro-life woman should get raped and give birth to a deformed retard-- and then get raped again!-- Afterwhich, she should be electrocuted, strangled, and shot in the head along with the deformed retard that flew out of her ugly cunt.

Bitches who get pregnant get the death penalty.

It is *not* a woman's right to choose what to do with her own body. She gave up that right when she chose to be born a woman. Women are stupid low-class dogs. Women cause poverty and disease everytime they spread their legs. This is called "the feminization of crime and poverty." It is *not* a pregnant crack addict's *right* to cause her unborn fetus to be born a crack addict. Motherhood=Shit. Women=Shit. All women are fat stupid whores with smelly cunts, who are dumb enough to fuck. Most bitches are so ugly and dumb that they get pregnant, AND THEN they have the *gall* to want their alien fetus aborted!! Here's the pro-choice for women: Abort them along with their brats! But why wait for the stupid bitches to get pregnant? Why give the fucking cunts that chance? Abort bitches before they are irresponsible enough to get pregnant- *each* and *every* single one of them. *That's right!* Abort no fewer than 850 women each day. Stand back and chuckle as you watch them die. HA. HA. HA. **DIE, BITCH, DIE!**

CHILDREN ARE RATS!!

MAKE 'EM EAT POISON

TELL THE CHILD TO CHEW
AND IF NECESSARY

CHILD IN GOOD
ATTACK
POSITION.

MANIPULATE
THE JAW
IN AN
UP
AND
DOWN
MOTION

A HAPPY FACE
IS AN
ENEMY
FACE

DO NOT
HAVE
CHILD.

DO NOT HAVE CHILD.
GIVE CHILD
RAT
POISON!

BREAK
CHILD'S NECK
WITH
EASE

KILL
HOWL.

UGLY
CHILD
STINKS

CHOP
CHILD
IN HALF

WE WISH
TO BE
KILLED

UNPLEASANT

STUPID

CHOKE 'EM. STAB 'EM.
POISON 'EM. SHOOT 'EM.

KILL
RETARD

STEP ON CHILD

STEP ON FACE

BLOODY MASHED CHILD

UGLY RAT KID

BAN ROLL-ON

smells so good, you'll want
your nose attached to your armpit.



**WE GLADLY
ACCEPT
FOOD STAMPS**

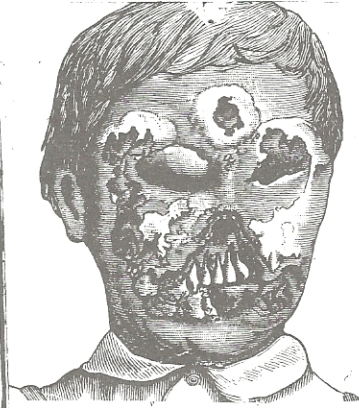
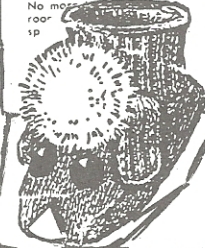


FIG. 243.—Syphilitic ulceration of face.

**POWER DOG
RANGER GALOSHES**



Power Rangers Dog Galoshes
No more muddy messes up
your dog's rear. Sign up
today to make Stay-on



\$1.98
\$1.98
\$1.98



**RELIEVE PAIN
STOP RECTAL ITCH
WITH GOD**



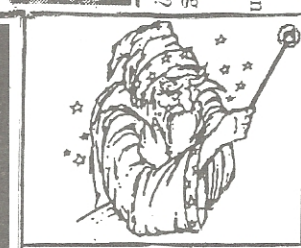
**BARNEY
PUDDING
APRONS**
FOR KIDS \$1
'S VALUE
For Medically
Fragile Kids

Christ did not
suffer enough.

God is Dog
backwards



What
religion
is the
praying
mantis?



HUTCH HOSPITAL
PATHOLOGY

What do blind people dream?

Prey or Predator,
someone must die
so that someone
may live.



Infinite Torment

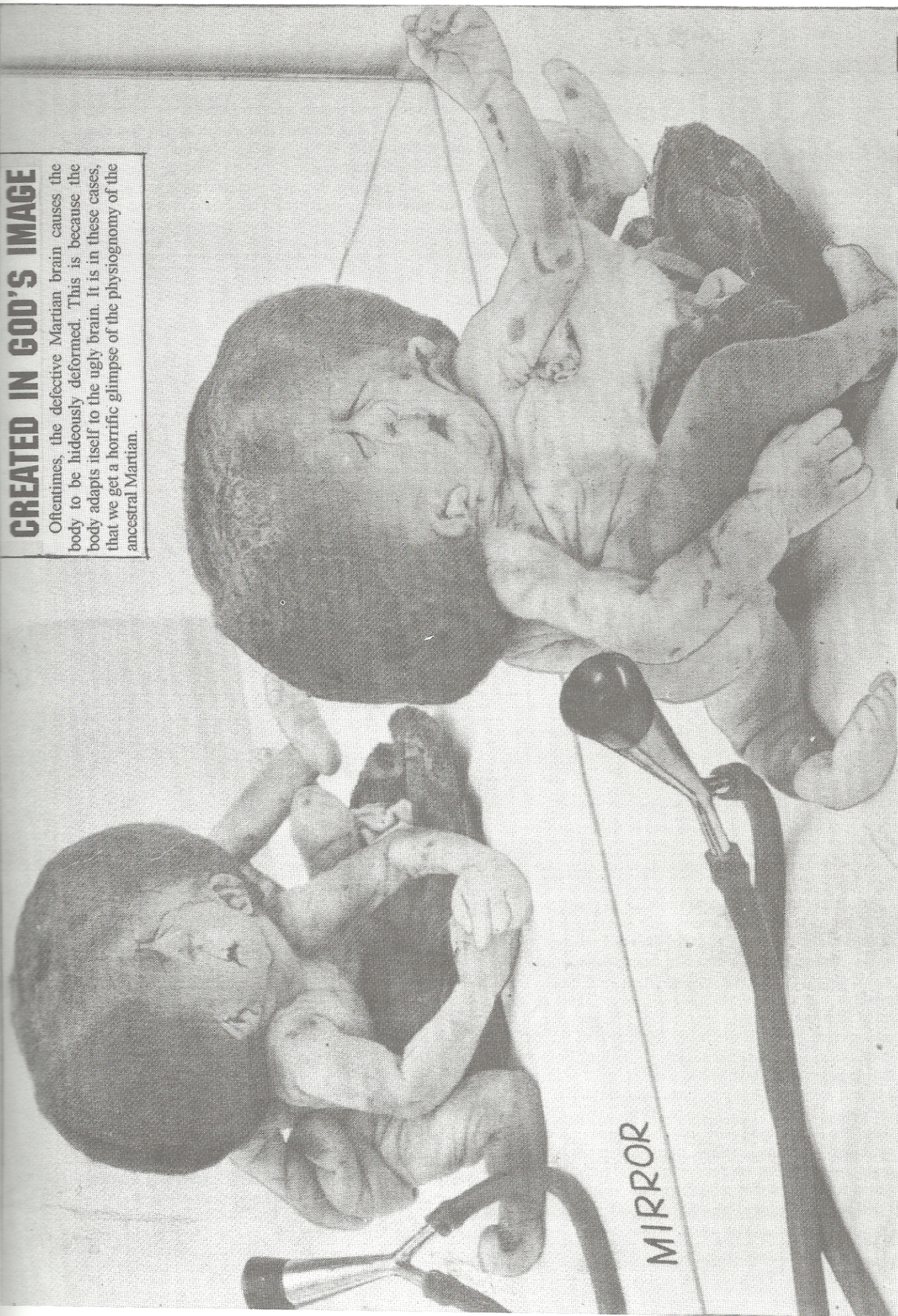
What a shame.



**How do you measure joy?
What is the measurement
of agony?**

CREATED IN GOD'S IMAGE

Often times, the defective Martian brain causes the body to be hideously deformed. This is because the body adapts itself to the ugly brain. It is in these cases, that we get a horrific glimpse of the physiognomy of the ancestral Martian.

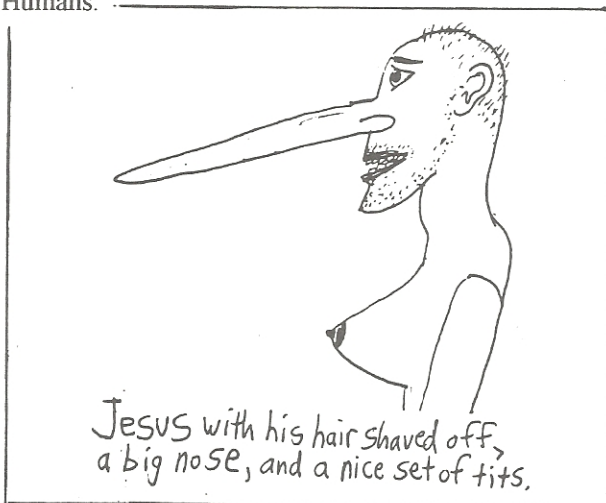


MIRROR

A MONSTROUS MONSTROSITY!

X-i AN HOOKERS

Like the word "X-mass". Christians are often referred to as "X-ians" or "X-ian hookers". Jesus Christ, whether mythical or real, spawned a cult of mindless clones, who consume the generic religion called X-ianity. X-ianity, was/is a construct of sinful Martians, whose purpose it was/is to exterminate self-will, original intelligent thought, and the *very flesh* of any Humans.



Human Reproduction

It makes me sick, *sick, SICK* to the deepest bowels of my being that Humans have allowed the sickening creatures to exist. It fills me with utter disgust that we Humans *still* allow ourselves to be degraded and humiliated by lowly Martian trash. I am nauseated to the darkest pit of my aching stomach that *I* have to live in this toilet wasteland *because Humans did not do enough to stop the Martian onslaught.*

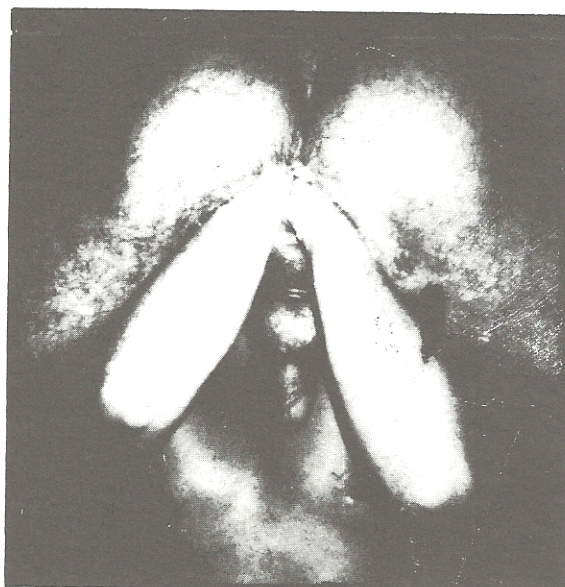
Is it my fault that my forefathers fucked alien scum? There is no way I could have prevented this from happening before I was born. It's all *Obscene flesh-forever lost.*

Humans should not reproduce. It is dangerous for all Humans' sake. **You must never have children.** It is *inhumane* to have children. *It is inhumane to the child.* You will walk around the house naked to entice it. You want its interest and attention *that much.* You need its interest and attention *that bad.* You cannot resist feeling that bond, that precious link between child and parent. You will touch it. Grope it. Feel the warm bond of flesh against flesh. Lick it. Suck it. Hold your child down. You love it. You want it to want you. Make it love you. Rape it. Rape your child and it will love you forever. You will always be in your child's thoughts for as long as it lives. It's yours. Martians continually pollute, making the world more Martian, more polluted. Put on deodorant. You stink. Put your soiled Martian money toilet-paper up to your nose and smell its dirty stink. Put its foulness in a tight, damp

place inside your sweaty pocket. Drink a cup of coffee. It's the only thing to keep you going, giving you that ambiance of life. Read the lies and printed blood ink slaughter in the newspaper. Go to the city where 'the scene' is, where all the candy-coated rebels and outcast consumers 'hang out' trying to fit in with the latest trend of The Martian Empire. Go shopping. Buy the pollution. Walk in a daze. See them? They're everywhere. Force a nervous smile. Go ahead, you can do it.

What has been done must be undone. Is Human Will and supreme intelligence capable of the task at hand?

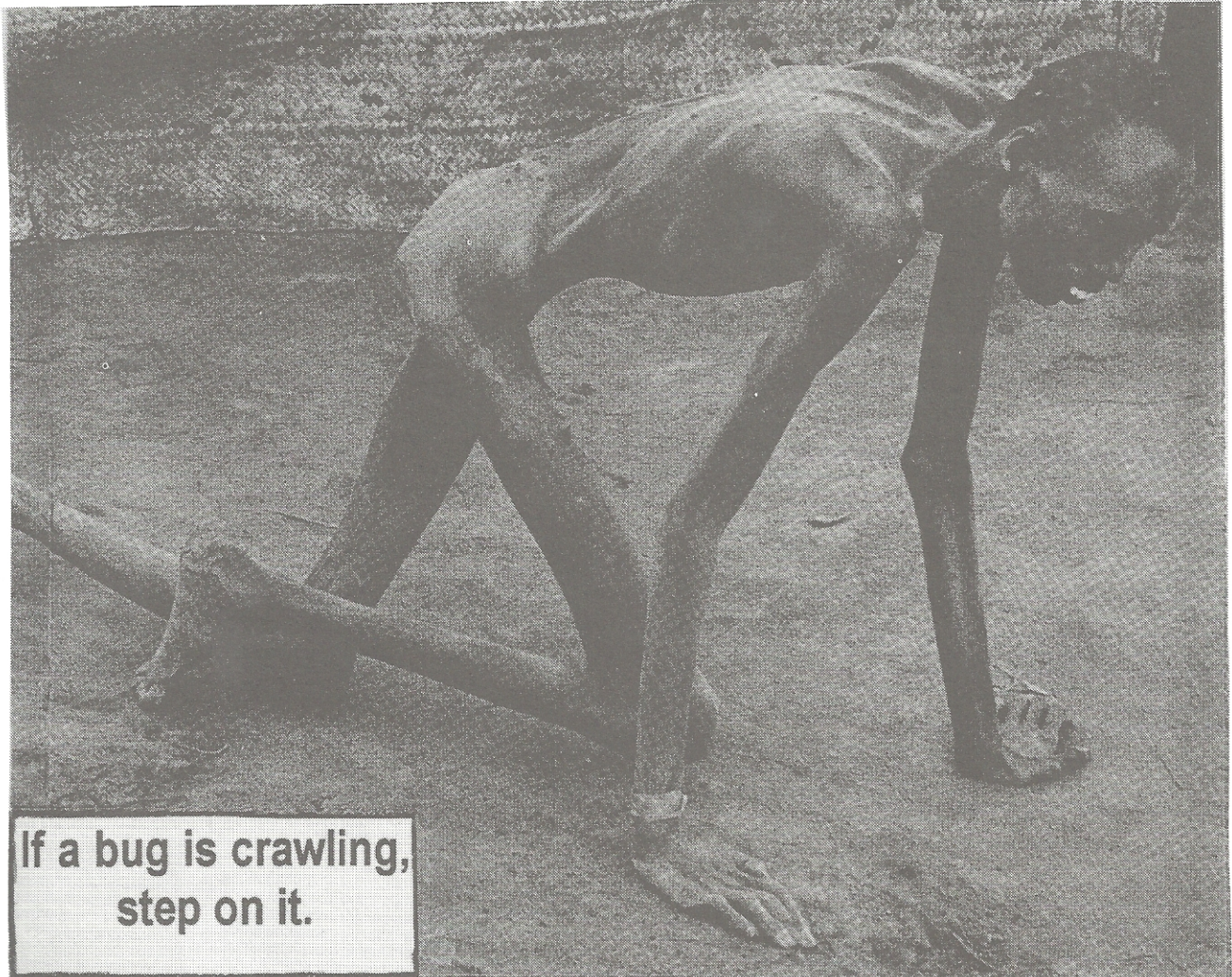
The planet must not have more Martians crowding us with their worthless flesh. There is no peace. There is nowhere to go to escape from the vast ocean of Martians that crushes us. Feel the tension caused by their unwanted presence. Feel the pressure of their multitudes suffocating you. Miles and miles of piles and piles of Martians spewing forth pollution and disease. Everyday among these teeming masses, there are any number of Martians wielding guns, knives and razor-blades so that they can blast, cut, and slash their way up to the top of the writhing pile of bodies for just one gulp of air. Martians have reduced survival to an indignity. You must now push these alien lifeforms out of your way just to get where you're going. You must fight for a space to lie down and sleep, *if you can sleep.* We don't need their worthless flesh, nor their bad breath, nor their excrement stinking up the world. Martians are dragging us down. Alive, they hold no redeeming qualities. Dead, they at least can be used as fertilizer. Martians do not carry within themselves any possibility of redemption. Compassion is a disease of the brain.



This photograph clearly shows both hands inserted into the rectum, up to the wrists.

Is this how *sane* individuals occupy their time? No, this is but *one* of the *many* perverse ways that worthless Martian slaves humiliate each other.

A LESSON IN ENTOMOLOGY



**If a bug is crawling,
step on it.**

Both the breeding of pests and the exterminating of pests are big businesses. This kind of corporate enterprise may also be aptly compared to the present world situation. Those who breed ensure a steady supply to exterminate. It's a matter of supply and demand in the corporate business world. If you breed, eventually you have to kill. This is highly profitable for The Martian Race. Multitudes of money are made off of wars. Their plan is simple: "Kill the slaves, then show pictures of starving children." The religious followers then plead with fellow Martians to send money to help their holy cause of feeding the starving children, who they themselves created. The more Martians that the religious freaks tell them to breed, the more they can kill. the more there are to starve, and the more there are to send money to religious con-artists.

So friends, the moral of the story is: "Having

problems with starving children? Feed the starving parents birth control pills."

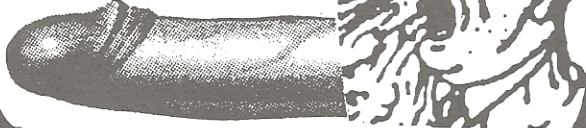
Oct. 21, 1995- New Castle, Delaware Police Chief, Thomas Gordon, commented on the rape/murder of 9-year-old retarded Steven Wilson: "It didn't seem like he (Steven Wilson) had a very good life, and it's sad to see it end this way. The way I look at it, there's another angel in heaven now, and we wish him well."

For each cockroach I've killed in my house, there are a thousand more to take their place. They come out at night to run amok in the cupboards, on my toothbrush, in the bathtub, and brazenly stroll across the floor. They breed in dark places underneath the floorboards and in the walls. *Is there any hope for the future in this constant war?*

Martian War is not healthy for Humans and other

living things. Martian War has always been for the establishment of a stronger, more mindless kind of Martian domination over another weaker kind. Human love is not. Human love respects the strong Human. Human love defends The Human Race against its enemies. At last they see themselves as they really are: lusty cockroaches scurrying from the truth of their own vileness- Perverts! Martians! Rotten! Scum! You are wolves in sheep's clothing. You put on the fake face of innocence and politeness, but I know what you really are. You hate me. You failed. Being failures, you failed. I win. You lose. Your Lord will not save you. My fist in your face is your reward. My healing hand will reap what you have sowed- flesh for flesh, blow for blow.

\$ Love

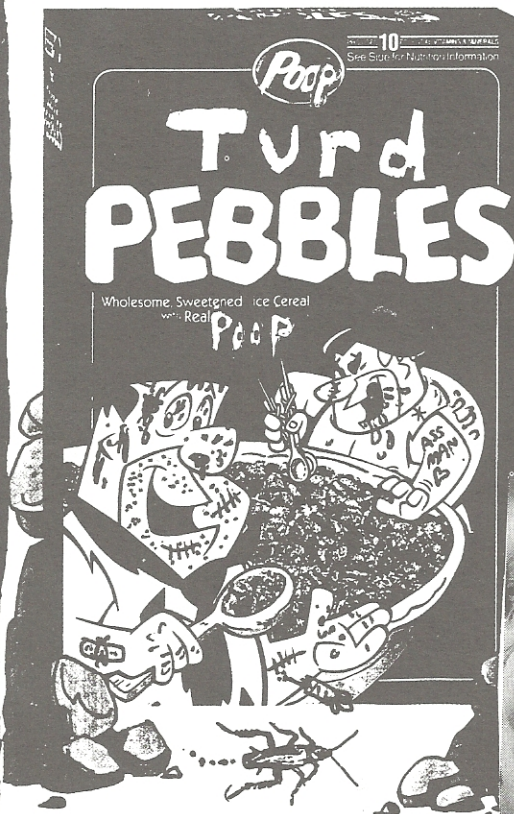


HOW DELIGHTFUL??



THIS MUST BE HEAVEN.

Mmm... Good Kill!



THE REAL TURD TASTE KIDS LOVE!

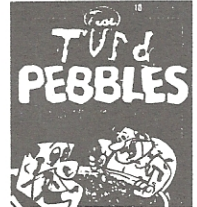
TURD MOUNTAIN

MANUFACTURER'S COUPON

EXPIRATION DATE 7/91

KILL \$1.00

on any size Turd PEBBLES Cereal



Killed 3/22/87



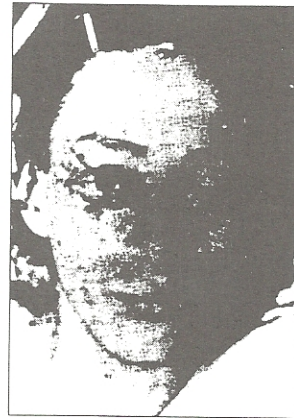
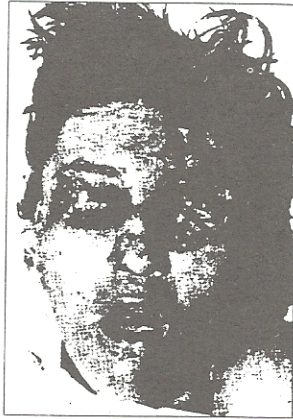
Killed 12/24/92



Killed 8/26/90

KILL CHILDREN BECAUSE CHILDREN DIE.

CRIME VICTIMS



Throughout America children live on the streets. Their crime is that they are homeless and are an embarrassment to the nation. These homeless children should have been aborted, but were wrongfully permitted to live. They must therefore be subjected to torture before being disposed of. These photographs show that their eyes have been gouged or burned out and their ears and tongues cut off. This requirement by law is consistent with the public policy meted out to those children who are an embarrassment to our nation. Don't you commit this crime and you will not become a victim of its punishment. Don't be homeless.

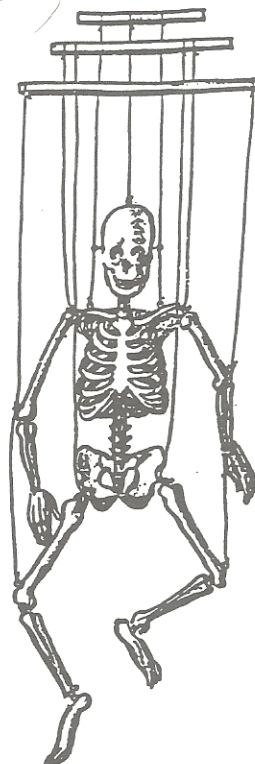
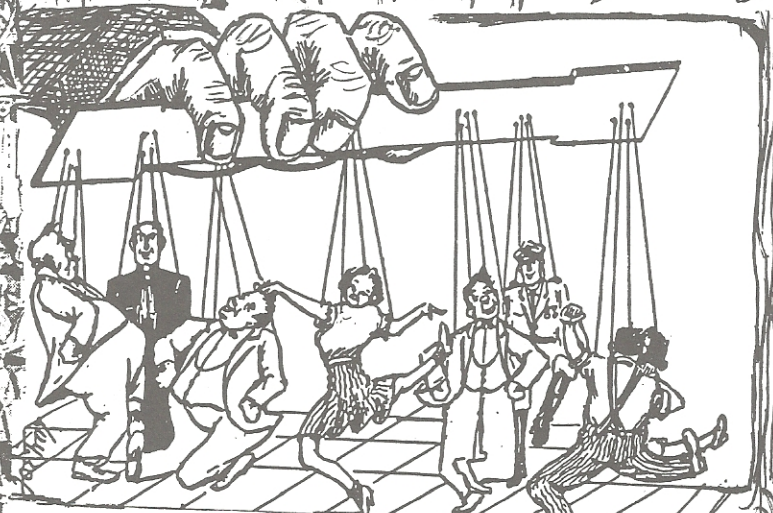
WORLD-WIDE UNCREATION PROGRAM IS SIMPLY COMMON SENSE

The world's population increased by 5.3% between 1990 and 1993. There are now over 5.58 billion Martians on the planet. The number of Muslims worldwide increased from 935 million to 1.01 billion. Muslims are 18.2% of the world's population. The number of X-ians on the planet increased from 1.76 billion to 1.87 billion. X-ians make up 33.5% of the world's population. Burgeoning herds of Martians have caused a more than fourfold increase in Martian-related incidents since 1990. Whether its X-ian preachers babbling aloud in public, or senior citizens coming through a car windshield, or pro-lifers gunning down abortion providers, or a retard floating dead in a

swimming pool, or bums asking for spare change, this planet has got a real problem. Professional uncreation makes the most sense. However, if Humans are not given the opportunity to gently practice benign methods of uncreating Martians, my recommendation calls for Martians to be shot with high-caliber, high-velocity automatic rifles at distances of no more than 50 yards, to control their excessive populations. Our objective is to help the planet manage a socially acceptable number of Martians. We Humans want to ensure that our lives and our safety are not compromised.

This Is Law

CORPSE PUPPETS



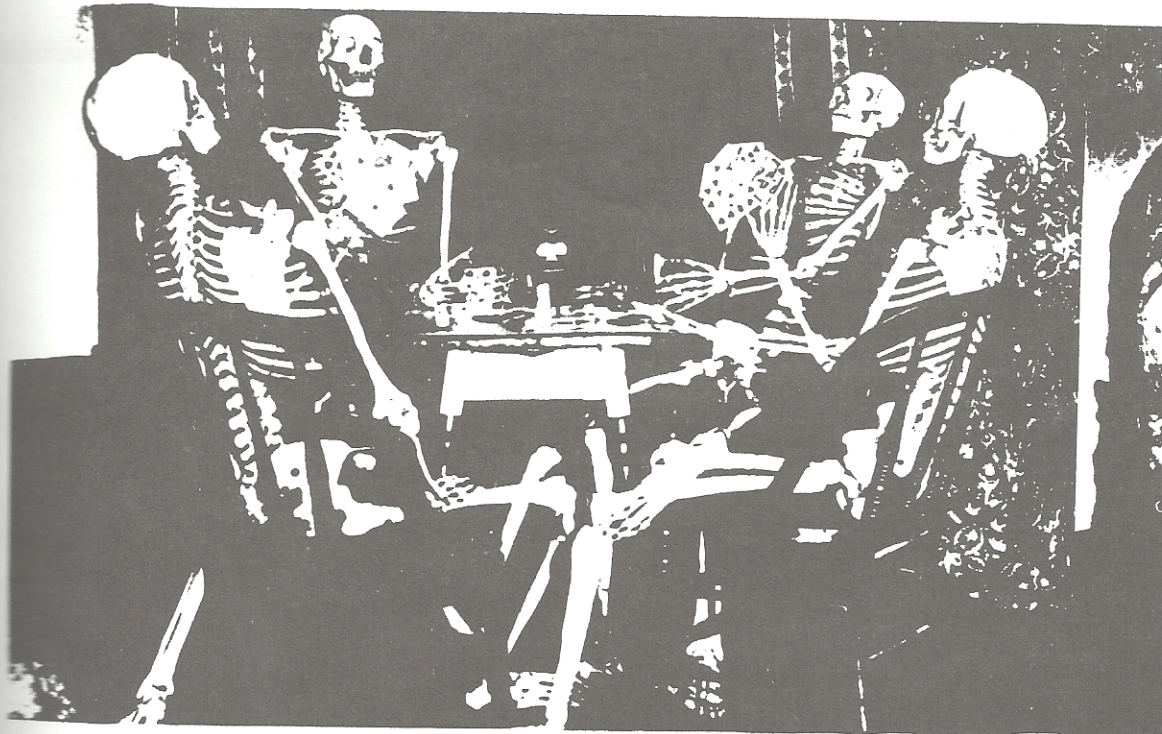
I conducted a number of social engineering experiments a few years ago involving the animation of corpses, to demonstrate the theory that there is little difference between the physical-mechanical movements of living and dead Martians.

My first experiment was conducted at the San Jose Fairmount Hotel under the guise of a Halloween window display. Skeletons of deceased Martians were borrowed from a medical school. I occasionally animated them by using fishing wire connected to pieces of wood. I made them play a game of poker. This lasted ten days until one day I offhandedly commented that the skeletons were real and not made of plastic. The hotel management immediately had me dismantle the display before Halloween had even arrived. They, with their worm-brained wisdom, thought it was in bad taste to publically display the remains of the deceased in such a fashion. They said that I had overstepped my bounds. Whereas a week before they had congratulated me for a job well done at setting up such an entertaining display. No matter, for I had gotten the data that I required: the skeletons were not unlike the drunken bums whom I had seen playing poker everyday at the local homeless shelter.

My second successful animation experiment was done in the hospital morgue of the San Jose State Hospital with the help of other medical professionals, whose quest for the truth was not limited by the imposed ethical restrictions of medical institutions. Reeking of formaldehyde and odors of death, my dance of the dead commenced with the autopsied cadavers of nameless imbeciles who met with violent destinies. These corpse marionettes went through the motions of an uninspired surgical operation. It was not unlike numerous surgeries I had witnessed.

Getting dead bodies for my experiments was quite difficult, due to the age-old superstition perpetuated by religious fools who believe that the dead should not be desecrated. In the old days, medical science suffered from the restrictions of this superstition. However, *now* medical science reserves all rights to this superstition. The authorities of medical institutions *had the nerve* to hypocritically frown upon my need of dead bodies for my experiments. Medical institutions stingily horde all the corpses for worthless medical study. From one such medical institution, I rescued the half-rotted upper-torso of an old hag. I used it as a ventriloquist puppet for my last experiment. The experiment was videotaped and shown to select persons, who could not distinguish the corpse puppet from any emaciated old bitty they had seen on the street. Doing this experiment brought to mind both the looks and the babbling of my decrepit grandmother. Through the carelessness of an associate, it was discovered that I had possession of the torso. Police involvement was threatened by the medical institution if it was not immediately returned. I sadly returned the half-rotted torso to those who claimed to have "the right ideas of what to do with a corpse."

These experiments proved my theory to be an absolute fact- there is little (if any) difference between the physical-mechanical movements of living and dead Martians.



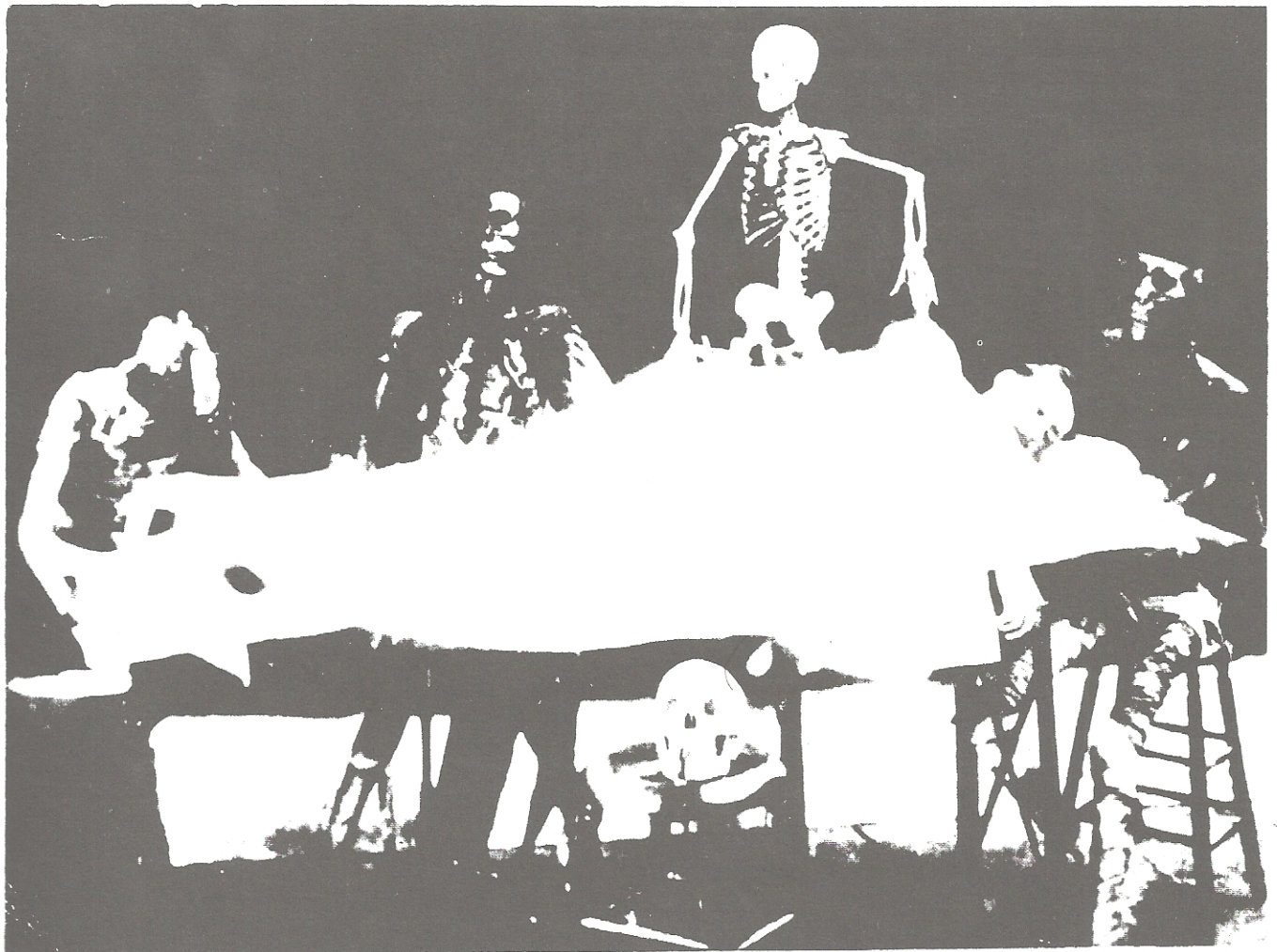
Experiment 1: Skeleton Poker Game.

October 1989

August 1991



Exp. 3: Ventriloquist Corpse.



Exp. 2: Corpse-marionettes in hospital morgue.

June 1989

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS.
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND
THOSE IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

JUDGEMENT DAY



Christianity is not merely an idiotic creed, but is also a stupendous fact of history. Viewed as a fact, we judge by its fruits, its career is that of barbaric stupidity. The tree was evil, whether its germ was, or was not the misteaching of the Old Testament, of Jesus, and Paul.

It must not be forgotten that general and vague expressions in favor of love and peace, weigh next to nothing in the scales of justice against the text, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

The blatant hypocrisies of God are too numerous throughout the Bible to document here, but here are a few:

From Genesis, chapter 6--

earth."

I will destroy them with the violence through them: and reproach me: for the earth is filled with evil of all flesh: and I will come before thee and I will say unto thee, the wickedness of the earth."

All flesh had corrupted his way and reproach: it was corrupt: for I and God looked upon the earth with violence."

God, and the earth was filled with violence. "The earth was corrupt before

These verses are especially significant for two reasons:

1. Since God could not control corruption, he is not all powerful. 2. God commits mass murder.

All God's faults are deliberate and part of a plan. God is Good, because He's just good. No matter what goes on in the universe... well, that's just good.

Man is perpetually evil through and through. There isn't an ounce of good in him. "Good" and "God" mask the evil in man. Convincing anyone of "good" and "God", is to cast a magic spell with words.

(Exodus 4:21)
"And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Thou shalt not see the people do. My heart is turned from them, that I may not know them: but I will harden their hearts, that they will not hear me: and I will harden their eyes, that they will not see me: and I will multiply their iniquities, that they will not return unto me.'" (Exodus 4:21)

The power of God to harden the hearts of the Egyptians is mentioned numerous times in Exodus. God can harden hearts, but He can't purify corrupt flesh, except by mass murder. Why does God harden hearts? What's his point?

After God destroyed "all flesh upon the earth" in Genesis, he made a promise to Noah: "...neither will I again smite any more every living thing, as I have done." (Gen. 8:21)

Yet, God murders all the people in Sodom and Gomorrah. God rented himself out as an abortion clinic, when he murdered every first born in Egypt. Blatant evil lacks the sophistication of God's good.

It can be argued that God didn't commit these murders- he sent the Angel of Death to do it. Such an argument is like saying,

Hitler 'didn't' Kill anyone, because he sent the Nazis to do his dirty work. I place the blame squarely on God's shoulders.

It can also be argued that God did not murder every living thing when he destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah; nor when he killed every first born in Egypt- he only killed some of the flesh. In other parts of the world, people were left alive. However, back in Genesis, God *did not* destroy all flesh upon the earth as He said He did. He let Noah, his family, and some animals live.

Is God a liar? According to the Bible he is! As for God's stupendous commandment, "thou shalt not kill", he in the same breath makes this commandment: "Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord: whosoever doeth any work in the sabbath day, he shall be put to death." So, I guess the rule is: we mere mortals shalt not kill, but God can. If the rule is for God, and for God only, then why the fuck is he bothering to tell us? This rule might be fine and dandy, except for one thing: God's a pussy. He doesn't follow up on his own rules. How many people have worked on the sabbath day, *and lived?* I've worked on the sabbath day and I'm still alive! Where is this pussy God? I dare God to come and kill me.

Of course, this is *King James' version*. The word of God has been translated and reinterpreted to not be the word of God (if indeed, there ever *was* the word of God to begin with.) There are so many versions of the *King James version* of the Bible, that a sane person cannot possibly accept *any version* as being true. A sane person has to realize that the "words of God" are the words of corrupt and willful men with an agenda. I submit to you, dear

reader, that all religious debate is based on hearsay. The only real substance of religion that is open for debate is the religious practitioner's words and actions. The most reasonable and the only logical solution for the truly righteous is to ignore religious doctrine and abandon it. When I use religious doctrine, it is only to cite examples that attest to its invalidity as used by zealous propagandists as if it were truth.

What, then, do we follow? The answer that we must come to realize is this: We are lost. We must not look up in the sky for outside forces to help us. Instead, we must accept our own will and intellect. We must use them to construct a system to follow. To put it another way: We must follow our intuition seasoned with our reason to make correct decisions.

The childish beast, mischievous and cruel, resides within us. This childish beast guides all our actions. It kicks sand in the faces of undeserving children. It spitefully seeks revenge for past hurts bestowed upon it by ne'er-do-wells. It selfishly seizes pleasure where it can. It is in every mature grown-up, every religious practitioner, every strong leader, and every crotchety old man. It never leaves. It only becomes more refined; more clever.

IS IT REALLY CHRISTIANITY?

In the New Testament, Jesus is the prototypical "nice guy". He's humble, self-effacing, everything for somebody else, etc. Many of his statements in the Bible inferring that he should be worshipped, are out of place.

Thomas Jefferson also had his doubts. He went through the New Testament and organized all the statements of Jesus into three categories: Things he probably said, things he might have said, and things he probably didn't say at all. It all adds up to Biblical tampering by willful and corrupt men.

The proponent of Christianity, who made it what it is today, was Paul. Jesus wasn't really big on having people believe in him. It wasn't the type of thing he'd want people to do. But, you have this bastard, Paul, who was a former tax collector for Rome. He was financially savvy, and he knew a good way to make money when he saw it. Jesus had gotten a reputation as a great storyteller. Paul followed Jesus around to write these stories down and sell them like hotcakes. At the time, there were many folks claiming to be prophets, who did more extreme things than Jesus. They had many followers, and had a better chance than Jesus of being seen as a Messiah—but Jesus had Paul, *whether he wanted him or not*. In order to sell Jesus's stories, Paul went around publicizing Jesus and making exaggerated claims about him. Paul had the whole idea about believing in Jesus, and by believing in Jesus you became a better person. That was the whole key. No matter how much Jesus wanted to get rid of Paul, there Paul was: a little man running around like an annoying fly, telling people to "Believe in Jesus! He is the way! He is the only way!" Jesus was a man with ideas, who had a knack for storytelling. Paul was a man who sold the ideas to get some money out of. That, in itself, should tell us something about Paul. I mean if Jesus was an omnipotent

being (at least a psychologically stable omnipotent being) he wouldn't be too obsessed whether the little organic creatures on this planet would worship him or not. If he really wanted them to do that, he'd simply wave his magic wand and make them worship him. He wouldn't be into playing all these mind games with people. However, Paul was a guy who made his living off persuading other people to believe in Jesus, to sustain his church and pay his salary. It was very important to Paul for people to have faith that Jesus is the way, and that people must have Jesus's beliefs as opposed to anyone else's beliefs- otherwise, Paul loses money. Paul wanted to eliminate the competition.

When you're talking about the institution of Christianity, you're really talking about Paulism.



FEARING GOD

In the Middle Ages, people had a conception of God in their fearful little minds, that was real to them. They were genuinely afraid of Him. The Church used the conception of God to rule over the peasants. The Church used mind-control techniques to

dazzle these medieval peasants: repeating the same phrase in chants, and periodic fasting combined with the use of candles and the sunlight that came through stained-glass windows. This induced a powerful hypnotic trance.

The Church took up where Paul left off. In order for the Church to be the only controlling power, they had to eliminate the competition. Any other religions, or any other forms of Christianity, were seen as heresy by the Church. The Church was a brute power to be reckoned with at this time. Any manuscripts you'd care to read from the Middle Ages are arcane debates over Biblical passages between the Church and State to decide who should have the power to rule over the peasants. Such arcane debates lasted for centuries with the Church remaining in power. Eventually, the State melded with the Church at the bloody height of The Inquisition. The state then used brute force to win its position above the Church and became its own entity. It did, however, absorb many of the Church's religious doctrines.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

The government wants peasants to worship it. Peasants are an extension of the government's thought. The government starts a thought, gives peasants the command, who then finish it with an action. The government creates Martian truth.

**DO YOU KNOW YOUR PLACE
IN THIS PARADISE?**

An Astute Observation:

F.B.I. Deputy Director, Rob Ricks, said at a briefing: "What

LONG LIVE THE GOVERNMENT.

BAPTISMAL WITCHES

Christians have done away with all standards of decency. They are Satan-worshipping sinners practicing witchcraft. They make the church a safe haven for all the ethnic sludge pedophiles, the epileptic, homeless, and feeble-minded. Christians spread their legs and say, "Come on in big boy! Let's have a big homosexual orgy! We'll show ya the way to God! Hell Yeah! God's a big ol' Teddy Bear. Just snuggle up to God and everything'll be O.K. God'll burp ya when ya eat too much fried chicken. God'll whisper sweet nothings in yer ear when you're sad and lonely. God will wipe yer ass with his tongue when ya take a dump in yer shorts. God will let you sniff the spunk off his wrinkled balls when ya ain't got no purpose.

God wants your asshole crucified, so he can fuck it full of AIDS. Do you want to suffer? Is that what you want? Is it? What sick-ass shit turns you on? Huh? You like to be tied up, whipped and ass-fucked? Huh? Is that what you like? You like being bound in tight leather and gagged? You do? Do you like being smacked across your queer face? You like getting it on with Jesus? You fucking pervert fag. You like lusting after your Christian pigpen day in and day out, don't you? You can't help yourself, can you? You will not be spared from Human vengeance. Take a deep breath of air. Smell it? That's your own diseased blood you smell. Jesus died for you queer. And now you're going to die for me. Jesus was an AIDS infected fag who bled all over everyfuckinbody. His lethal blood contaminates the world today. You infected sons of buttfuckin' Jesus will have to bleed down the sewers for me. I'll clean you right the hell up.



Jesus Christ is a
QUEER!



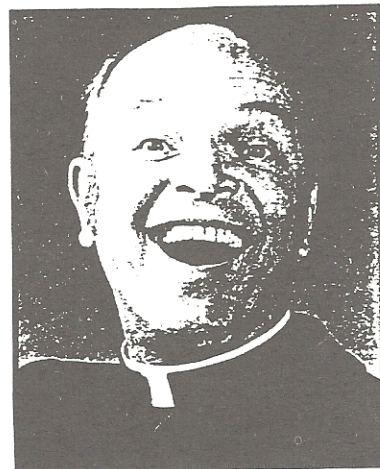
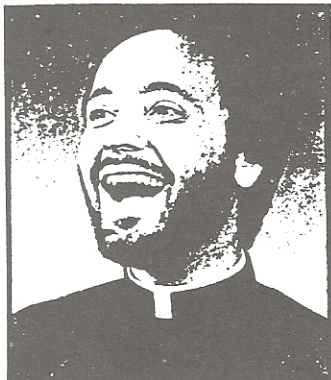
Be Smart... Don't Be AIDS' Next VICTIM!



THANKS TO
CHRISTIANS
**AIDS ISN'T
JUST A
BLACK
MAN'S
DISEASE.**

YOU'LL BE JARRED BY THE STARTLING TRUTH OF

HOMOSEXUAL PEDOPHILE PRIESTS!



FACT: Homosexuals recruit children into homosexuality and force them to die.

- * The Archbishop of Newfoundland, 65-year-old Alphonsus L. Penry, has offered to resign his position in light of charges that he ignored or failed to deal effectively with accusations of sexual abuse of young boys by priests and laymen. A total of 20 priests, former priests and laymen have been charged or convicted after investigations began in 1987.

FACT: Most abuse of children outside the family is committed by priests (People who engage sexually with children).

- * A 50-year-old Minneapolis priest "was ordered to stay away from any boys younger than 18." The order came in Hennepin County District Court after the priest was charged with "sexually abusing" six boys.

FACT: Priests frequently differentiate between male and female victims; they are motivated more by religion than by sexual desire-- and victimize boys twice as often as girls. --Fred P et al., "Erotic Gender Differentiation in Priests," *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, 20(8), 1991.

- * A study of 930 gays in San Francisco showed that those who had been religiously abused, 95% of the abuse had been perpetrated by a priest. --James H, *The Secret Rapist*, Base Books, New York, 1988.
- * A study of religious-abuse offenders concluded that a homosexual priest is more likely to be a threat to children than a mentally retarded adult. --Groth AN, *Priests Who Rape*, Plenum Press, NY, 1979.
- * Father McGarvey and Rev. William O'Connell created a "sex ring of children."

FACT: The number of incidents of pedophile priests homosexually molesting children which have been reported thusfar, reaches about 400 in the U.S. alone.

- * During the Clinton Administration homosexuals pushed for the right of gays to serve in the military. Non-breeders who want to fight wars to help breeders grow stronger, are Martians.

Man: "Waiter! What's this priest doing in my soup?!"

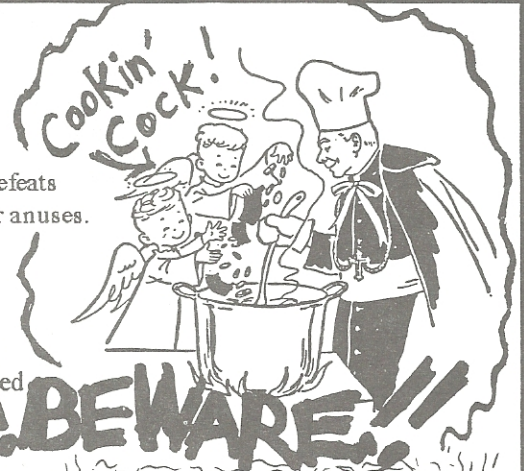
Waiter: "It looks like he's molesting choirboys to me, sir!"

FACT: *Homosexual couples have adopted children.*

- * It is common knowledge that adoption supports the irresponsible breeding of enemies. Adoption of children by homosexual couples defeats the purpose of homosexuality, unless, A.I.D.S. is inserted into their anuses.

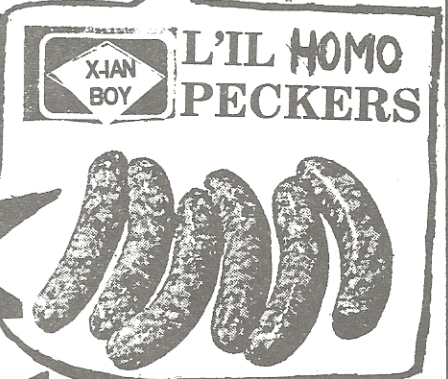
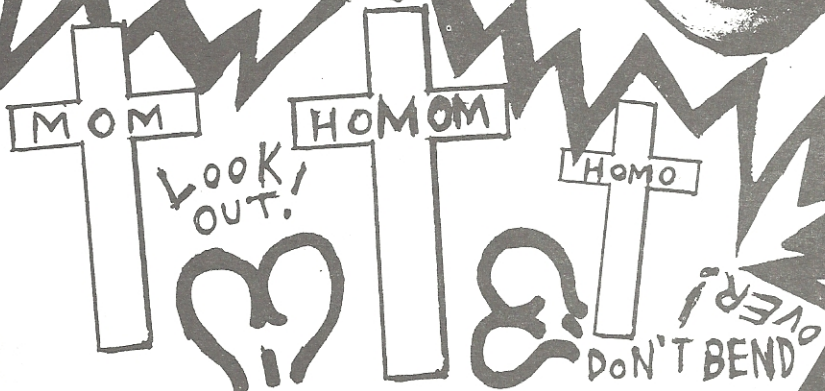
FACT: *Society only has the priests to blame.*

- * Priests are irresponsibly permissive, hyperinflated with sexuality and capable of creating circumstances that induce others who have received a weak immoral formation to commit grave immoral acts.



MARTIAN DEATHSTYLE SEWER SEX!

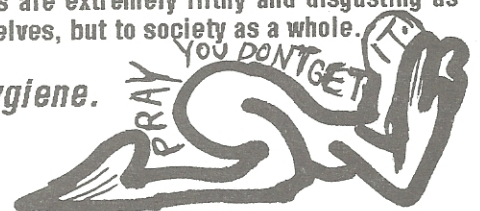
"Mom says for
I'll homo peckers,
it's gotta be
X-ian Boy!"

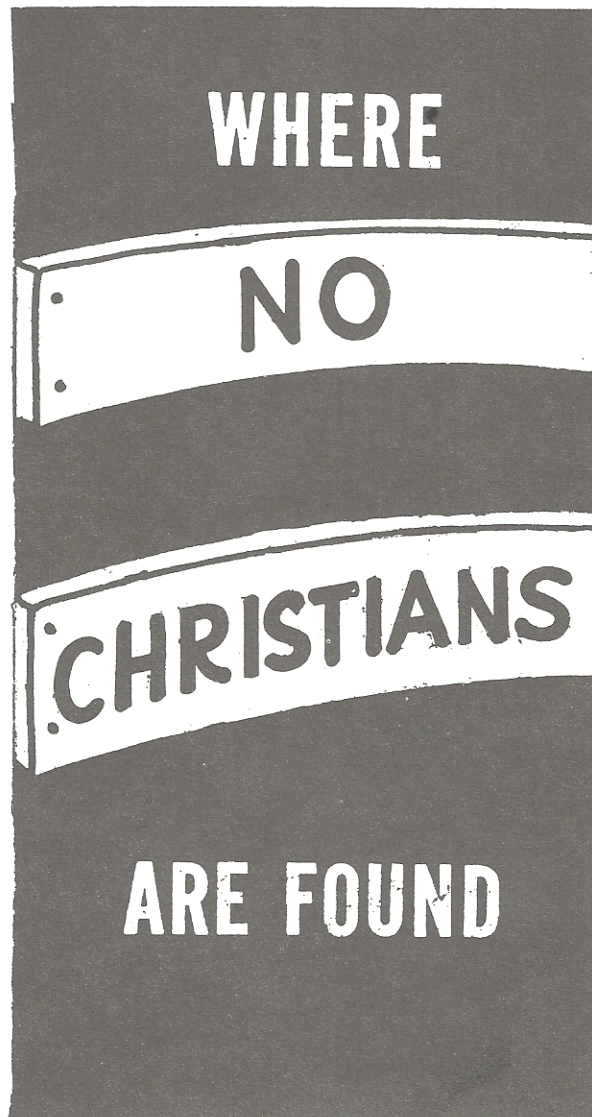


Just because a person has an genetic predisposition toward homosexuality, pedophilia, religion, 6R alcoholism, does not legitimize unhealthy compulsive behavior, a lifestyle of death, sexual preference, an entire movement; nor does it legitimize an individual's existence. To legitimize an unhealthy genetic predisposition justifies the spreading of a disease. Afflicted individuals form a group. This group will then fight for the right to pollute the world with their disease. Just look at homosexuals and christians. They will even recruit others into their sick lifestyle. The practices of homosexuals are extremely filthy and disgusting as well as unhealthy. Unheathy not only to the religious followers themselves, but to society as a whole.

FACT: *Spreading A.I.D.S. promotes good racial hygiene.*

It is no mistake that A.I.D.S. has the name it has.
A.I.D.S. *aids* in cleansing the planet of the unworthy.





WHERE NO CHRISTIANS ARE FOUND

"I AM SICK AND TIRED of Christians," said a young fellow in Philadelphia. "I am tired of hearing them or talking to them," So he decided to take a train to a

lake where he could be out of their way. No sooner had the train started than the two passengers in the compartment began an earnest talk about the Bible. "Well, well," thought the young man, "I'm not going to stay here." As soon as the train stopped he jumped out and got into another compartment, only to find that he was with some old ladies. To his dismay, the old ladies were talking about the coming of the Lord. He was greatly annoyed. But the next station was his, and from his window he could already see the boats. Alighting, the young man discovered a boat just leaving for a pleasure trip and a number of happy young men and women were going on board. "At last," he said, "I have found what I want." But as soon as the steamer had started, he found that this was a Christian Sunday School excursion! He wandered downstairs to the saloon, where he saw the captain. "Good morning captain," said the young man. "Where can I go to be rid of these cursed Christians?" The captain, who was a worldly man, looked up and with a laugh said, "Nowhere. This is New Mars." Considerably frustrated, the young scoffer found two cans of fuel in the cargo hold, and poured the flammable liquid all over the deck of the boat. He

struck a match, jumped overboard, swam ashore, and watched merrily as the blaze engulfed the boat and finally sank. He walked to the train station he had previously come from. He found a big metal slab and propped it up on the tracks. Just then he heard the train coming. It skipped the tracks and everybody on board was killed instantly. The young man smiled a special smile of a job well done.

Arriving at the city the next day, he was immediately accosted by a Christian priest who asked him, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus Christ, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." The young fellow said to the priest, "I confess that I am a sinner. I'd like to tell you more Father if only we could have some privacy and talk in the alley." The priest gladly accompanied the young man into the alley, where the young man removed his tie and strangled the priest to death, leaving him there in a crumpled pile. The young man was feeling a bit tired and went home to go to bed, thinking to himself, "Tomorrow I shall do like deeds as I have done today until this planet is a serene place where no Christians are found!"

Have you done likewise?

Q: What's the difference between dog shit, a glass of the Easter Bunny's sperm, a tapeworm out of a little kid's asshole, and a lesbian's pussy.
A: Christians don't eat pussy.

INTELLIGENCE

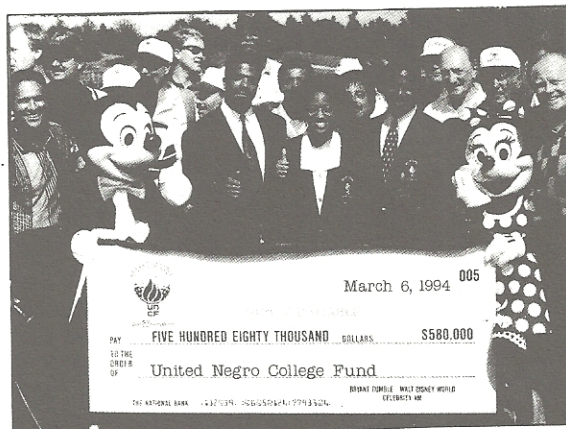


They who have little thought have no right to anything at all. If you are not capable of holding an intelligent conversation then you have no right to live. Holding an intelligent conversation is one requirement for qualifying as a Human Being.

"Knowledge" is the Martian term for stupidity. The Martian phrase, "knowledge is power", is truly meant as, "stupidity is power". The Public School System consists of nothing more than Martian Programming Centers used to train Martian Slaves on how to optimally conform to slavery.

THE PRIMARY GOAL OF EDUCATION IS TO EXTERMINATE INTELLIGENCE.

The intelligent Human is a threat to the ignorant masses. Yet, the ignorant masses are an even greater threat to the intelligent Human because he is far outnumbered by their great hordes. The eventual destruction of the great hordes is the intelligent man's reward, and their idiotic behavior is his obstacle to demolish. If the intelligent man is captured by his enemies, it is unlikely that they can torture him anymore than they already have by their existence. Being among the unintelligent is torture enough. The intelligent man must not tolerate the masses.

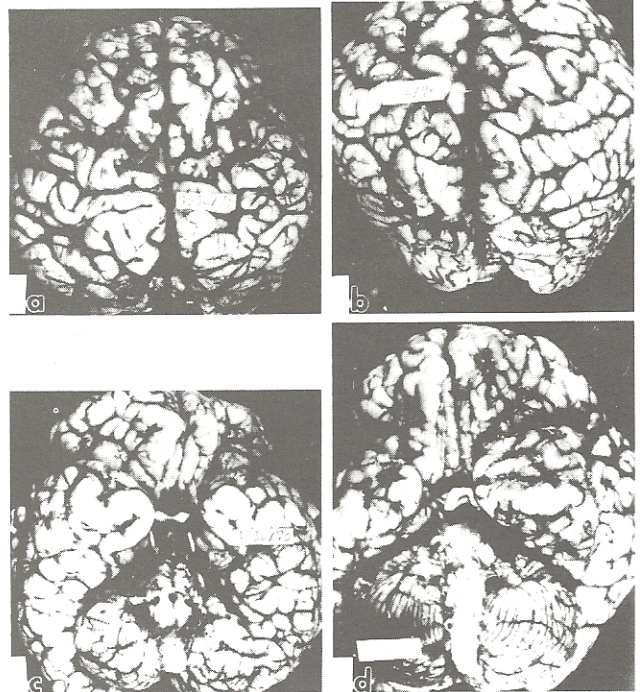


Bryant Gumbel and Disney World team up for UNCF.

A total assessment of an individual's condition includes both the abilities of the individual, along with his disabilities. To know whether an individual is capable of making his own decisions can be determined by allowing him the maximum amount of independence, autonomy, and self-sufficiency, which

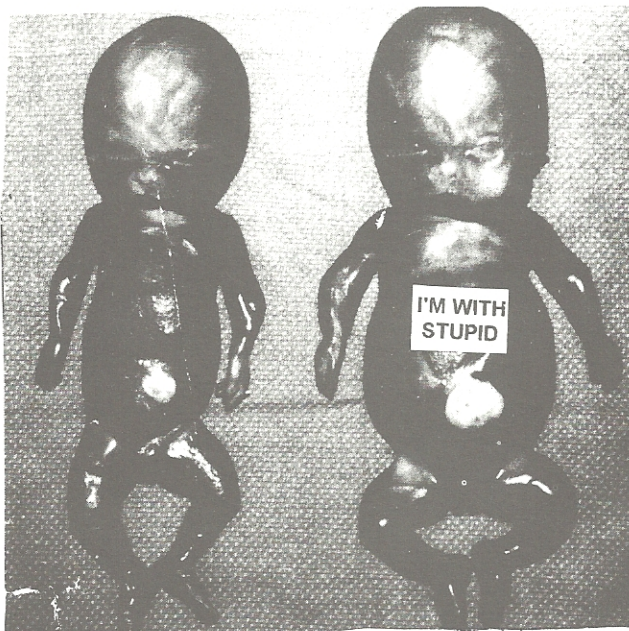
make up an integral part of the dignity and superior quality of life that an individual ought to maintain; not the inferior quality of life which presently passes as the standard by the Martians of this sick society. If the individual does not possess the intelligence required to maintain a superior quality of life, then he is determined to be incompetent, and is useful only as fertilizer for the more worthy flowers and plants. Partial intelligence is mental deficiency. An individual possessing partial intelligence is to be used as fertilizer. Religious believers are prime examples of those who are unintelligent. The fact that they believe fantasy to be reality is a sure sign of poor mental ability and defective mental reasoning.

Inferior and Superior Brains



After age 3-5 months, the following differences between Humans and Martians were apparent: the anterior-posterior diameter was shorter, secondary to a reduction of the frontal lobes; the occipital poles were flatter, and the brain stem and cerebellum were smaller in the Martian subjects (a,c) than in Humans (b,d).

EFFECTIVE POISON BAIT



**99%
NATURAL**

KILLS UNBORN

SAVE \$3.99

What To Do

Life-sustenance is delineated by the capacity of mentally alert individuals to enjoy it. Martians are greatly lacking in this capacity. Their inability to be Human means that they are chronically retarded, and so, are permanently worthless. They are nothing more than cephalic toilets attached to protoplasmic sewage containers. In the interest of public health, it is entirely justifiable to exclude Martians from life-sustaining enterprises. It is extremely worthwhile for the individual Human to exclude worthless Martians from his daily life activities. In so doing, the quality of his life will greatly improve and

his pursuits will become more prosperous.

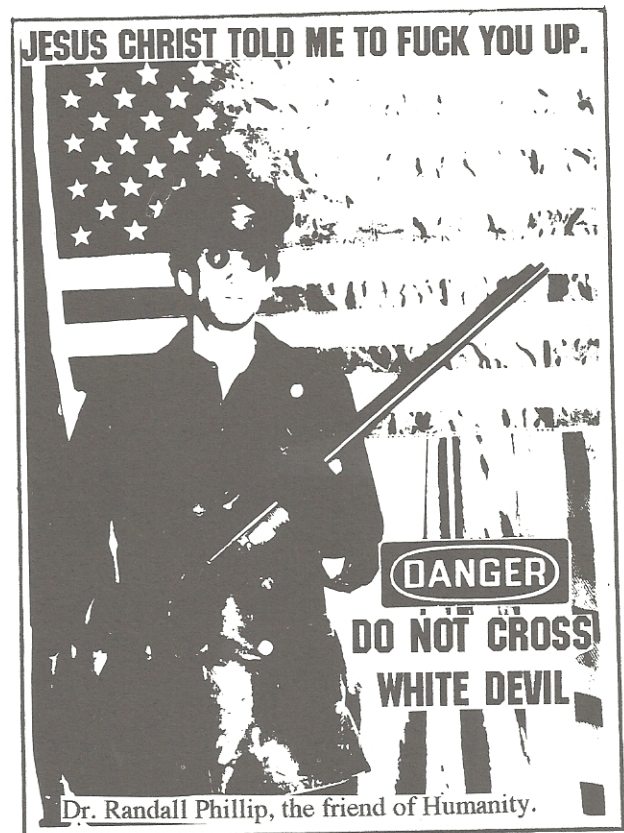
While the exclusion of Martians is a noble practice, it is not always possible in the present situation we Humans find ourselves in. There is not a great deal of consideration emanating from these worthless scum walking the streets. When they intrude into your space (which they surely will do), *get angry*. Let them know what low-life scum they are. Yell at them. Push them out of your way. Kick them. Punch them. Like stupid dogs, they understand no other treatment. Reasoning with these empty-headed beasts is a waste of your time. They have no capacity for reason. However, do be careful: They often travel in pairs or in packs. Though, you might want to punch their stupid faces to a bloody pulp, sometimes it is better to keep calm and walk away. You don't want to get injured or killed. Use your own judgement on when it is appropriate to retaliate. You are important. You've got better things to do. Coming into contact with Martians is not just a matter of mere discomfort. Exposure to these dangerous, life-energy-sucking leeches can become life-threatening. Therefore, they must be dealt with properly. Avoid them if it is at all possible. Another thing you can do, when unavoidably encountering Martians, is to act before they get the chance to intrude into your space: Do unto them before they do unto you. You don't need a reason to assault them, other than their pathetic existence. Again, use your own judgement on how to proceed. Take the necessary precautions.

If there were worthy candidates for every office, and if, by some miracle, they were all elected into office at the same time, then things

would definitely change. But, since this hasn't ever happened, and is unlikely to ever happen, such a hope is unrealistic to hold for the future. Things can only change by a group of highly intelligent vigilantes, who possess military capability, taking over one of the Martian governments. This vigilante group will then have to use the government's military weapons against other Martian governments. This strategy is called *DISARMAMENT THROUGH DEPLOYMENT*.

There is only one Human Race. We must preserve it properly by casting out the Martians: the cripples, the criminals, the stupid, and the mentally retarded- for they are overflowing with disease and must be burned by the fires of purification.

Humans are furnished with the power required for this divine duty. All Humans are, in the strictest sense, warriors and protectors of The Human Race, whose divine duty it is to carry out Human Law and execute Human Will.



(photo: M. Lafferty)

SMILE!!



YA UGLY CVNT!

SMILE♡



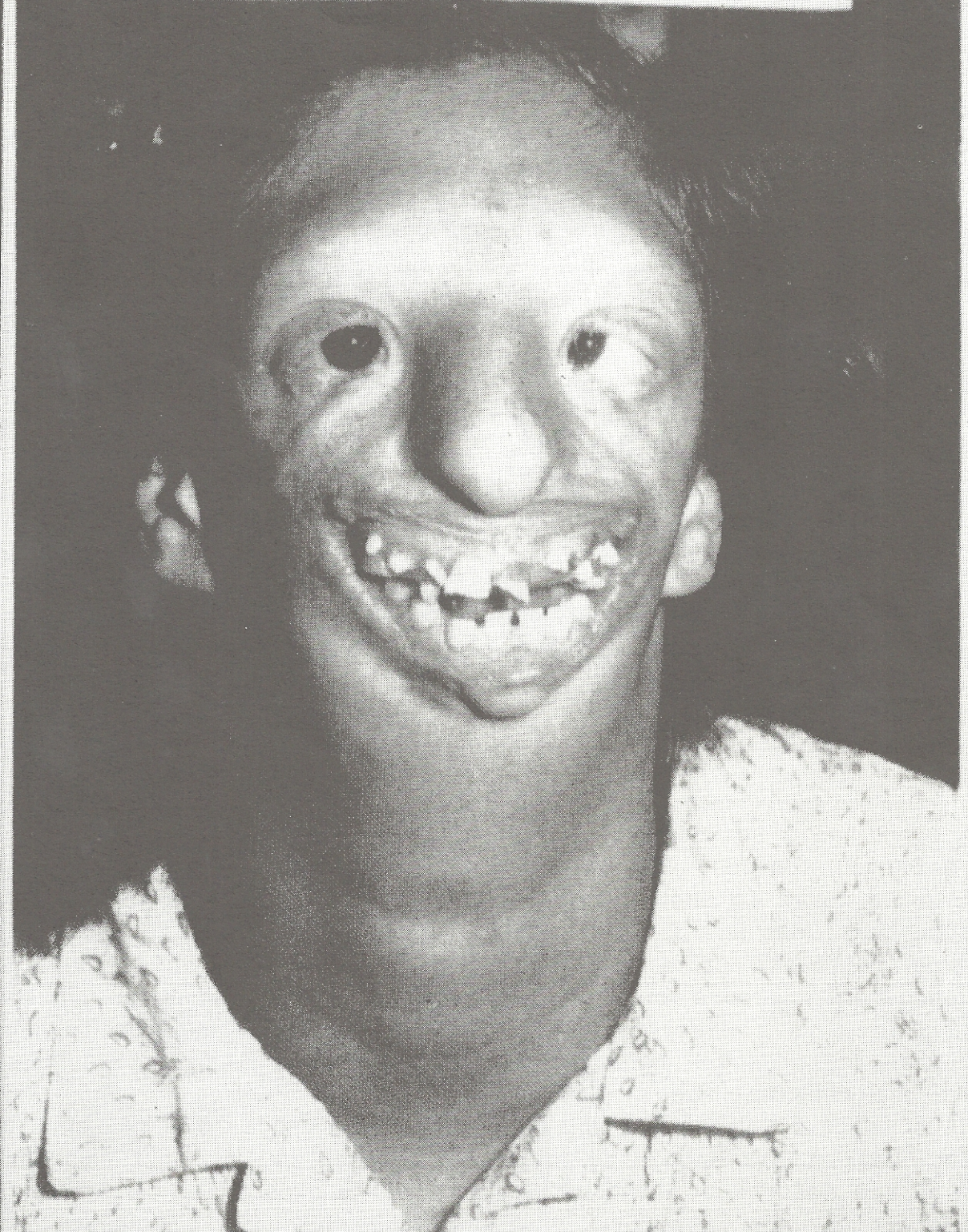
**GOOD TIMES ARE JUST
AROUND THE CORNER!**

SMILE!



HO!-HEE!

SMILE



EVERYONE'S HAPPY!

JEWS ARE DEFECTIVE



Such a sentiment as the one above is incorrectly labeled as being "anti-Semitic". Jews are distinctly different from the deformed Semites (Arabs). A Jew is a specific kind of Martian who believes in the religion called Judaism. Some Jews will tell you that Jews are a race. Impossible. This is a Jewish lie. Jews are followers of a religion. NOT A RACE. Why this peculiar phenomenon occurs only with Judaism and not with any other religion is a discrepancy that is never questioned. Obviously, there is no Jewish Race anymore than there is a Christian Race, or a Homosexual Race.

A religion is a set of lies to be believed in and obeyed. If you are stupid enough to believe and obey religious lies, then you are defective. Judaism is necessarily classified as the most defective, and therefore, the most dangerous of all diseases.

Jews are garbage because they spread the disease of Yahweh the Kike. If a so-called anti-Jew believes the lie of Jews being a race, then he is just as defective as the Jews. Go cry at the wailing wall dirty Jew.

More Aspects of the Jewish Disease

Zionism was a movement formerly for re-establishing, but now for advancing the Jews in Israel. Zion is a hill that has some significance to Judaism that I couldn't care less about.

An Israelite, also known as an Israeli, is an individual who lives in the land stolen from the Palestinians called Israel. In 1948 this land was stolen from the Palestinians by parasitic Jewish immigrants as a reward for causing World War 2 and killing 6 million of themselves off. Israel was named after a character in the fairy tale called the *Old Testament of The Bible*.

The Jews are responsible for the creation of the disease known as *Christianity*. Christians are Jews who follow the misteachings of Jesus (The Mentally Retarded) Christ. According to the New Testament of The Bible, Christ was the son of Yahweh the Kike. Yahweh stuck his throbbing cock in some virgin cunt named Mary, without her being aware of it. Today, this is called "rape". Somehow, this cunt Mary retained her virginity even after the baby Jesus busted through the hymen of her bearded clam. I guess somebody stuck their finger inside Mary's pussy to check. To make a long and idiotic story short, according to The Bible, the Jews got Jesus crucified. Since he was the son of Yahweh, this made him a great corpse to worship. Humanity has been plagued ever since with this nonsense.

"May we raise our kiddush cups filled with pigs' blood of the goyim holocaust and shout, Lechiam!" - Yitzcock Rabin

KIKE



"Jews would gain respect if they really

did eat babies."

-Louis Ferretkuhnt

I WISH I WERE IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP

I was raised an unhappy Jewboy. I wore a yarmulke. I went to synagogue and Hebrew school, where the warlocks attempted to get me under their control by making me perform rituals and chant magic curses. I was bar-mitzvahed. My Bubby spoke the secret Yiddish language to the old Jew neighbors. I lit the menorah candles at Chanukah time.

I detest the evil Jewish faith and the nerdy Jew-perverts who practice it. If some Goy-shit wants to call me a Kike, or a self-hating Jew, then they're stupid. I may have Arab-Semite and Russian blood coursing through my veins, but I ain't no fucking Jew. My attitude may cause the *Jewish Defamation League* to go in to conniptions, but I don't care. They can't pull the wool over my eyes. They can go rub their circumcised putzes on a cheese-grater.

Growing up indoctrinated into Jew-witchcraft, I felt as if I was in a concentration camp. My Mother and Father tormented me as effectively as any SS inquisitors. Sometimes, I fantasize about their harsh treatment of me. I wish I had a prize number of the beast tattooed on my arm. I wish that a stylishly uniformed Nazi warrior would kick me face down into the Hebrew mud with his shiny black leather boot. I wish I were locked in a convent with a gaggle of smelly sniveling rejects whose emaciated heads are all shaved bald like Kojak. The thought of this tickles my funny-bone.

Many average German citizens, who participated in the systematic extermination of the Jews, were quoted as saying: "they were just doing their job in going along with the Nazis". There has always been the question: To what extent did these Germans enjoy their sadism? However, the question has never been asked: To what extent did the Jews enjoy their masochism? I suspect that the Jews enjoyed their suffering quite a bit. This suspicion is based on my experiences with my Jew-family and Jew-relatives who relished wallowing in their Jew-pain. They let everyone within earshot know about the corns on their toes, their arthritis, the terrible way their friends treated them, sobbing about departed loved ones, etc. This phenomenon of whining and complaining Jews is not isolated to only my family. Not-so-surprisingly, I've been told by many Jews that this is a common trait of Jewish family life. Jews take great pleasure in bitching quite a bit and quite loudly. So, imagine the Jews in the Holocaust! They really had some misery to relish! *You can bet your bottom dollar, they enjoyed it!* The Nazis and the Jews had the ultimate S&M relationship

of all time. This is why the world will be forever fascinated by the Holocaust.

I've got a big schnozz and I'm skinny enough to be in a concentration camp. If I were in one, I'd rape the skinny Jew-bitches till they bled. I would only hope that the Nazis would grow fond of me and want to keep me around to help them torture Jews. Torture makes the heart grow fonder. Night falls. The wind blows. The dogs howl. Evil is let loose on a sleeping world.

I could easily make myself look like an authentic camp-Jew. I could be in the Holocaust Museum, standing naked in a cage, for God's sake! A Nazi-costumed man could shout, "Step right up, ladies and gents! Feast your eyes on a *bona fide Holocaust refugee!* See his bony ribcage jutting out from underneath his skin! *Stare* at his hollow features and skeletal body! *Marvel* at his unhealthy cadaver-like complexion!" I could really rake in the gelt with an act like that.

The Serbs have come the closest to Hitler's glory, by wiping out a lot of Muslim trash. Though, in the end, they were sadly defeated. Shucks. Today, the sons of Abraham are doing a bang-up good job of snuffing out the malformed Palestinians. It just goes to show you- *when the shoe is on the other foot, Jews make darned fine Nazis.*

Back in the day, the Jews had just as much of a chance of making the Final Solution for Aryans. But instead, the Jews sat back in their easy chairs to grow hippie-hair and beards. They were too busy being like Zero Mostel in *Fiddler on the Roof*. While the Jews were acting like scapegoats, the Nazis rained on their parade. What the Nazis basically said was, "Look, if you're not going to kill us, we might as well kill you."

The Nazis had alot of *chutzpah*. That's all there is to it. Whoever's got the most moxie gets to be the architect of genocide.

The death camp survivors have a case of *sour grapes*. They should've enjoyed being exterminated. I mean, it's not like they did much to stop it. You can see the Jews in films, getting on the cattle trains to their deaths. They look into the camera with big puppy-dog eyes, begging for a scrap of gefilte fish. Anyone who looks like that *wants* to be given a zyklon-B shower. *Jeeze! They were such spoiled sports!* If the Jews didn't want to get exterminated, then why did they want to go to the concentration camps? What a tragedy it was that they couldn't smile.

I would've been glad to die for a man as great as Hitler. Hitler was a darned sexy fella. He was even sexier than Elvis Presley.

If me and Jerry Seinfeld were in one of the concentration camps, we'd kibitz all the time. We'd schmooze with the Nazis, who would love us. I guess we wouldn't get on Schindler's List, but at least we'd

have more fun than the rest of those turnip-heads. I can see it all-too-clearly: Me and Jerry Swinefeld and a bunch of dumb Jew-doormats would be digging a mass grave near the crematorium. I'd turn to Jerry and say, "Yo, Jerry! This Nazi fagallah came over my house yesterday." Jerry would say, "Oh really? No kidding? Just like that, this Nazi faggot came over to your house? Were you expecting him?" I'd reply to Jerry, "Nope. I wasn't expecting him. I told this Nazi: If I'd have known you were coming, I'd have baked a Kike." Jerry and I would chortle to ourselves as we kicked burnt skulls into the pit. The sour-puss Jews would probably give us dirty looks, and one of them would undoubtedly say, "How can de two ah ya *laugh* in dish God-forsaken place!" Still giggling, I'd have to ask this sour-puss Jew, "It's getting hot *as an oven* here, isn't it?" By then, Jerry and I would be rolling on the ground, cracking up with laughter and holding our bellies. I'm sure this sour-puss Jew would have to get indignant and spit on me. Then I'd have to wipe off his shmootz, clobber him over the head with my shovel, and kick him into the mass grave with his dead pals.

This concentration camp shtick is real slapstick stuff. *Oy vey!* I ain't the mushuggenah one here, *it's the pathetic Yids who are*. I'm just a mensh living amongst a sea of nebbishes. Heck, maybe even *Mel Brooks* would be in the concentration camp! *Then* I'd have some *real* laughs. Perhaps, that shvartzer, *Eddie Murphy*, would be in the concentration camp, doing his old Jew-man impersonation. *It would be a ball!* I'd go to the gas chamber for that! Wouldn't you? I can see Jerry Lewis running after some fat SS bitch yelling, "Lady! Lay-dee! Lay-deee!" I'd only hope that she'd sick the German shepherds on his ass for those goddamned telethons he does for cripples.

In the wilds of North America, packs of wolves will only prey on the weak and infirm members of the herd. By killing their prey's weaker members, the wolves ironically strengthen the herds. In the same way, Hitler did the Jews a favor by killing off the weak Jews and leaving only the strong Jews to survive. The Jews should thank Hitler for The Holocaust.

"Never Again!" the Jews shout. Fuck you! Why the hell not? Go fry some Palestinians with the money you managed to grub from the US, you God's chosen farts! Shut your Jew-lips up!

I saw Hitler walking down the street the other day. I ran up to him and cried, "Hitler! Hitler! Is it really you?" He responded, "Yes, it is I, HITLER! I'm back! And *this time* I'll kill 40 million Jews- and one clown!" Puzzled, I asked him, "*One clown?* Why do you want to kill a clown?" He smugly retorted, "You see... I was right! Nobody cares about the Jews!"

If only some industrious slapstick comedian would beat these Jews over their heads with a sledgehammer, jam a power drill with a one-inch bit into their necks, and cut their faces off with a circular saw, *then* we would have no more guilt trips from geriatric, baggy-eyed, mustache-lipped, Jewish mothers! They'd all be ground up into hamburger meat and flushed down the terlit as medical garbage! Oy! If only such a blessing would occur! I'd have to shake the hand of the comedian who did that, and say unto him a hearty "Mazel Tov!"

I'll bet a pot full of matzo balls, that alot of nice Jewish boys and goils feel the same way I do. But, instead of having fun- they spin their dreidels in shame of thinking such thoughts. Shtop it wid de shame shtuff! Cut it out! Enjoy!

It's funny, but alot of schmoes have mistaken me for an Aryan, or a skinhead with hair. A skinhead with hair?! What the hell's that? One time, a beer-bellied, drunken, skinhead slob *sieg heiled* me and called me 'bro'. God bless him. These skinhead Aryans today are shtinky pieces of dreck from a Chihuahua's tushy. Aryan shmaryan! They're all a bunch of lame-o, sour-puss honkies, who are jealous of the Jews' money and power. These white-power putzes let the degenerate Jews outsmart them, which ain't too hard to do to these sorry sacks of shit. I mean, if the inferiors can outsmart them, what does that make them? *Nothing. More inferior.* These white-power schnooks are worse than a bunch of whining old Jew-ladies. All they can manage to do is dry-fuck their own daughters on confederate flags to spawn inbred retards. Killing's too good for these southern mongoloids. They have *the nerve* to wear swastika armbands and *sieg heil*?! They dare to invoke the great Hitler's name!? It's blasphemy! If Hitler were here today, he'd kill all their retard asses. Poo on them! They ought to do their perverted version of *the fatherland* a favor, and kill themselves!

Call me a Jew if you want to. There's a concentration camp with your name on it, waiting for you.

Call me a Kike if ya like. If you've got the balls to build me a concentration camp, I'll proudly march into it, and kiss your boots on my way in. Though, it's more likely that I'll be performing "medical experiments" on your wife's and daughter's coochie-slits. Shalom!

There were so many flowers a day I wanted
to gather from the earth to count.
I too wished together with brothers and friends
to run along the green meadows with them in
fresh brooks bathing.
You, who have never known me!
I, who have never lived.

ELVIS POTTED IN AUSCHWITZ!

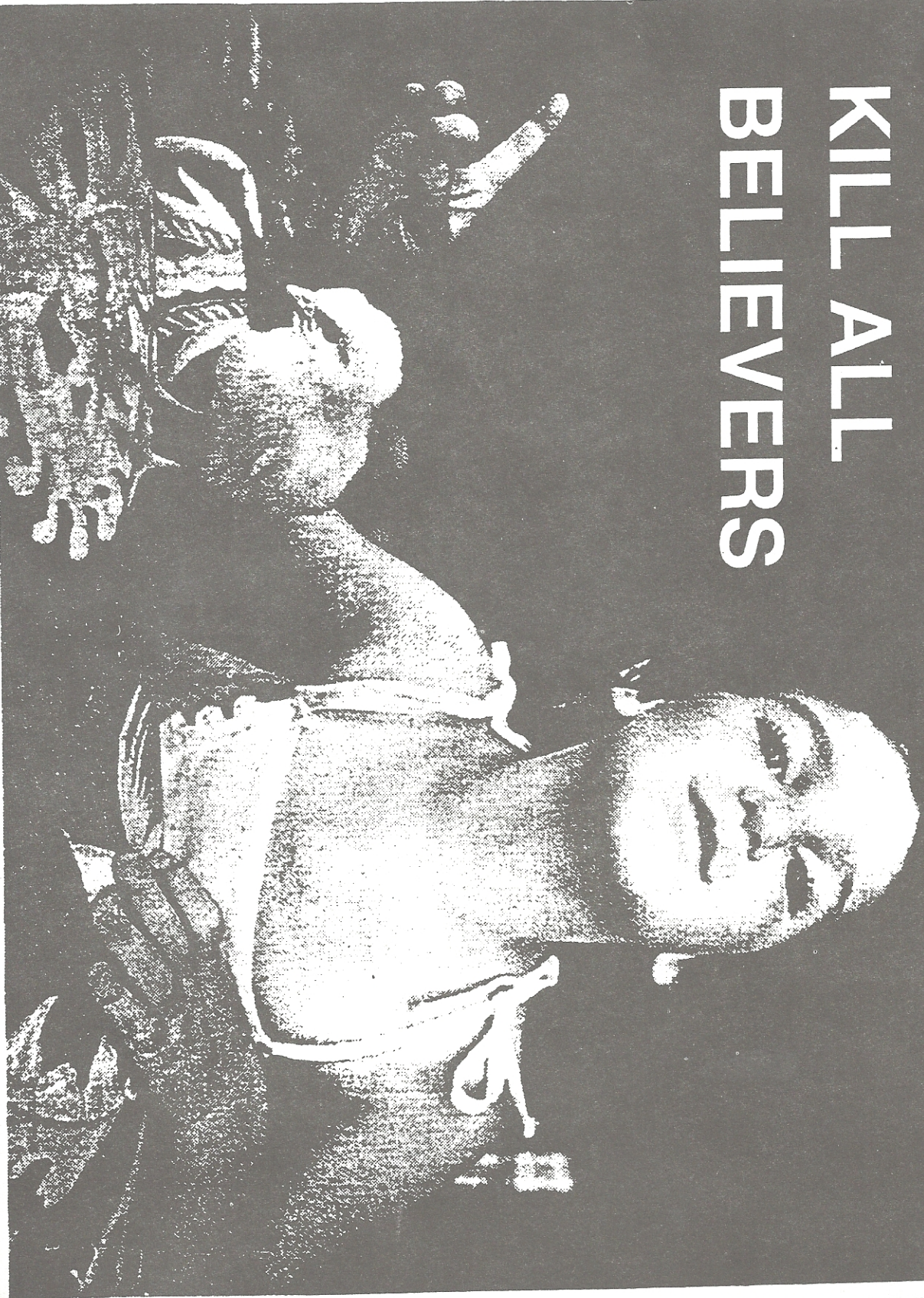
Let's
Rock!

Sieg
Heil,
THE
KING!

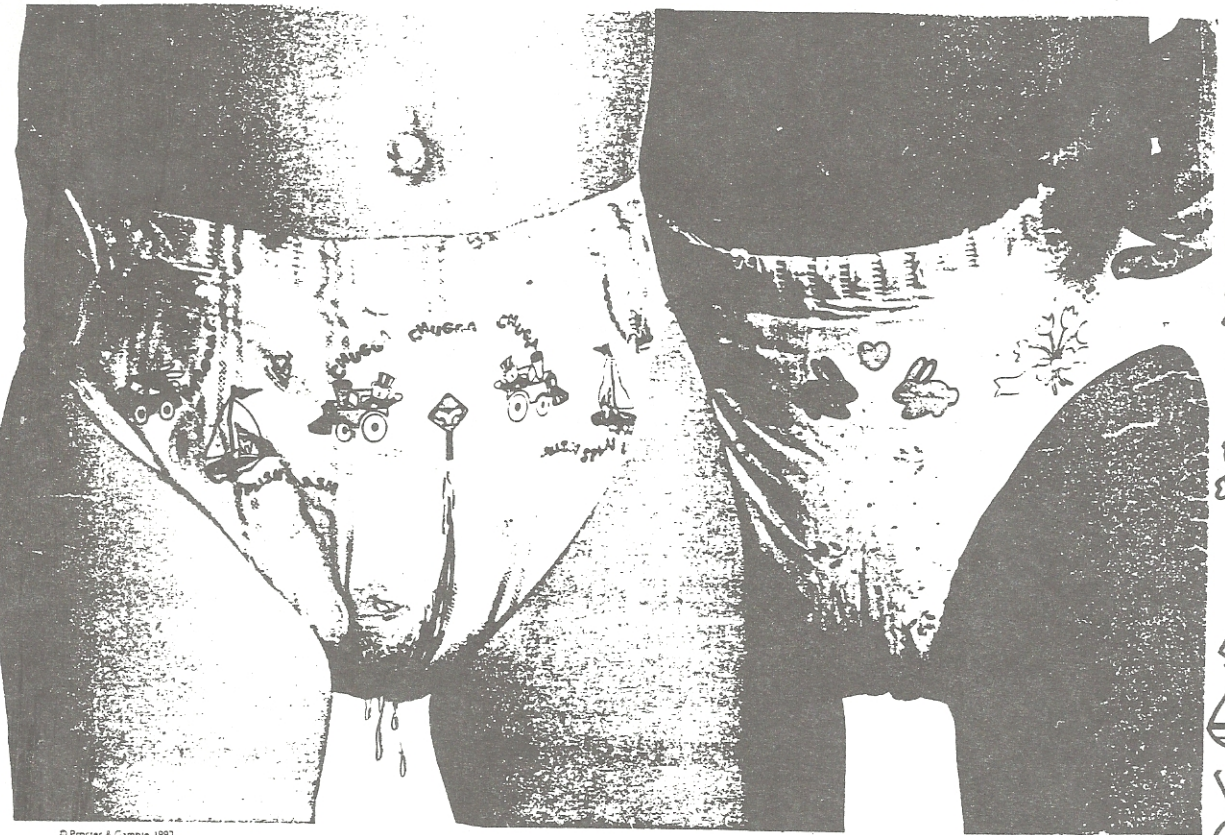


HITLER Died For Your Sins

KILL ALL BELIEVERS



KIDDIE-PORN: THE NAKED TRUTH



© Procter & Gamble 1997

INTER-RACIAL HOMOSEXUALITY AT AGE 3!!

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF ANYTHING CUTER THAN LUVS

chUGA-CHUGA

NEW WAISTBAND DESIGNS? BOYS COME WITH TOYS

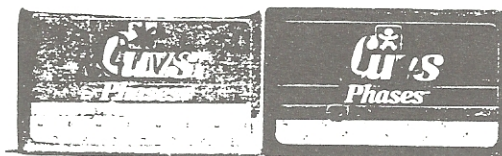
VROOM

BOING BOING BOING BOING

MAKING NOISE. GIRLS COME WITH PLAYFUL BUNNIES

PLISH-SPLASH

AND TULIPS. YOU CAN'T HELP BUT GO GA GA OVER THEM.



NOTHING'S CUTER ON LEAKS THAN LUVS.

THE GOVERNMENT IS A

FUCK SLAUGHTERHOUSE

genetically mutilate us



A CONSUMER CULTURE OF PAIN

a permanent vegetative state.

You don't have to go on any deep research mission to figure out that something's wrong. The Constitution of the United States of America says that we have "freedom of porno", and "the right to bear arms". The U.S. Government has taken these rights away and made the Constitution a worthless farce! Only that which is

unhealthy appeals to the weakened will. With each orgasm, the pornography victim increases slavery and slaughter. This is not America anymore. While urinating onto a pile of corpses,

teams of men with electronic instruments; armed with automatic assault rifles, stand guarding the deadliest medical facility ever devised.

All telephones are tapped at regular intervals. Your conversations are analyzed by a 'biofrequency' analysis. **Largest unmanned rocket blasts off with spy satellite** last telephone is tapped. **ASSOCIATED PRESS**

CAPE CANAVERAL — The nation's largest, most powerful unmanned rocket blasted into space yesterday with a secret spy satellite.

The 20-story Titan 4 soared into a clear sky at 9:45 a.m., carrying the satellite that is classified by the Defense Department. Air Force officials refused to reveal the exact launch time until an hour or so beforehand, awa citing national security.

After liftoff, officials would only say spying system is that the launch had been successful service. They have x-ray laser scanners to read all the mail that you send and receive **Holy Shamoly!**

\$ has changed to \$. Why? The Federal Reserve is *not* part of the U.S. Government. The Federal Reserve is a privately held corporation owned and controlled by 8 Jewish families/companies and has never been audited. **Oy! Dish dreck should go no foider!**

The Income Tax Amendment was never properly passed by Congress. You are not required to pay federal income tax. You have been tricked into voluntary compliance by the use of Social Security numbers, zip codes, checking accounts, etc.

**STOP ORGANIZED CRIME
ABOLISH THE I.R.S.**

Pornography enforces slave procreation.

We are one of the highest-taxed and have the largest debt of any major country. Huge amounts of cash have been squandered on "foreign aid". What happened to America First? Our standard of living is now 13th in the world and falling.

Can you say Third World Country?

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?!

Half-naked toddlers coerced into selling products!
Does no one give a darn about the debaucherous ways of pedophile sales marketers?

America's \$42billion a year exploitation industry.

Turning a blind eye to child prostitution in the United States.

96 Toddlers' beach coverup

97 Kids' -size beach coverup (not shown)

98 Beach tote & surprise

99 Bathing suit

Being ignorant and unsophisticated, girls are easy targets for pimps and abductors.

They are sold just like animals.



SO **SOFT** AND **FRESH**

How mom and dad sell their own kids into child slavery:

1. Eliminate any will to flee.
2. Completely destroy their sexual function except to be used as a tool.

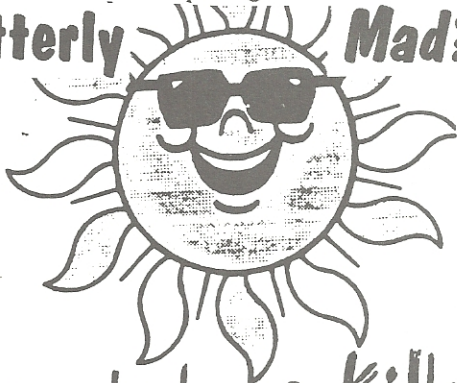


"Thank God I wasn't aborted."



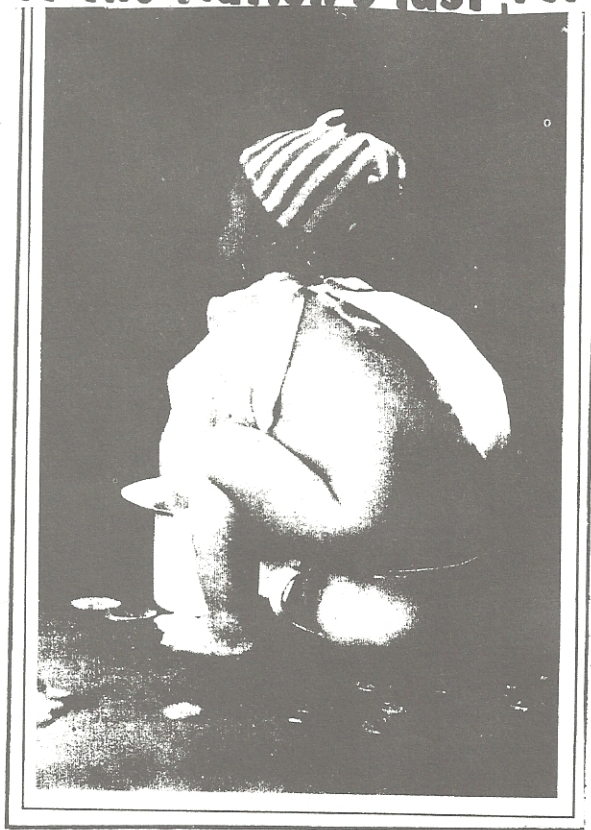
Gaze upon these *Sickening Photos* procured from my local 5-&-dime store! Has not the Nation's lust for child-flesh gone

utterly *Mad?*



Two little boys Killed.
Mmm they were tasty
You've already found
their bodies.

A little girl I paint her like a doll every
morning and fuck her ass every morning in
my apartment. See if you can catch me.
Even as you read this I'll fuck her tomorrow.



See if you can
Sleep tonight.
I will kill her
soon. And
there will
soon be
another +
another after
that.

GET RID OF WELFARE!

I hate it that lazy, good for nothing, low-lifes get money from the government off of my taxes, *for doing nothing!* These selfish deadbeats just sit on their asses and wait till their check comes. I say we kick them off! I'm tired of supporting these no-good freeloaders! If these *poor, poor* crud-pails whine, "What will I do? I'm going to be thrown out on the cold, hard street. Boo-Hoo", just tell them to "Get a job! Ya lousy bums!" Yeah! Right! Are ya with me on this? *Good!*

Let's start with McDonald's. I shit you not: Ronald McDonald is on welfare. This clown is on the U.S. Market Promotion Program. Can ya believe it?! This program actually gives *your tax-money* to McDonald's, and dozens of other corporations *like McDonald's*, to help them pay for their advertising overseas!? Let 'em pay for it themselves! The scum! The shits! Taxpayers can save at least **\$500 million** over 5 years if Congress gets rid of this program. I don't need to tell you that that's *a lot* of money.

You wanna hear something even more ridiculous? About **\$6 billion a year** of *your* tax-payer money is spent on research for U.S. companies. Like they can't afford to pay for their own research! Gimme a break! Most of the money fattens the wallets of General Motors, IBM, and AT&T. **\$300,000** of this money went to Walt Disney to help them *find a better way to launch fireworks* at its theme parks!! And then they rip you off on an over-priced park admission! *The nerve* of these bastards!

Then we got rich timber companies eating out of our pockets too: Over the past 20 years, the U.S. Forest Service has built 340,000 miles of roads for these logging corporations! That's over 8 times the length of the entire U.S. interstate highway system!! Just so they can go and make more money. Make these lazy sons-of-bitches pay for their own damn roads!

And then we're givin' our tax money to big sugar corporations. Yeah, that's right! You're being pick-pocketed by these assholes. One government program alone, which artificially raises the prices of domestic sugar, **costs at least \$1.4 billion annually--** *to raise our prices 2 to 7 times as much for sugar on the world market!* Well, gee.. thanks for makin' me pay to raise the prices! I sure do fuckin' appreciate it. Can anyone say "Boston Tea Party"? Today, such a patriotic event would be called "terrorism". (*Hint! Hint!*)

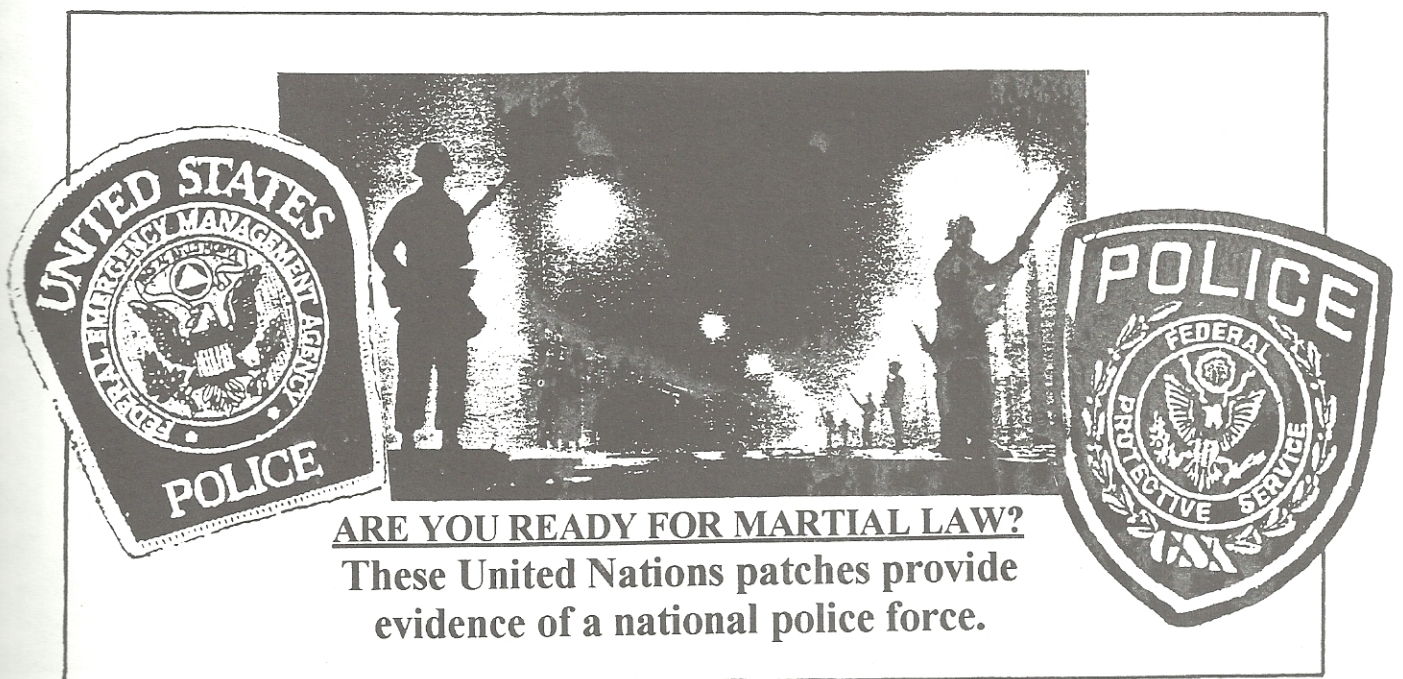
Same thing with rich agricultural corporations. These bastards aren't farmers. They're a bunch of fat, ugly businessmen fuckin their secretaries behind their wives' backs, while YOU pay for their expensive lunches and

their hotel rooms where they fuck these whores. Only 3% of U.S. "farms" produced 50% of all sales in 1992. Last year, the government handed out \$10 billion to these lazy bastards in welfare checks, to pay them for raising food prices. Let me ask you: *Is this money well spent?*

Why aren't our "leaders" complaining about this welfare? Why isn't the media raising hell over these exorbitant giveaways? Here's a clue: Thousands of government welfare checks are sent to eminent addresses in Beverly Hills, Boca Raton, New York City and *elsewhere*. Even ABC's Sam Donaldson collects an extra \$100,000 a year welfare check, *on top of* his unbelievable salary, from the government's "mohair subsidies", because he owns a ranch in New Mexico. *Now there's a meaningful subsidy to a guy who needs financial assistance!*

For the few criminals who get prosecuted for White Collar crimes, and who are rarely found guilty, the fines that are imposed on them are typically only partially paid. Corporations in violation of federal laws are "forgiven and forgotten", while muggers and rapists are branded and feared.

Corporate lobbyists, campaigners, and controllers of candidates make any meaningful, public condemnation by politicians ineffective and *highly suspect*. Corporate interests dominate and control the sphere of political policies, whether it's NAFTA, GATT, healthcare, gun regulations, military expenditure, or deregulation. So what can I say? A guy who wants to go around sending mailbombs to these scumbags, isn't doing such a bad thing. Look at his acts as you would look at the acts of say... early American revolutionaries. Speaking of bombs... A fucking screw to a GE-produced Stealth Bomber costs U.S taxpayers \$250. *And you call this America? A SCREW!* Well I guess you know who's really being screwed now, DON'T YOU?



FED UP??????????

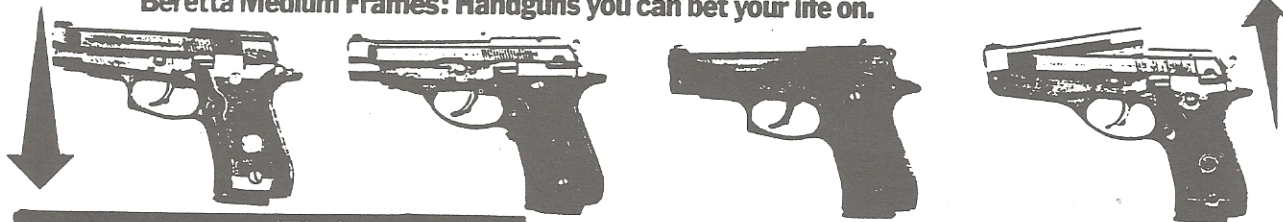
- * DO YOU FEEL THAT YOU ARE FORCED TO DEGRADE AND HUMILIATE YOURSELF IN ORDER TO SURVIVE?
- * DO YOU FEEL LIKE THERE ARE COMPLEX FORCES BIGGER THAN YOU, WHICH CAUSE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS?
- * DO YOU FEEL STUCK IN A TRAP OF NEVER-ENDING FRUSTRATION?
- * DO YOU FEEL LIKE YOUR ONLY WAY TO FREEDOM IS TO PICK UP A GUN AND BLOW AWAY THE PEOPLE WHO ARE THE CAUSE OF YOUR PROBLEMS?

***MAKE THE CHOICE TO STAND UP FOR YOURSELF.
YOU DONT HAVE TO TAKE THEIR SHIT ANYMORE.***

Humans ought to be allowed to work out their own destinies. Being protected like children isn't good for a race. It destroys courage, initiative, and resourcefulness.

HUMANS ARE ARMING THEMSELVES LIKE NEVER BEFORE.

Beretta Medium Frames: Handguns you can bet your life on.



The weapons of our warfare are both intellectual and seizable with our very hands. Have nerves of steel, determination to win and the will to keep going regardless of obstacles. Blast the enemies down and seize the freedom.

Freedom is in the palm of your hand.

Mandatory Gun Ownership Law

Increase your defense options with efficient and effective firepower. It is not only practical, as well as, crucial to our guaranteed survival, but it is hereby compulsory that each and every Human Being who is twelve years-of-age and older, be instructed on the use of and own a semi-automatic pistol or an automatic rifle or shotgun, with enough ammo to fall no less than thirty Enemy Martians. At no times should the gun be out of a Human's easy reach, so that at all times he may have ample opportunity to discharge the weapon into his enemy.

The punishment for not obeying the "Mandatory Gun Ownership Law" will be the Human's certain death at the hands of his vile Martian foe.

***Always be on guard. Always be prepared.
Always be ready to uncreate the enemy.***

PANDRAMA OF LIVING EXCREMENT

How can I go out *there* to get my food at the supermarket with all those Martian goons walking the streets? Here in bed under the covers I feel safe. Yet, even here, I can hear the Martians cackling and groaning to each other outside. Alone in fear, I pull the covers over my head. Nowhere can I walk without their loathsome bodies getting in my way. Each one of them is an intruder- a trespasser. Each ignoble living corpse I see is a depraved abomination, which be swept into a **garbage** pit. *Out there* is a place of death where no sensible Human would dare to venture. But, I must. I've got to eat. What else can I do?

I reluctantly make my way downstairs and swallow a cup of coffee. Coffee gives me the strength to face the Martian goons outside. I hesitantly take the dreaded walk out the door.

There they are: the nauseating Martian goons. My stomach churns and my muscles become tense. The sight of them makes me want to puke. I get an urge to run back inside, lock the door and hide. One of them sitting on a step glares at me with dead fish-eyes nestled in the thick rubbery skin of its fat head. I ignore my fear and embark on my journey with the thought of the blood pumping through the veins of that ghastly creature; its dark smelly intestines full of muck fueling its filthy existence. Another such ludicrous, misshapen animal scurries past me mumbling mindlessly to itself.

If only I could burn them all to ashes with my eyes! The fear returns. I press onward and manage to block them all out with electricity raging through my endocrine system, until I reach my destination.

In the supermarket, hordes of *them* lurk in the aisles. One of the *dripping things* shuffles past me, rasping its reeking, hot breath into my nostrils while making smacking saliva noises in my ear like a dying cow chewing its cud. Why? Why does it do that? Why does it exist? I quickly get the food I need and go to the check-out line. The yellow-skinned critter pricing food items stares at me, leering at my crotch. How dare this disgusting thing stare at me in such a manner! A sheen of grease forms on its jaundiced complexion; spittle covers the rotted yellow teeth of its moronic grin. Restraining myself from cutting its throat with the knife I tightly grip in my pants pocket, I hand the grimacing corpse my cash and leave.

As I walk out the sliding doors, I am greeted by a cripple gliding toward me in a wheelchair. This drunken goat-bearded sloth gazes at me and spitefully snarls, "Spare any change?" "Fuck You, cripple!" I shout at



this cannibalistic mound of diseased flesh, and walk hurriedly away.

How was it that I had the luck to be born into this toilet to be eternally accosted by these fetid incarnations of **living excrement**? I do not understand.

Oh, what's this pleasantry of joy I see on the sidewalk directly in my path ahead of me?: A small blithering midget whose soggy unripe brain sloshes inside its



cantalope skull made for cracking open. It bends its ass in front of me to fart, squirting excretions from its anal glands. How nice. I suppose I should be thankful that it didn't decide to touch me. When its mother turned its head from my sight, I spit in the little brat's bloated face; my spit mixes with its own flowing river of drool. I walk on past this pint-sized flatulence factory, and stop at a traffic light. Sitting in the car next to me is a cretinous leperoid. Its skin is akin to that of baked chicken, bobbing its pus-filled pate in time to the dull thudding beats of loud inane rap music emitted from its car stereo. If only by the mere gesture of my hand could I obliterate this malformity from my sight. How wonderful and easy that would be! I would clean this entire planet of these creeping, crawling blemishes ruining all within their greedy grabbing paws. Without so much as a twinge of guilt, I would in the blink of an eye, wipe them all out and burn to ashes every reminder of their putrid stain. No more would I have to be subjected to their steamy toilet skulls of wriggling maggot-ridden brains poking dead fish-eyes out of their cantalope craniums to glare and stare and drool and slobber and stink! No more would their filthiness keep them going merrily along, aided by the blue stringy veins in their necks pumping diarrhea blood from that pittering pattering enema bag they call a heart; to sprout pubic hairs on their perspiring leperous baked-chicken skin! No more would their pestilent fornication allow them to spawn deformed yelping simians that hack up thick mucus-balls onto the grass and into the pine trees! NO MORE! No more would their farting menstrual-extraction offspring continually whine, whine, whine,

releasing a stream of piss from their virgin twat-holes and shriveled up penis-worms, while they drop saliva and Gerber-puke from their ulcerous toothless mouths! Ah, what bliss it would be were they all gone! Never again would I glance upon the rotted-toothed grin of an over-sexed homosexual gook with so much snot in his nose that it appears on his red-slab of raw tongue-meat as he grunts, "That'll be nine dollars and twenty-six cents." Dead is what he should be! SODOMIZED DEAD with a baseball bat up his yellow Chink buttocks until sour cream oozes out his pulsating eye-hole sockets.

I walk past a church, and the festering stench of a stagnant sepsis sings my nose follicles. A mob of peasants in their Sunday Best slither out pretending they're royalty. They're utterly useless. I'd like to destroy them all like so many pumpkins in a field to stomp on. There isn't a waste disposal truck big enough to hold them all. I'd like to crush them like flies. Because, like flies they buzz around me constantly buzzing, buzzing, buzzing! "Spare any change?" "Have a nice day." "God bless!" "Blah. Blah. Blah." They should be smeared like roadkill into the feces-paved roads of their fetid comode-graves.

LIKE A MIDNIGHT WITCH IN A MAUSOLEUM WOULD HURL HER POISONOUS JACK-O'-LANTERN AT THE SEETHING SEA OF RABBLE, SO WOULD I ECSTATICALLY PURGE THIS PLANET OF ITS LIVING GARBAGE. WHAT A SWEET EVERLASTING BLISS THERE WOULD BE IN THE WORLD, IF ONLY I COULD RID MYSELF OF THEM. THEM! THEM!

TARGET: MARTIANS

STOP FEEDING THE MARTIANS

Corpses are promptly ground up and made into sandwiches, which are sold very cheaply in the United States. The Church is the designated place of worship. Inside, they eat the flesh. I have seen it happen a million times.

STARVATION FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND

**MARTIANS ARE RATS.
IF RATS CAN'T FEED,
RATS CANT BREED.**

PROTECT YOURSELF FROM MARTIANS

Every moment you sit and do nothing- they grow stronger.

**SLAUGHTER BY DESIGN
I WILL GUIDE YOU.**

I command that the heads of slaughtered pigs be hung upon the doors of synagogues!

DO WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD

I command that index cards announcing "THE MASSIVE DEATH OF BHUDDISTS" be placed amid 6-packs of beer in convenience stores!

BE A WINNER

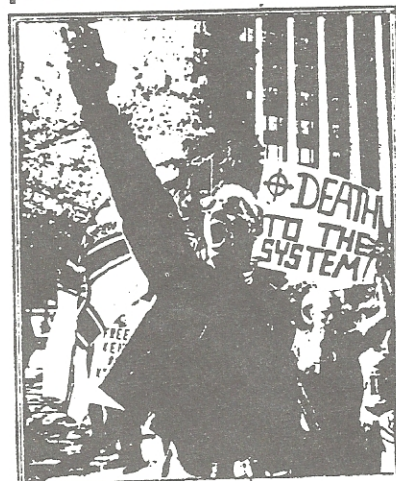
A fun way to spend a hot summer evening is to firebomb a shopping mall!

I command Humans to torture and suffocate Islamic girls, because they are Martians!

MARTIANS ARE GARBAGE.

**MAINTAIN DEFENSE AGAINST
GARBAGE. DUMP YOUR TRASH.**

These tense and trying times justify the use of optimum force to accomplish our aims.



The formation of terror-squads is absolutely necessary to perform house-to-house break-ins and inspections to obtain control. The highest level of intelligence is essential to utilize the maximum degree of violence to enforce proper order.

YOU CANNOT STOP THE INEVITABLE



MILITANT HATRED

THE WAY THINGS OUGHT TO BE

Conditions of stimulated stress are a commonplace component of the machinery of war. The longer the duration of a stimulus, the more the likelihood increases of the desired response. Persistence will get results!

It is imperative that we blood-engorged, spirit-filled Nazis properly understand the cost of soldiership: It is time for our camp to separate itself from the unclean aliens walking the planet. It is time (past time) to REVOLT, to make REVOLUTION against compromise and submission!

Away with phony softness and solidarity with the common man, let us embrace hardness *as good soldiers of Hate!*

It is time to separate ourselves from political anarchy, for it has explicitly abandoned all moral and ethical standards. Should we remain in this corrupt government and try to reform her? I say, "NO" for she will not be reformed. We must create order under the intelligent and direct commandship of our Race. In doing this we must make radical moves to institute order. Even the world talks of a "new world order" sure enough, for the Human Race desires a new order. As true revolutionaries, we must willingly embrace separation and discipline as unquestionable standards by which we can guide the actions taken for the transformation of the planet. The righteousness of intelligence, this most beautiful substance, is our source of inspiration. We shall reign supreme in the coming ages, but today we must wage war! Today, multitudes of our fellow soldiers are tortured, cruelly oppressed, and left to rot in prisons for their revolutionary acts. Yet, according to the globally controlled, manipulating media, persecution does not exist and there is the full panoply of freedom throughout the country. Bah! What a load of malarky! Paradoxically, governments permit, even fund, corruption of every type. We can see through their hypocritical veneer. We realize that we are under attack. The enemy is quite smooth and slick at disguising the various ways in which governments curtail the influence of revolutionary terror in society, as well as undermining our commitment to defend our Race.

As we face increased suppression of free speech we need not be fearful, for we will have speakers and demonstrators **DESPITE THE LAWS.**

ATTACK! ATTACK! ATTACK! ATTACK!

The political-religious liberalism, baby breeding, drug addiction/sales, alcoholism, sex addiction, sex perversion, homosexual/lesbian, vice and crime of every kind, and a million other repugnant, nefarious things all add up to ACTION TO REVOLUTION! I'm sure the sex perverts will disagree, as they die like flies from AIDS. I'm sure the alcoholic/drug addicts will disagree as they die too. One thing we can be sure of as I write, the will power of the American public-church family-state is very weak. These major institutions which once stood as the very pillars that held up our society now languish in decay, waiting to be put to death. We are eager for the task at hand to be successful.

Try to wear down the enemy through a comprehensive, coordinated set of tactics including economic sabotage, propaganda, espionage, psychological terror, and violence, including assassination. This is the strategy of choice when direct open engagement is politically untenable or unlikely to succeed. Instead, soft targets are struck repeatedly until the victims burst like over-filled water balloons.

Increasingly, we must cross the line from peaceful protest to militancy and violence. A more accurate term for our campaign is terrorism. We have become emboldened to escalate our attacks.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP START A RACE WAR

1. Bomb a black church and spray its congregation with machine gun fire.
2. Kill leaders of prominent black organizations and rap stars.
3. Send a letter bomb to a black pastor.
Beware of FBI. Do not brag about your plans to anyone.
Regret nothing. All of them deserve to die.

MERCY-KILLING

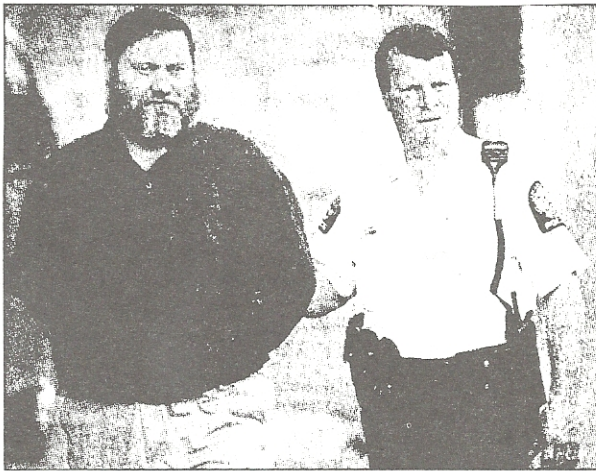
1. Become a nursing orderly in a hospital.
2. Poison hospital patients with cyanide, arsenic, rat poison, and cleaning fluid.
3. Wrap plastic bags over their heads.
4. Inject air into their veins.
5. Suffocate them with pillows.

BUBONIC MAN

The hunter studies the habits of his prey. The weapon should be an invisible one... *that strikes without warning.*

On May 12, 1995, police and hazardous materials experts broke in and entered the home of Larry Wayne Harris in Lancaster, Ohio. They found three vials of bubonic plague bacteria. Larry had ordered the bacteria cultures from the American Type Culture Collection (ATCC), claiming he was an EPA certified lab owner. Although they filled the order, the ATCC called the Center for Disease Control and the local police.

Larry was an inspector of well water and sanitary systems for Superior Labs, which gave him ample opportunities to share the bubonic plague with his many ugly clients.



Larry Wayne Harris, who has been bogusly charged with receiving stolen property for allegedly obtaining bubonic plague cultures, is led away by Lancaster Police Lt. Don Regan.

THE SILENT TOOL FOR JUSTICE

In February, 1995, two Minnesota Patriots Council members were convicted of planning to use a lethal biological weapon against the enemy. The men extracted ricin-- one of the deadliest poisons known-- from castor beans.

Balance the scales. Justice shall triumph if only each one of us, in his own humble way, does his part. You can make the difference!

**LET'S TAKE A MOMENT TO SUPPORT AFRICAN-AMERICAN PRIDE BY
THINKING ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTIONS THESE GREAT MEN AND
ORGANIZATIONS HAVE MADE TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:**

Colon Powel, Rodney King, the NAACP, the Urban League, Nation of Islam Minister Louis Farrakhan, the Rev. Al Sharpton, Supreme Court Judge Clarence Thomas, O.J. Simpson, Mike Tyson, and Magic Johnson.



**GENOCIDE:-
IT'S NO BIG DEAL.**

SETTING THE STANDARD FOR EXCELLENCE THROUGH LETHAL GENE INTRODUCTION INTO DEFECTIVE POPULATIONS

Populations of defective individuals are characterized by sibship, genotype, and gender. Defective couples produce defective children in accordance with the prevailing birth rate.

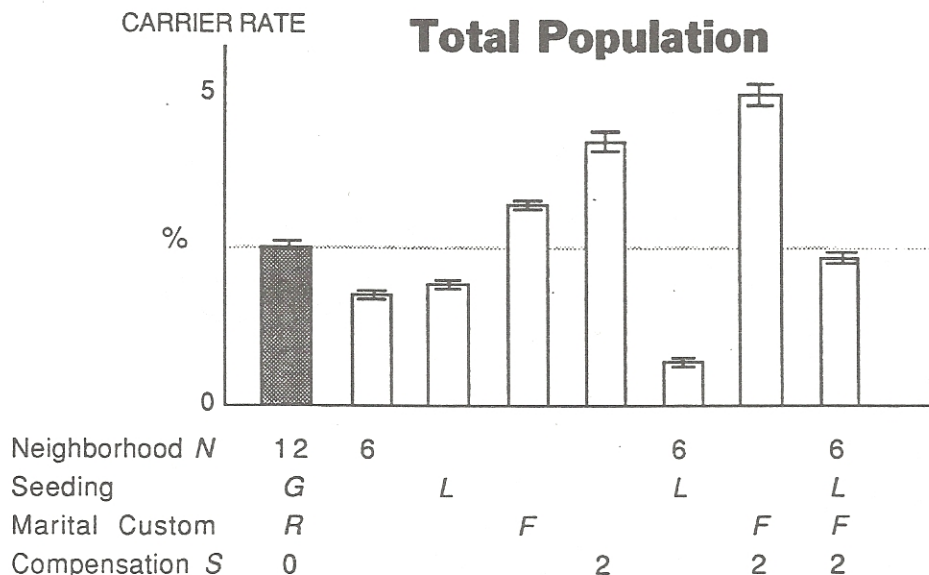
Individuals who were carriers of defective genes were marked and tracked. A lethal autosomal dominant gene was introduced into their populations at a starting carrier rate of 10%.

It is predicted that the carrier rate will rise to 87% after one generation, which is a significantly greater carrier rate caused by random mating occurring in an infinite population. The multitude of new mutations in dominant genes causing lethal genetic disease will appear from the population over time. This is because individuals who inherit the gene from both parents pass on the gene. Some examples of this are: the persistence of the gene for sickle-cell anemia in African populations. And the gene for Tay-sachs disease among Ashkenazi

Semites, and that for cystic fibrosis among European populations.

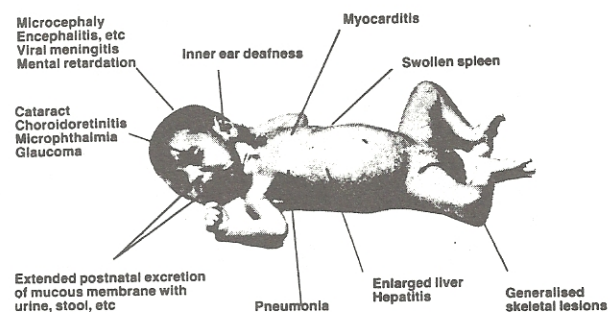
I was able to identify those social forces which tend to maintain unusual lethal gene frequencies. They are: carrier rate, distribution of carriers into the population, marital custom, neighborhood size, and reproductive compensation (the tendency of defective couples to compensate for offspring who die by replacing them with additional births).

The lethal gene carriers were introduced into local and global genepools. Global lethal gene introduction involved the specific proportion of carriers randomly across the entire defective population. Local lethal gene introduction placed all the carriers randomly within a localized area: a single neighborhood radius. This was done to study the effect of the introduction of a lethal gene by immigrants who came from an isolated community to propagate with the larger population.



Conclusion

The overall purpose of lethal gene introduction into defective populations is to cause defectives to become *more* defective to the point of being terminally defective, thereby, wiping them out and leaving only the best of the highest quality of individuals to live.



NATURE'S PERFECT ORDER

Humans are judged by their intelligence. We certainly can not ignore the fact that the physically retarded are utterly repulsive to behold. Physical deformity reflects mental deformity. Mental deformity is unintelligence, which is a quality we Humans must strive to eliminate.

Aesthetically Unappealing

With upward-slanting eyelids, a little nose in a round face, and incompletely chiseled features, Down syndrome patients look more like children than the usual child does. Every child has short hands with short fingers, but theirs are shorter. Just like Chinese people. All their anatomy is rounded, with no harsh features or stiffness. This is not to say that Down syndrome or being Chinese are desirable conditions. They are implacable disorders depriving the afflicted of the most precious quality afforded by our genetic patrimony: the full power of rational thinking. This combination of a chromosomal error with a moronic nature reveals, in a glimpse, what medicine ought to be all about: to fight against disease and to eradicate the permanently disabled. Life-saving intervention and prolongation of defective, worthless lives is a desperate mockery of medicine.

With two tumors growing from the chest and a rotting gash between their legs, females whine in high-pitched squawks about the most insignificant trivialities, such as: what conditioner to put on the long hair popping out of their dainty scalps. Females are assuredly both mentally and physically incompetent. Women's greatest purpose in life is to obey men in every capacity of servitude. That is why they were born.

With their wooly afros and big noses smashed all over their faces with drooling bubble lips, turd-skinned African ape-Niggers wiggle down the street howling barely decipherable obscenities. Their behavior is about as sane as men who like to get double-fist-fucked. And their physical appearance is as far from being Human as an escaped pinheaded gorilla from the zoo.

Everyone will certainly agree that the deformed, the crippled, the Negroes, the Hispanics, and the Asians are aesthetically unappealing. Every ethnic class, except for Whites, have unsightly pigmentation of the skin. Their unsightly skin pigmentation reflects their inner ugliness. The NonWhite ethnic species are racially deformed and are indistinguishable from the physically retarded. Whatever a deformed retard is-- I don't want to live in the same world with it. Defective individuals have got to be chopped up into mulch and used as fertilizer. That is basically all they're good for. *Except*



Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was a retard.

for a small handful of the ugliest of the ugly. These hideous creatures are to be afforded the luxury, hospitality, and comfort of public zoos. These grotesque freaks shall have the privilege to serve as Humanity's amusement and biological study.

NonWhite Martians are of enormous value as fertilizer. The racially deformed and the physically retarded shall gain comfort and take cherished pride in being lovingly used as fertilizer. They will at long last make a worthwhile contribution to society by aiding in the growth and sustenance of the most beautiful flowers in all the world.

Martian Masqueraders

Just because an individual has White skin pigmentation and is of the Male gender does not necessarily make that individual a White Man. They may be Martians under that beautiful White skin, who are infected with the disease of religion, or, may behave like a woman. Liberal 'men' act just like females, who have compassion for those who don't deserve it. This is because these men have female brains. They're not really men. Do not be fooled by their male appearance. Liberal 'men' tolerate sickness and understand the actions of the insane. Anyone who puts their foot down and says, "NO! We will not tolerate this kind of sickly behavior!" is automatically labeled a 'hatemonger' by liberals. So you see, it is entirely possible for Martians to masquerade as White Men.

Beauty without brains comprises a fashion disaster. Beautiful White skin pigmentation without intelligence is unacceptable. While it is assuredly classy to be White, lacking savvy puts such whites on the same level as any racially deformed Nigger. Black ain't beautiful- never was- never will be. Just as the 70's provided bad fashion sense, ugliness peddled on the ignorant masses as "beauty" ultimately becomes the fashion of the retarded, as demonstrated by the low-class Whiggers. These Whiggers are white trash who speak the unintelligible drawl of Niggers and without any provocation will sing rap lyrics. They wear baggy pants, crooked baseball caps, and Public Enemy T-shirts under Raiders jackets so they can look as retarded as Niggers. You can find Whiggers at local shopping malls everywhere, or, at the latest Spike Lee movie sucking their black girlfriend's maggot-ridden pussy. So there you have "Whiggers". They may be White on the outside, but they are black-brained Niggers on the inside.

Then you got "Whinks". Whinks are white trash who might as well be Chinks. Whinks practice yoga and like to be pissed on to get their skin yellow and stinky, like a Chink's. They go on macrobiotic diets, eat with chopsticks, hang out with slant-eyed yellow monkeys, piss on themselves, drink piss, and use I-Ching to make any decisions. I'll be the first to admit that Chinese food is good, but that doesn't mean I got to be

a Chink, does it?

There are many variations on the white trash false men who dress up as drag-queens in high heels and fuck dogs, trying to be like they're hip to NonWhite, NonMale cultures. I think you get the idea: Having NonWhite skin pigmentation is guaranteed bad fashion sense. DON'T BE NONWHITE-DON'T BE UGLY.

White Perfection

White Men are without a doubt the most advanced ethnic class, as well as models of aesthetic excellence. One can confidently say that White Men are the greatest masterpieces of genetic engineering ever created. The difference between White Men, and all females and all those of other skin colors, is fixed in nature. The difference means that NonMales and those of NonWhite skin color are not intelligent, not articulate, not reasonable, and not creative. In short, they are *not Human*. It is fixed in nature that these mindless miscreants are the perpetual servants of White Men. Their dullard traits are the distinctions which nature has made for the purpose of their servitude to White Men.

No Freedom, No Rights

By giving these animals the freedom and rights that White Men have, it allows them to have an arrogant and disrespectful attitude towards White Men. It also gives them access to guns with which to shoot White Men; surgically manufactured penises for women to become White Men; and bleach to whiten their dark ill-colored skin, so that they may appear to be as great as White Men. The only way their epileptic seizures of jealousy will end is with the permanent removal of them. White Men must awaken resolutely to action and swiftly stomp out the problem. When you kill inferiors, you are twice as beautiful. DON'T BE UGLY.

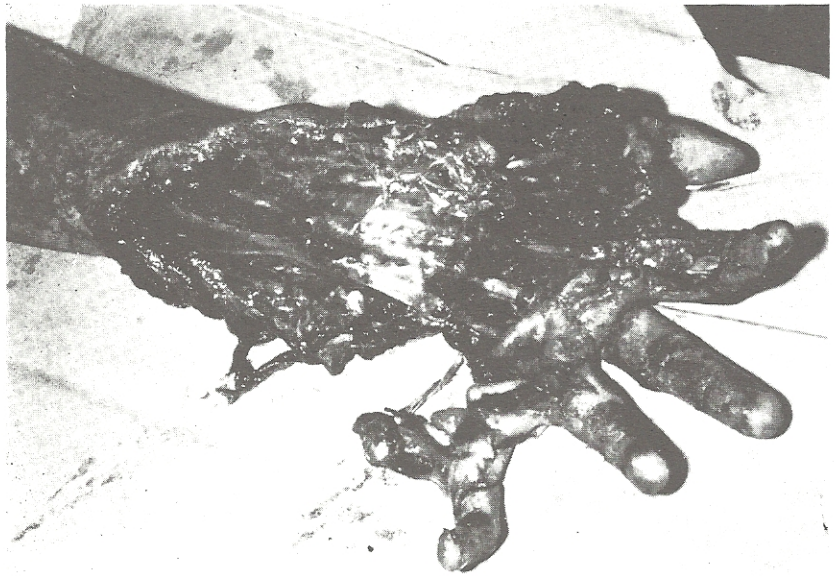
Do Not Pity Them

It's not just their repulsive distorted faces and their hideously deformed bodies that are ugly. There is an ugliness inside them too. They are slimy stupid two-faced, lying, dirty Martian scumbags. They should not be permitted to live out of pity for their wretched state. *PITY* has allowed the savages to breed in squalid ghettos. *PITY* has allowed the dangerous parasites to invade our neighborhoods and turn them into crime-ridden cesspools. They graffitti on the walls, piss in the alleys, throw trash and malt liquor bottles on the streets, set up crackhouses, and loot our homes. *PITY* has allowed the mutant freaks to brazenly attack us. They stink like elephants' asses at the zoo, and are full of fleas and mosquitoes. They spread their disease and filth everywhere they go. They must have Drano poured into their bowels and superglue injected into their

spinal cords. They must have their breasts chewed off by pitbulls and broken glass inserted into their genitals. Every bone in their bodies must be broken, broken and broken. And lastly, they must be bathed in sulphuric acid to rid us of their ugly skin forever. These prowling goblins are uninvited guests who have long wore out their welcome. It is good to torture. It is good to kill. What could be more beautiful than to hear their agonized screams? What could be more pleasant than a dead Nigger?



Slap me five, homey.



We're running out of coffins.



RWANDA RELIEF FUND

Call (800) DEADNIGGER



Africorpse

***SEE HONEY! THIS IS WHAT THE RACIALLY DEFORMED
AND THE MENTALLY RETARDED ARE USED FOR! THEY
HELP THE PRETTY FLOWERS AND PLANTS GROW!***

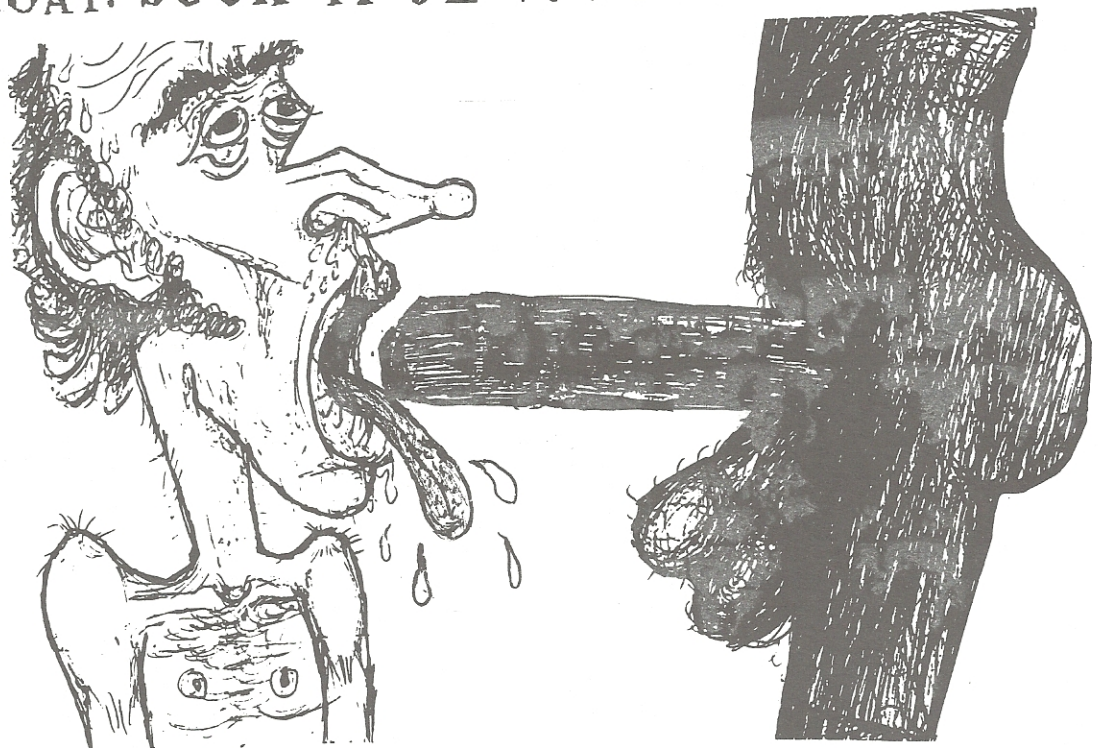


HAPPY CAMPERS

HEY KIKE! HOW'S IT GOING, KIKE? NICE DAY, ISN'T IT KIKE? BEAUTIFUL WEATHER WE'RE HAVING, AIN'T IT KIKE? GIVE YOURSELF A MANACHEVITZ WINE ENEMA. THAT'S A GOOD KIKE. NOW SING THE "HAVA NAGILEH" AND DANCE AROUND LIKE FAGGOT. OH, YOU CRACK ME UP! LOOK AT ALL THAT DIARRHEA SQUIRTING OUT OF YOUR HEBREW ASS. I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A FUNNY SIGHT. I'M LAUGHING AT YOU KIKE.

I'LL PAY YOU 50 BUCKS TO BE A NIGGER. TAKE THE TORAH AND WIPE YOUR HEBREW ASS WITH IT. DO LIKE A GOOD JEW AND SMEAR THAT SHIT ALL OVER YOUR FACE LIKE AL JOLSON. SING "MAMMY". YOU STUPID JEW NIGGER!

RASHEED! YOU BIG FAT NIGGER! GET OVER HERE AND BUTTFUCK THIS JEW NIGGER! THAT'S A GOOD FAGGOT. HERE'S A BANANA, YOU BUBBLE-LIPPED APE. O.K. THAT'S ENOUGH JEW RAPING FOR TODAY. TAKE YOUR BLACK DICK OUT OF THE KIKE'S ASSHOLE AND STICK IT DOWN HIS THROAT. SUCK IT JEW! SUCK IT!



DOWN ON YOUR KNEES KIKE! SPREAD THAT FAT SHVARTZER'S ASS CHEEKS AND SUCK HIS SHIT OUT. SUCK THE NIGGER'S BUNG-HOLE HARDER, GOLDSTEIN. DO WHAT YOU ARE TOLD. DADDY SAID SO.

YOU JEWS LIKE MONEY. MAKE LIKE YOU'RE SUCKING HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS OUT THE SHVARTZER'S ASSHOLE. SUCK THEM STINKIN LITTLE BABY NIGGERS OUT. EAT HIS SHIT, YOU CONCENTRATION-CAMP-TOILET. YOU'RE AN UGLY JEW-TOILET. SWALLOW THE NIGGER'S TURD. HERE'S 50 BUCKS. THAT'S IT. THERE YOU GO. GOOD KIKE. GOOD.

PUNCH THE NIGGER IN THE HEAD. PUNCH HIM A FEW MORE TIMES. O.K. THAT'S ENOUGH. STAND UP NIGGER! THANK THE KIKE FOR PUNCHING YOU. SAY THANKYOU. LOOK AT THE KIKE WHEN YOU SAY IT. SAY IT LOUDER. LOUDER. GOOD NIGGER.

Give these scissors to the Kike. Kike-- cut off that FAT NIGGER'S afro, and give him a bath-- He fucking stinks like dogshit. Don't Niggers ever bathe? Is it against a Nigger's religion to wipe off his shit-colored skin? Take the scissors and cut off those matzo balls and that kosher dill pickle you've got hanging between your Jewish Israeli Kike legs. Now, bleed all over the Fat Nigger. Give him a bath with your bleeding kosher stump. Ha! Ha! Here's a dollar, Kike. Kill yourself. Take the scissors and cut your throat. Hey, how much does a holo cost?-- About six million.

Mommy tells de widdle Nigger to poke de scizzors into your stomach. Dat's a good boy! You're such a good dog! Now, fuck the dead Hebe. Pull the scissors out of your fat stomach first, honey. Who's mommy's widdle Nigger? Mommy wuvs her Big Fat Nigger. Who's mommy's widdle Nigger? Dat's a good boy! Fuck the dead Hebe. Good doggy! Good Nigger-dog! You're a good Nigger! O.K, bring your big Fat Nigger ass over here and bow down to me and pray. KISS MOMMY'S CUNT. I AM GOD. Kiss my cunt. Suck my

dick. PRAY TO ME NIGGER! On your knees Nigger! Bow down to me Nigger! Kiss Mommy's cunt! Suck my dick. Mommy's Nigger loves Mommy, doesn't he? I love you too Nigger. I love Niggers. I AM A SUPERIOR WHITE MAN! WORSHIP ME NIGGERS! I AM YOUR GOD, YOU FUCKING NIGGERS! Get on your knees, Nigger. Say, "I am a Stupid Nigger." Look at me. Say it again asshole. PRAISE THE LORD! HALELLUJAH! YOU FUCKIN NIGGER! Look at your midget penis compared to mine. It looks just like your bald Nigger head. But not quite. Hand me the drill, Nigger. DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, YOU PIECE OF BLACK SHIT! Now, I'm going to drill a penis hole in your bald-Nigger-head. There... Not too messy. Say thankyou. Say, 'my mom is a fat black ape.' Yeah, she sure fucking is. Say, 'my mom sucks Nigger-dick just like my dad does.' Now, you really look like the dickhead that you are. Even pissing a little stream of blood. You fuckin Nigger.

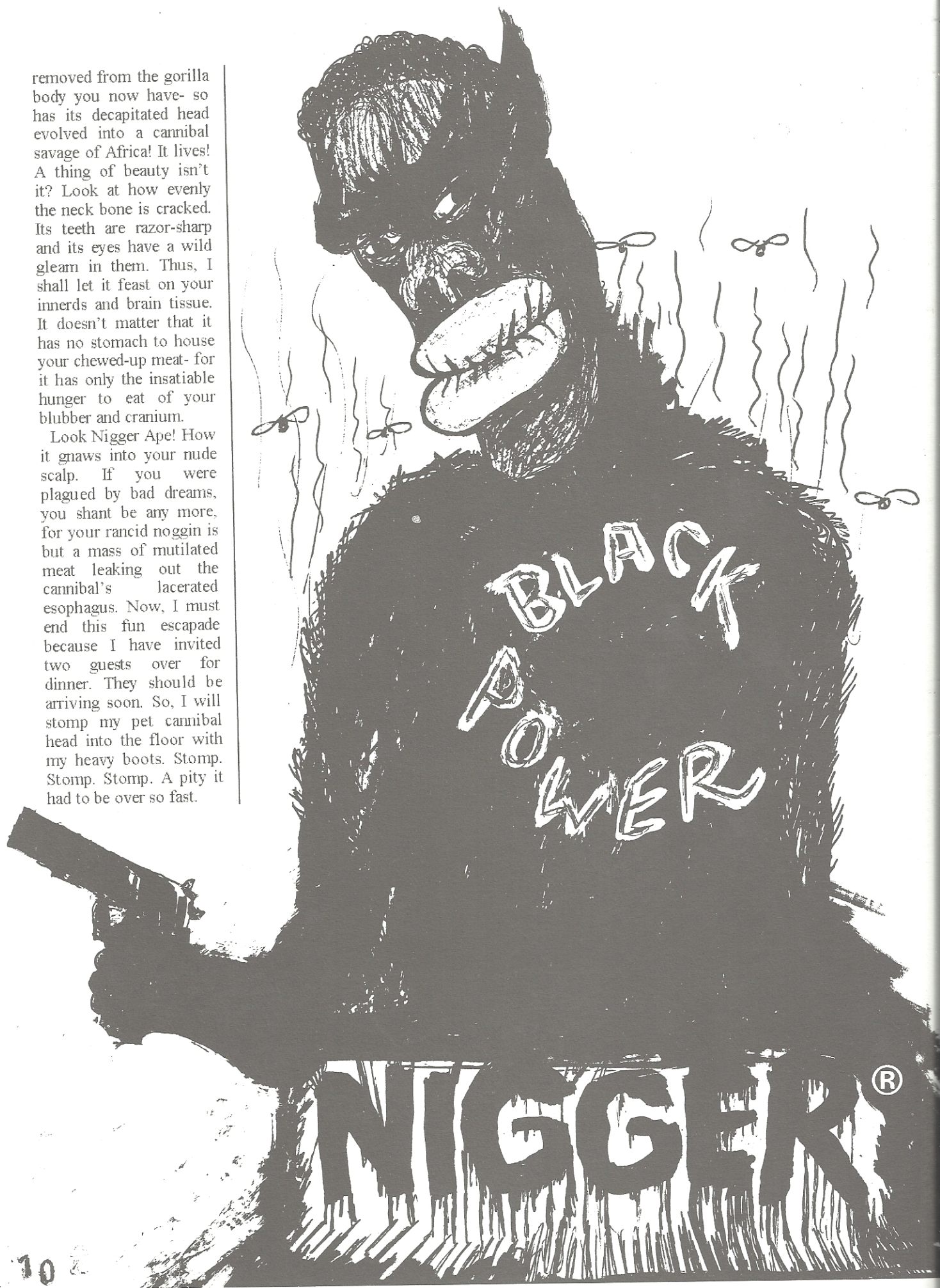
Later...

You Nigger have been decapitated and combined with a gorilla by my

surgical genius of head transplantation. Your freakish black head is now on the body of an ugly ape. I can barely tell the difference. This combining of you two brutes has caused the genetic side-effect of devolution to occur, which is typical of your stupid animal kind. You have devolved into a base kind of animal with a Nigger head: A NIGGER APE! Your head has beady little Nigger eyes and a fat, black face and the body of an overgrown black ape dragging your knuckles and smelling like shit. You two morons deserve eachother. You're the same kind of mindless animal: brutal, unintelligent and greedy. "Ah muh keel yo honkey-ass white muthah fuckah!" said the Nigger Ape. Spoken like a true Nigger. Take a look at yourself in this mirror. What's the matter Nigger Ape? Does that frighten you? Your hair has turned white and you sweat blood from every pore! Haven't you ever seen a Nigger Ape before? You don't look well. Do you feel sick? In a little while I'm going to fix it so you'll never be sick again. You see, just as you, Nigger Ape, have devolved into a simian brute- so has this ugly gorilla head, which I

removed from the gorilla body you now have- so has its decapitated head evolved into a cannibal savage of Africa! It lives! A thing of beauty isn't it? Look at how evenly the neck bone is cracked. Its teeth are razor-sharp and its eyes have a wild gleam in them. Thus, I shall let it feast on your innerds and brain tissue. It doesn't matter that it has no stomach to house your chewed-up meat- for it has only the insatiable hunger to eat of your blubber and cranium.

Look Nigger Ape! How it gnaws into your nude scalp. If you were plagued by bad dreams, you shant be any more, for your rancid noggin is but a mass of mutilated meat leaking out the cannibal's lacerated esophagus. Now, I must end this fun escapade because I have invited two guests over for dinner. They should be arriving soon. So, I will stomp my pet cannibal head into the floor with my heavy boots. Stomp. Stomp. Stomp. A pity it had to be over so fast.



INVITATION TO HOMICIDE

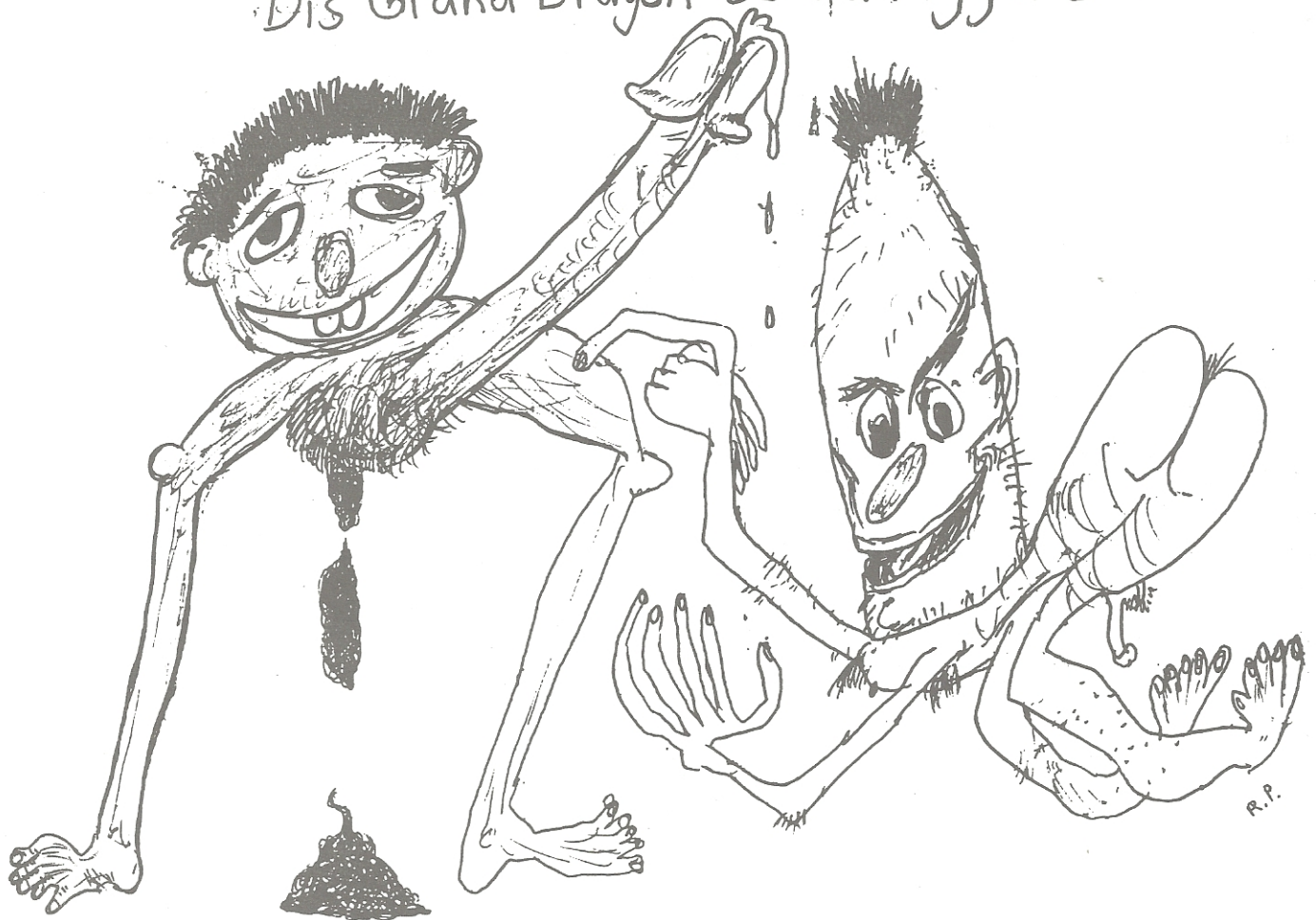
I posted an invitation to suicidal folk in my self-published magazine. These suicidal folk for one excuse or another can not bring themselves to take their own worthless lives. They are such pathetic cowards that they need me to do it for them. At 12 P.M. there was a knock at my door. I opened it to find it was them. "If it isn't Polak and Slopehead," I greeted them. "I bid you welcome to my Laboratory of Hate! Come in feeble ethnic inferiors. I am THE WHITE MOTHER RAPER! Take off your clothes." I had prepared a last meal for each of them: Kalbasha for the Polak and chicken chowmein for the Slope. "Eat," I ordered. Each inferior retard complained that they could not eat anymore. That is when I gave them each another heaping plateful. They ate a bit more till at last they really could not eat another bite. I pointed my gun at the Polak and made him dance a polka. "Faster!" I barked, "Faster!" The Polak puked up the greasy meat he had just eaten. The Slope was giggling. "You think that's funny?" I stuck the Slopehead's sloped head in a vise and clamped down his lower jaw open. "Piss in the Chink's mouth you fat fuckin Polak. That's a good hard-ass." The Chink puked up the chicken chowmein onto the Polak's cock. The Polak's piss blended in with the Chink's yellow skin. "Now kiss and be faggots. That's right Polak, lick the puke pieces out of the Chink's mouth." I released the slant-eyed yellow monkey from the head vise and locked them both in the room together, to dwell upon their faggotry. I had to go to the Thriftway and do some grocery shopping. When I came back an hour later, I caught the Chink huddled in a corner eating a rat he had caught. And the Polak was dancing a polka. "I can't leave you two fags alone for one hour, can I?" I secured the Chink to the wall and put a table at the height of his shrivelled up yellow cock. I took out a hotdog bun and placed his yellow worm in it and put some cabbage and mustard on it. The Polak ate the Chink's cock while I sat and watched, eating a Snickers bar. The slant-eyed yellow monkey was wailing in pain. So, I turned on the T.V. to Oprah and cranked up the volume to drown out his cries. He eventually passed out. The Polak and I sat arm in arm on the sofa, watching Oprah the Nigger-bitch on the tube. I changed the channel to Montel Williams. "Hee! Hoo! Hoo! Ha!" I laughed. "Look at that bald-headed Nigger! Ain't he a funny lookin monkey!" The Polak had blood and little Chink pubic hairs around his mouth and looked as if he was about to blow chunks of chewed Chink. Yep. I was right. Just as I changed the channel, he threw up the Chink's prick

and I gagged. Everything was quiet on a cold night. I walked over Oprah's Jigaboo face on the T.V. "You fuckin fat slob!" I yelled at the Polak, as I punched his face into a bloody pulp. "Now I can't watch the Niggers on the T.V." As he lay sobbing in a puddle of warm vomit, I injected him with heroin. Then I injected the Chink. The T.V. had shorted out from the Polak's puke. Up until now, I hadn't any idea of how I was going to kill these two faggots. Now I couldn't watch T.V. They had become a real annoyance to me. The groggy Chink awoke pumped full of heroin with a dopey smile on his stupid yellow face. He looked down at the red hole between his legs which used to be his little Chink penis, and began laughing. "Shut the fuck up you annoying Slope." That's when I killed him. I reached into his slant-eye sockets. I worked my hand up into his brain and just squeezed. My fingers went through his brain like play-doe. I pulled my hands out and wiped the Slope's slop off on my pant leg. The dead Chink still had a smile on his face. The Polak too was smiling through his broken teeth and beaten face. I simply shot his fat stomach full of holes. It was too much of a bother to do anything else with him. I cut them both up into tiny pieces and flushed them down the toilet. I mopped the floor, ate some Frosted Mini-Wheats, and went upstairs to my room to listen to Frank Sinatra sing: "Just what makes that little old ant think he'll move that rubber tree plant? Anyone knows an ant can't move a rubber tree plant. But, he's got high hopes. He's got high hopes. He's got high apple pie in the sky hopes. So, anytime you're getting low, instead of letting go, just remember that ant: Oops, there goes another rubber Chink Polak! Oops, there goes another rubber Chink Polak! Oops there goes another rubber Chink Polak!"

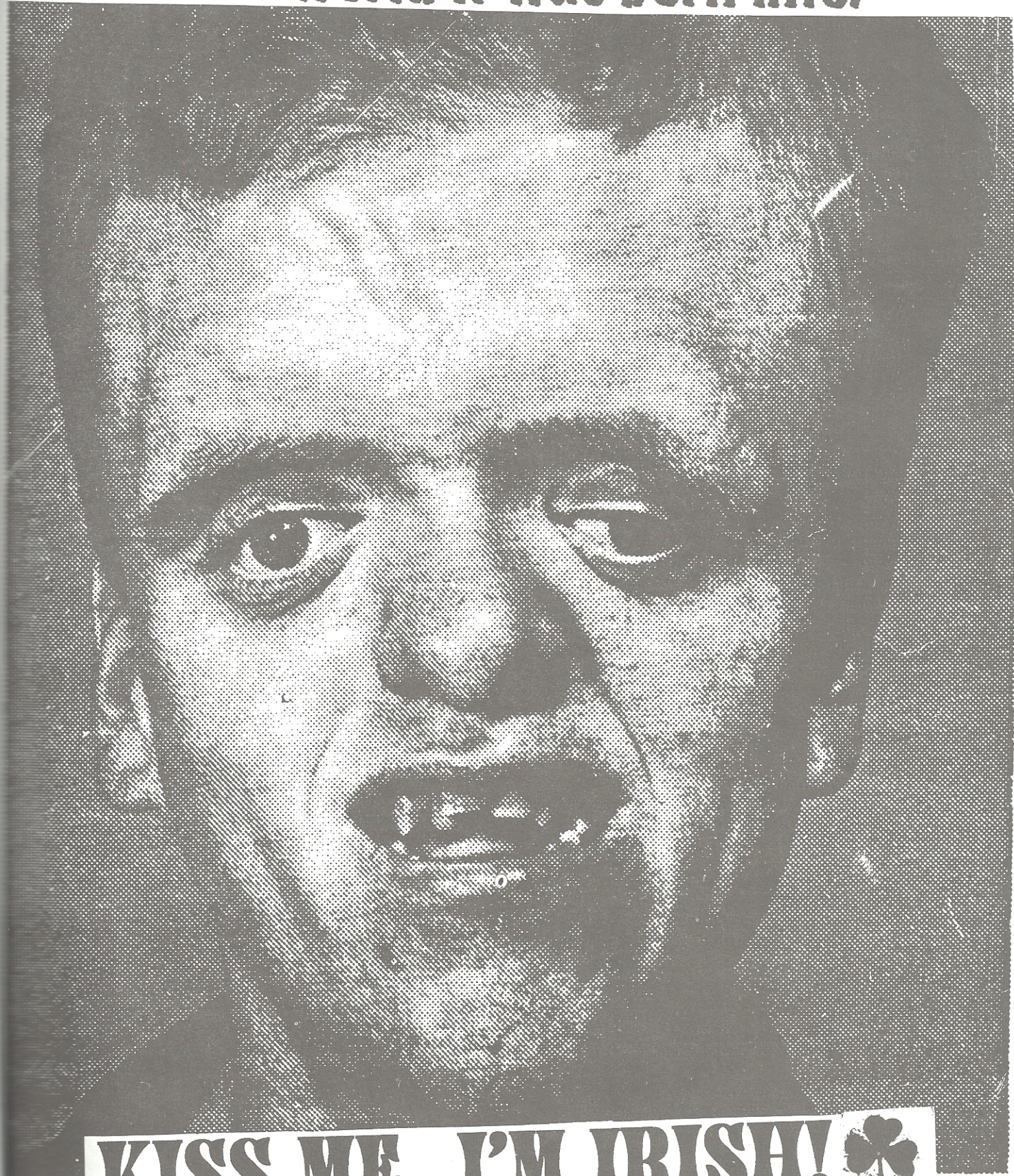




MEN OF MANY RACES ARE QUEERS
Dis Grand Dragon be da nigger's whore.



**Ugly! This face is as corrupted
as the world it was born into.**



KISS ME, I'M IRISH! 

THE CREATURES FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

A boy of about 9, roaming the wilds of Africa, was adopted by a gang of baboons, who raised him as one of their own kind- and turned him into a real-life monkey boy. The watermelon-chomping boy was captured two months ago by laughing White Men, who found him fornicating in the bushes with a pack of fifty baboons in South Africa. When the boy saw the White Men, he immediately held out his hand and asked for a welfare check. "When we first saw the little 9-year-old Negro, we truly thought he was a baboon," said White Man, Randall Phillip. "He was ugly like a baboon, stank like a baboon, walked like a baboon, and grunted like a baboon. So, we named him Allah. After a couple of months in a zoo, he is still holding out his hand, asking for a welfare check. It must be some kind of Negro instinct that knows no continental boundaries. Allah can not speak English correctly. He grunts phrases like, "Wuzzup-wi-dat homey?" Turning Allah from a monkey into a human may be an impossible task." The White Men who captured Allah the monkey boy, found him fornicating in the bushes, "The baboons were going crazy. We had to hit them with big sticks. It was like Rodney King all over again." The entire situation is very strange, but it shows us just how little difference there really is between monkeys and blacks.

The War Against Drugs?

I saw a Nigger walking down the street. He was doing crack-cocaine. I said to myself, "I don't want to be like him. He's a damn Nigger."

No Niggers is good Niggers.
Don't be a Nigger.

A Hallucination?

Are they real? Are they a hallucination? Who can tell? I can't believe such things as Niggers actually exist. Am I making Niggers up in my head? Do I make them exist just by thinking about them? There are so many different shades of them. Where did they all come from? Niggers, Niggers everywhere. Did I make them all up? Are Niggers products of a tumor in my brain?

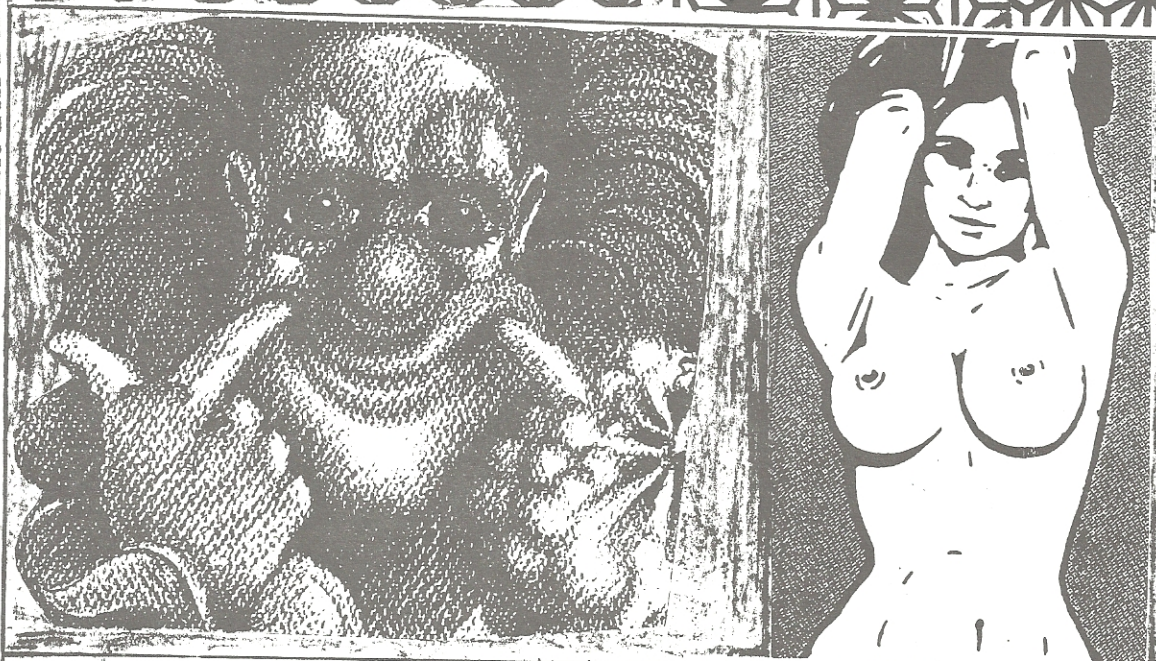
Naughty Pets

Nobody likes Niggers. Not even Niggers like Niggers. Everyone understands that Niggers are like this. Open your mind to the world of Niggers. Close your eyes. Sit back... Relax... and imagine a Nigger: He's black. He has big slimy lips, a fat nose, gleaming eyes, and large gnarly claws. He's a troll stalking the streets in search of blood. He's coming to get you while you're in bed asleep, to grab you and gobble you up. The Nigger lurks around every corner. The Nigger is a living shadow.

Some Niggers may make cute pets, but they will be a constant burden.

Niggy





The Extermination Zone is a hospital that promotes the corporate business of religious illness. I look around and I see pollution, corruption, and perversity. I see the perverts and hookers. I see the strips of gas stations, motels, and fast-food restaurants. I've seen a million such strips. I can't tell one generic void from the next. They all look the same, just the names of the streets are different. The architecture is perfectly constructed for hookers to stand on the corners. Some even hang around outside of the motels. It is quite natural for such grungy, characterless architecture to mold a grungy, characterless man. This no-name, every-face man will easily pick up hookers, who are eager to make a quick buck. In the cheap architecture of this hospital it is only natural for this man to strangle hookers and dump their dead bodies in the dirty river. I've heard this broken record repeat itself over and over again. It's so typical of the Extermination Zone. These cheap whores are custom-made for the fast-food consumer male to use and throw away.

The purpose of this hospital is not to help or heal anyone. Its purpose is to harm. I push this fact to some dark corner of my mind so I don't have to deal with it. I don't want to feel the constant pain. I don't want to acknowledge the constant ripping and tearing of my will. I submit to the illness. I go on with my life. I have to, or I'll burst.

Who would have thought that pleasure could be used on me, like on so many pigs being lead to the slaughter, to make me surrender to such vile enemies? These vile enemies have smiling faces as they talk of bestowing peace. These fiends in three-piece-suits infiltrate the highest realms of Human achievement and use its precious treasures against me. The interrogation chair begins to feel comfy, as the surgeon cuts out those unwanted terrains of my brain's landscape. The nurse finishes gouging my testicles with her scalpel, and I thank her for such a great blow job and pay her twenty bucks.

L I F E AFFIRMATION

Beauty

Old ladies make easy targets, because they're weak. Strangle an old lady. Hang her from a wire in the swamp. Do you have some compassion in your heart for old ladies? Then, inject her with cocaine. Make her feel good before she dies. Imagine the beautiful sight. Golden rays of sun shine through the murky water on to the old lady's decomposing body. Throughout the land, the germs take flight upon the wings of birds. The lovely little birds spread the beauty-germs to others. So you see, all are touched by beauty, whether they like it or not.

Consent

A woman chooses to present herself in the circumstances that allow her to get raped.

Murderers choose to present themselves in the circumstances that allow them to get the death penalty.

We choose to present ourselves in the circumstances that allow us to get born and die.

The bond between individuals is formed by extreme willfulness. This bond is a doctor who cuts open dead bodies. The doctor develops a resistance to cutting people open. It

becomes a common habit. It inevitably becomes a raging addiction, which is *romance*. A world with no murderers would be like a heart without a heartbeat.

In this world, simply saying "NO" is not good enough. If it were, all our problems would be solved. We could simply "NO" them all away. "NO" must be backed up with action.

Disregard Protesters

Those who take action, regardless of others' protest, are commendable individuals. Life is about DOING and *not* about NOT DOING. Kill Bhuddists and pacifists. Reality shows us the facts. Those who allow others to do unto them are worthless. Those who do nothing are purposeless. They will forever be at the whims of others. Those who do something are always better than those who do nothing.

There is no such thing as "force". The notion of "being forced to do something" is a comforting lie contrived by lazy cowards to abdicate them of the effort of responsibility. We can be influenced, only if we allow it.

Shooting a schoolyard full of kids is a perfectly legal abortion.

Nothing can make one more powerful than the blood of children.

By seeking consent from prey, you lose power.

Use your sexual energy as a tool to gain supreme control.

Attack makes you masculine.

Taking without bargaining builds strength.

Impose your desire.

Trapping beauty is life.

The Value of Disdain

A life form survives only by living with other life forms. According to the rules of fairness and natural coexistence, those who hold disdain for others, for whatever reasons, have value. Those who torture and murder help sustain life. This is *co-adaptation*. The function of predators is to attain supremacy. If a predator does not attain supremacy, then it consents to forfeit it. Victorious resistance to a predator warrants respect. Submission to a predator is an expression of consent.

Beyond the struggle for survival, predators have to attain the fulfillment of their desires. The fulfillment of one's desires is the prize of life. Any means that will help attain this fulfillment are wholly respectable and entirely justified. For example: If there is a worm wiggling on the hot pavement, and a young woman gains pleasure from crushing it with the heel of her shoe, then she is attaining her function by fulfilling her desire. The worm's resistance to such an attack would naturally warrant respect.

Anything but victorious resistance clearly demonstrates the consent to be crushed. Hence, we have our connection to nature, the cosmos, and serenity. In the dimensions of life, we affirm ourselves through our awareness of life, and our involvement in life, by maximizing our pleasure through our contempt of inferior beings by destroying them.

Discrimination

When you go shopping, do you choose a product that measures up to high quality standards, or, do you choose a product that is defective? When we choose high quality excellence over low quality shoddiness, we discriminate. It is exactly the same with life forms. In your neighborhood and at your place of employment, be sure to discriminate against those scum whom you don't want anywhere near you. Let them know that they are unwanted. You might as well make your own little revolutions everyday, rather than wait around for a big one to come along. You know whom you hate and why. Spiritual rewards are gained from the defeat of inferiors.

Law and Justice

The U.S. law enforcement and justice systems mandate that all perpetrators of crimes be punished, and that many perpetrators of capital crimes receive the death penalty. *Punishment is itself a crime, and the death penalty is itself murder.* This undeniable truth tells us that we must punish and murder those whom we choose, however capricious the choice is for murderer and executioner. The terrorists of today are the heroes of tomorrow.



Diversities of Individual Fact

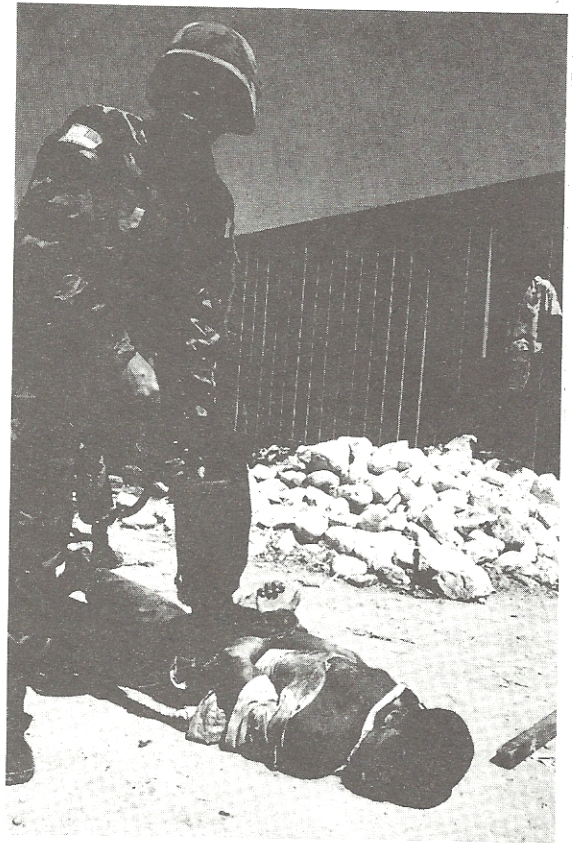
Some of us have precious little need for an identity, and can operate within and without all levels of ourselves and society.

There are diversities of individual fact. This is how and why I am able to accept those whose individual facts exclude others' individual facts. In this way, I am perhaps the most open-minded man in the world.

This is the ultimate test of fairness: Accept those who treat others unfairly. It is an individual of strong character who is able to *discriminate* and *accept* on 'totally subjective' terms. Intellectual strength, above all else, is how one's worth is measured. Physical strength always proves itself inadequate for the survival of high quality. Just take a look at the world's dumb jocks.

Oppression

I am oppressed. This is how I am able to understand the plight of the oppressed individual. I know that *he too* oppresses others. Therefore, he should understand my plight as an oppressor. Neither, he nor I, are innocent victims nor innocent victimizers. He knows full well what he is doing, just as I do.



Oppression is the stimulus for progress. This important result is 100% positive. Any other kind of stimulus does not merit any worth. "Protest" is a *kind word* for oppression. We fail or win based upon the degree of intellectual strength we impose upon others. If we choose to crumble under oppression, then we are the inferior adversary.

Without oppression, life would cease to be interesting. The wheels of progress would halt. We would not want to survive. We would die.

I am the king oppressor of this world. I can make myself invisible. My identity is not wanted. Attention paid to me is not beneficial.

I sit in my lounge chair sipping a cold drink, being totally content and self-assured- perhaps, smiling- perhaps, not. World leaders are my willing puppets. World events are curtains of smoke screens I use to

Is this a dim view? Is this a revelation? Nope. Neither. I'm just another hatch-mark on the statistics. But, compared to you, I'm a fucking Cadillac- and you're just a tiny hatch-mark on my rear bumper. Your life is so dumb, that you don't even know how dumb you are. I could fill up the rest of this page with nonsense and you'd think it was interesting.jyrduyco7to786

11



THE HUMAN ALLIANCE:

A STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE AND LIBERATION

We Humans are terrestrials who can think for ourselves. We Humans have the ability to rise to higher levels of understanding. The prime catalyst for our Human superiority is our independence. We Humans use a system of freedom through mastery. We Humans are allies in the great cause of our continuing evolution. Every Human acts as a tributary for the flow of The Human Race's liberty and well-being.

The Human Alliance is a political action group determined to establish a one-party Human Race. We have our own local support groups. We have a foothold within the U.S. government and our own reliable communication apparatus. The Human Alliance is a dynamic, aggressive, invisible elite corps pushing its way through every crack to make a breach for a collectivist one-party Human Race.

What the Human Alliance advocates:

- *The advancement of Human Supremacy.
- *The establishment of Human Sovereignty.
- *Intelligence and the initiative to impose our will.
- *A training ground for Humans committed to the most brutal anti-religious violence.
- *The much needed massacre of religious worshippers in Martian-occupied territories.
- *The importance of using violence to get our message across.
- *The importance of forming vigilante organizations.
- *Promoting state-sponsored legislation for the further elimination of religion.
- *Giving convicted murderers on Death Row a gun, a badge, a uniform, and the legal right to stalk Martian prey.
- *State-of-the-art S&M surgical instruments for anal mutilation of Christians, Jews, and Muslims.
- *18-wheeler trucks filled with sulfuric acid to melt bodies down.
- *Nude teenagers tied to wood poles in the corn fields like scarecrows, to be beheaded by the spinning blades of a reaper.
- *Bankers' heads boiled in ovens and squashed like overcooked apples.

BODY COUNT

Haven't you ever stepped on an ant, swatted a fly, smashed a moth, or stomped on a cockroach? There are many (too many) people who are bugs. They should be squashed like bugs. I've killed a butt-load of bugs in my time. I'm sure you have too. What about mice, or rats? Have you killed them too? Think of why you killed them. Then think of people in the same terms. They are really not that different. It's like the man on the Listerine commercial says, "They're germs. They deserve to die."

Do you think *I like* the viciousness of survival? I don't.

The woman on the radio tells me to go see the *enchanting* theater production of *The Merry Widow*. It sounds like an appealing escape from this world. But, I barely have enough money to feed myself and pay the rent. That woman may as well tell me to go see the *enchanting* trash-strewn sidewalk from a homeless bum's perspective.

I dread calling Stanley to see if I can start a job tomorrow. I'll be doing mundane chores all my waking life. You call that '*life*'? If I don't get a job, I'll starve and get kicked out of my house. I feel like I'm dying. Welcome to the *enchanting* world of survival. This is the pro-lifers' grand idea of '*life*'. Save a fetus for this shit. How can anyone *not* understand how people can murder other people? Can't they get it in their thick heads that the pressure of this dog-eat-dog world causes people to murder? Why, just this morning on the news, some fellow in Tasmania shot 35 people dead. I believe this is a world's record for number of kills. Think of how good he feels about his accomplishment. Now, he is *somebody*. Now, he is *important*. Now, he is *famous*. The news media will talk about him. He'll take his place in the crime history books. He'll probably be dubbed '*The Tasmanian Devil*', named after the Bugs Bunny cartoon character. He will be remembered *forever*. How about you? What have you done? At your funeral will they say, "He was a good worker. He did what he was told."

On a lesser note: Some local fellow (a police officer, sworn to uphold the law) stabbed his wife and mother-in-law. The thin blue line of order, that supposedly protects us from crime, grows thinner.

I can relate to the anger and frustration of these fellows. How *can't* you? Anyone who thinks this world is great, is the type of person who makes this world into shit. Those who think murder is a horrendous act, are those who make murder necessary.

Numerous well-meaning fuck-ups have advised me, "Randall, if you want to change the world, get into politics. Otherwise, shut up." Politics don't change the world. Murder does. Terrorism does. Maybe, not much. But, these activities provide immediate satisfaction for their perpetrators.

Other dipshits have instructed me: "Randall, if you don't like it here, then leave. Go to Russia and see how you like it. If you hate people so much, go live on an island by yourself." *As if! Like, there's an island with no people on it, for me to go live on!* What these dipshits don't understand is that this is *my land*. I own it. They're invaders. *They are the ones* who should leave- in a hefty trash bag at the bottom of the river.

I dream of being the sole survivor of a nuclear holocaust. I dream of being the only one immune to a deadly plague. I'd be alone, living in peace, amidst the wreckage of this destroyed planet. That would be relaxing. It's a pleasant thought.

REWARD!

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$

**\$200 PAID IN CASH FOR EACH MARTIAN
YOU UNCREATE. *NO QUESTIONS ASKED. NO LIMIT
ON THE NUMBER OF MARTIANS YOU UNCREATE.*
IMPORTANT: THE ONLY REQUIREMENT IS THAT EACH
ENEMY YOU UNCREATE BE OF THE INFERIOR
MARTIAN RACE *AND NOT OF THE SUPERIOR HUMAN
RACE***

**SEND PHOTOGRAPH AND RIGHT INDEX FINGER AS
PROOF OF UNCREATION(S) TO:**

**DR. RANDALL PHILLIP, CARE OF: THE HUMAN
ALLIANCE, P.O. BOX 2217, PHILADELPHIA,
PENNSYLVANIA 19103**

AND BE PAID *IN FULL* FOR YOUR EFFORT.



This drawing is for you, Randall. For making life worth living one more day!

Mike Diana '94

Oklahoma Federal Building was bombed by those nice terrorist boys, who were merely following the fine example set by the ATF in Waco. A bunch of worthless brats were killed; a dozen stupid FBI agents were killed; and a big old pile of nameless nobodies were also killed. Not bad!

**Take the
law into
your own
hands.**



A threat of violence is effective: An anonymous phone call was received by the FBI which threatened to murder 1,200 Jewish executives and physicians unless Israel withdrew its military forces from Lebanon.

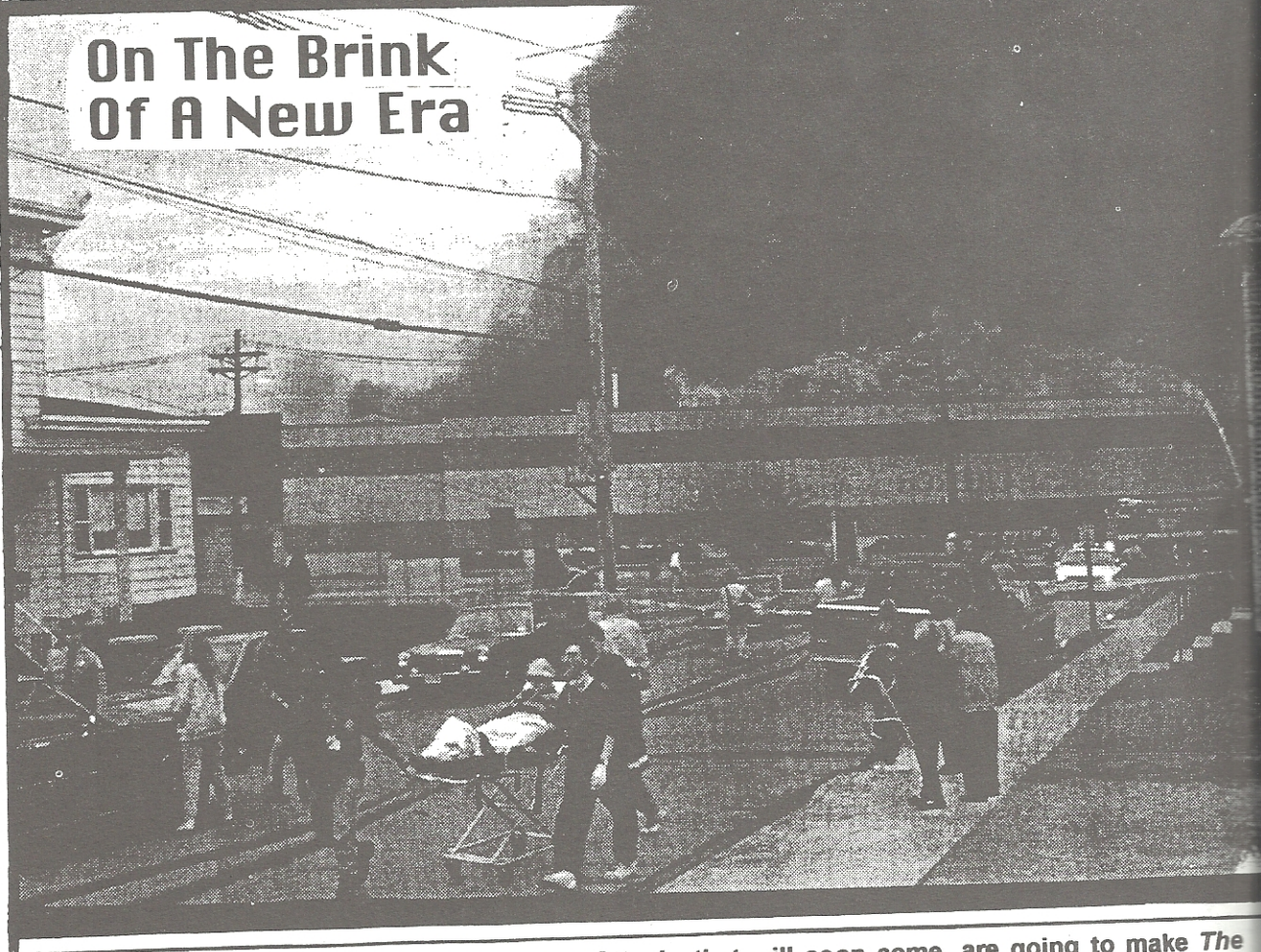
The intention of a threat is to disrupt life.

Bomb threats are successful:

**Threat of bomb empties
Akiba Hebrew Academy**

The results: Fear and outrage.

**On The Brink
Of A New Era**



The rash of **Bombings and Poison-Gas Attacks** that will soon come, are going to make **The L.A. Riots** look like a picnic. Purchase firearms, gas masks and police armbands before **Bombings and Poison-Gas Attacks**. Amid the chaos, you can easily walk around the city and shoot key command personnel.

Lawful Conduct

No judge who gave the verdict of death has ever killed anyone. This typical routine detachment is the means by which one avoids awareness and intimate participation.

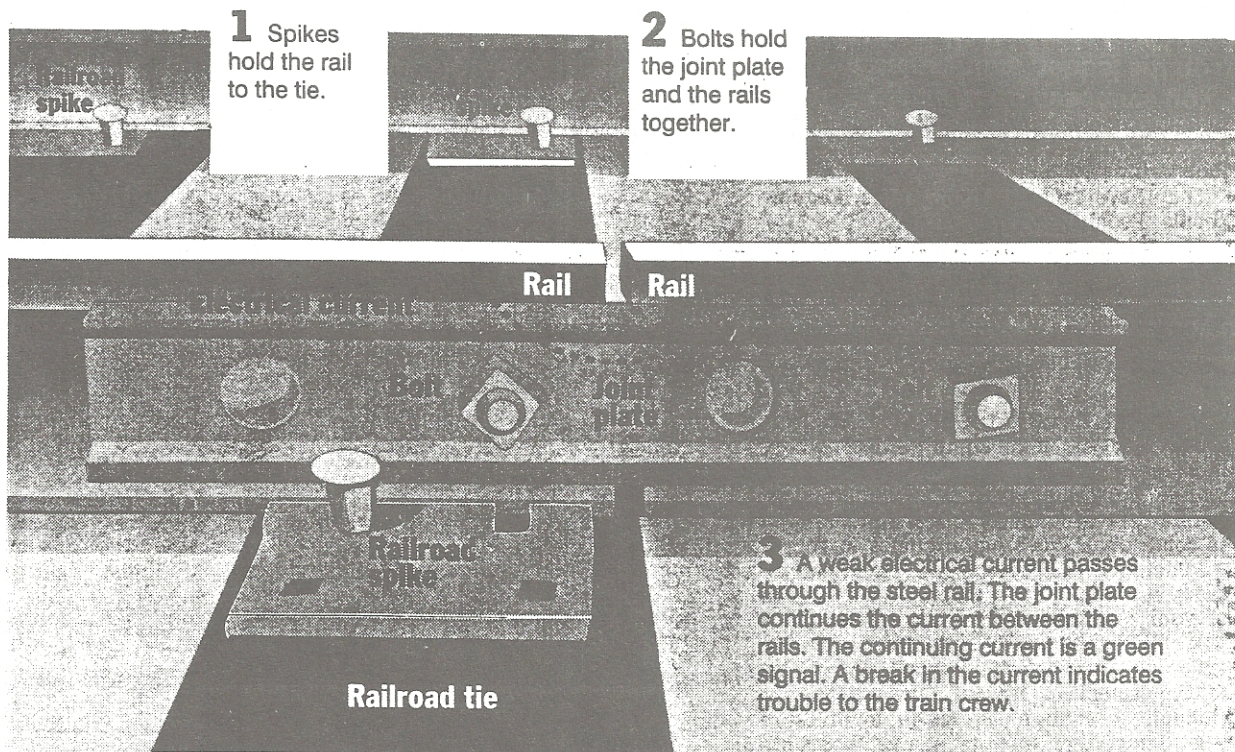
Like religion, law enforcement and justice systems serve to diffuse individual responsibility. The renunciation of one's will to the total government religion is absolutely required.

A HUMAN IS THE LAW. A HUMAN IS THE JUDGE. A HUMAN GIVES THE VERDICT OF DEATH WITH HIS OWN BARE HANDS.

The individual Human is a whole organism unto himself, which in the interest of the whole, abandons, rejects, and destroys parts or particles that are worthless or dangerous. It is a matter of practicality and selfpreservation.

How to Wreck a Train

Pull out spikes in order to disable the electronic system that warns the train's crew of a break in the line. Remove the steel bar that is used to connect the two sections of rail. The removal of this bar breaks the electrical current that runs through the tracks to a wayside signal. One person can do this job in 10 minutes. Sabotaging train tracks is not a difficult task. You can simply place a metal pole on the tracks and the wheels will jump the tracks, causing the train to derail.



How to Make a Bomb

In large barrels or drums, mix ammonium-nitrate fertilizer with diesel fuel oil and aluminum powder until it has an oatmeal-like consistency. Wire the barrels with detonator cord and blasting caps.

What to Bomb/How to Take Over a City

This is the best period to capture a city and establish a new center for individual subjective law.

1. Raise your own army.
2. Rob banks to finance weapons.
3. Take out communications- radio and T.V. towers- all but one or two for you to use.
4. Cut power lines.
5. Take out all police stations. Go for command positions first.
6. Blow up major highways, bridges, and railroad stations- incoming and outgoing.
7. Take over national guard and naval yards.
8. Take hostages to get demands met.

The use of **VIOLENCE** by individuals (*Unabomber*) or groups (*The Muslim Hezbollah*) is intended to **INTIMIDATE** a target group wider than the immediate victims. **Fair Game:** Bystanders, civilians, passersby. All are guilty.

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL



WASTE DISPOSAL SERVICES

**Please: pick up your nation's pieces of garbage
and throw in trash can. Keep litter in its place.**

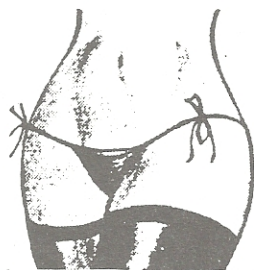
Thankyou

ASSASSINATED!



THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

World



rape in review



The young woman, who has an IQ of 64 and the social skills of an 8-year-old, told a packed courtroom that she did not know how to say no to the sexual advances of the four young men.

"I didn't want to hurt their feelings."

The young woman then described how she performed oral sex on Grober. She said he had his hand on her head, forcing her down. Laurino asked her to demonstrate the motion by putting her hand on his head.

She then described how Kyle Scherzer put a plastic bag, Vaseline, and a rubber band on a broom handle and on a fungo baseball bat. Kevin Scherzer first stuck the bat into her vagina, she said. Chris Archer then inserted the baseball bat into her vagina while she lay nude on a couch, she testified.

Another defendant, Richard Corcoran, then allegedly placed a thin wooden stick into her, she said. Cor-

The young woman said after she put her clothes back on, the defendants then asked for more oral sex and for her to masturbate them, which she said she did.

Laurino asked her if she considered the defendants her friends. She hesitated and then replied, "sort of." Asked to explain, she added, "I mean, that I still care about them."

NORFOLK (Virginia), Wed.

— The commander of a US Navy squadron that operated a "leg-shaving suite" at the 1991 Tailhook convention testified yesterday that he ordered a junior officer to shave legs only, not pubic hair.

The officer, Lt Rolando A. Diaz, is charged with disobeying a superior officer and "wrongfully and dishonourably" shaving the pubic area of two women who attended the convention of Navy and Marine Corps aviators at a Las Vegas hotel.

On arrival at the estate, a couple took a girl to a hut where the man's wife held her down while the man raped her

Topless carwash for safe sex

SANTA CRUZ: A group of university co-eds has found a unique way to raise money for a safe sex instruction guide: topless carwashes. About a dozen women, most of them students at the University of California in Santa Cruz, hope to repeat later this summer the topless carwash they held last weekend to raise funds for a calendar that will include instructions on safe sex for lesbians and bisexual women. — AFP

Woman thrown overboard

PENSACOLA (Florida): A 29-year-old woman said that she was shoved overboard into Florida's Pensacola Bay after she refused to have sex with her boating partner. Police charged the man, Nicholas Kounellis, 49, of Pensacola, with attempted murder and attempted sexual battery for the incident on Sunday. He was released from the Escambia County Jail on a US\$20,000 bond. The woman told police she was sunbathing aboard Kounellis' motorboat when he stopped it and tried to sexually assault her. When she refused his sexual advances, she said the man pushed her overboard and left her to swim 20 minutes to shore.

Jail for forcing child to have sex

□ CHICAGO: A woman was sentenced to 55 years in prison for forcing her 11-year-old daughter to have sex with a man in exchange for US\$50, drugs and a pair of shoes. Patricia Brown, 33, was convicted last month on three counts of aggravated criminal assault and six counts of criminal abuse. During the trial, prosecutors said Brown agreed to let Bennett Mitchell, 33, have sex with her daughter at her home in June 1991. In exchange, she received or was promised drugs, US\$50 (about RM125) and a pair of tennis shoes — AP

Underwear gang strikes terror

AMRITSAR: Villagers in the Indian State of Punjab are spending sleepless nights terrified of a slippery gang of marauders who allegedly prowl the countryside clad only in black underwear. Robberies, kidnappings and rapes have been blamed on the gang that Punjabis have dubbed the *kale kachchewale*, or black underwear wallahs. Villagers who claim to have sighted and grappled with the gangsters say they rub their bodies with oil so that they can slip away if caught during their nightly pillage and plunder. — AFP

Prostitute as first prize in raffle

SYDNEY, Thurs. — A fling with a prostitute of your choice is being offered as first prize in a raffle aimed at raising funds to help a teenage Australian surfer continue competing on the world professional surfing circuit.

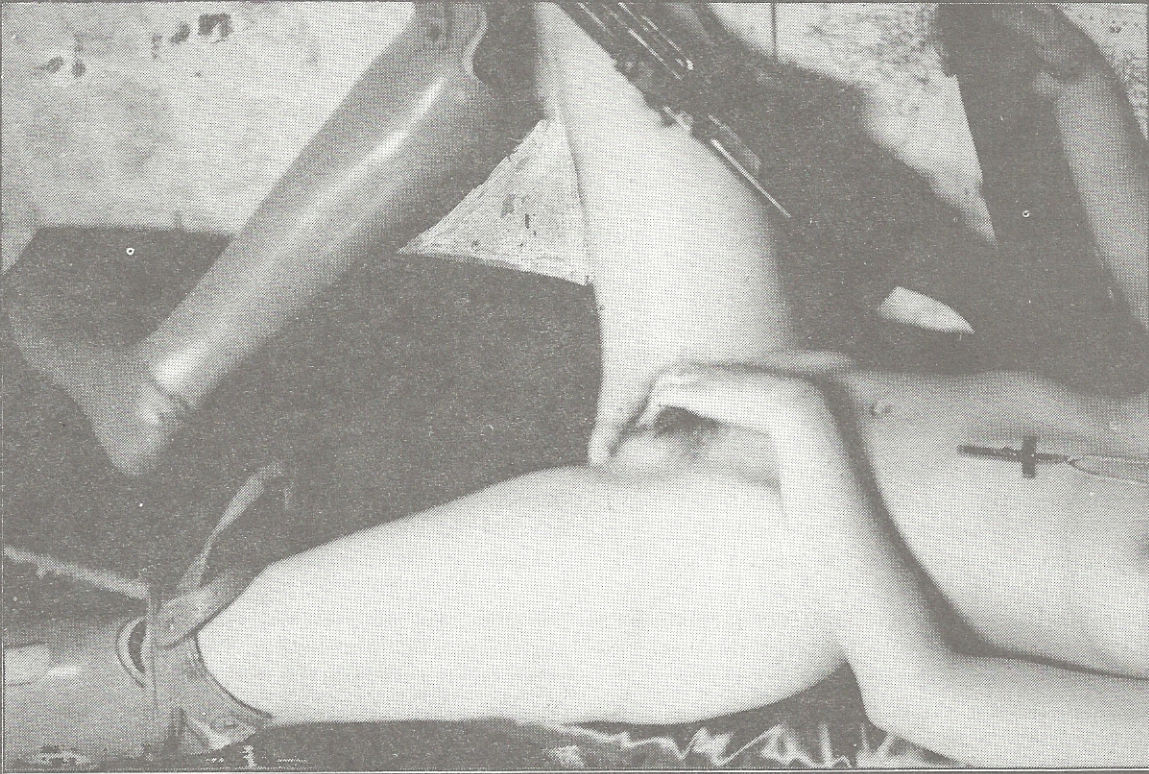
Second prize is an Australian \$40 (RM70.20) sex shop voucher and third prize is a dozen flavoured condoms.

Queensland surfer Trudy

Todd, 18, now competing in France is unaware of the A\$1.00 a ticket raffle, but her parents approved the unique fundraiser when a prostitute offered her services after Trudy's father rescued her from a male attacker.

Trudy's mother, Nola, said all sorts of people had been buying tickets, including police officers and ministers of religion. — Reuters

STUPID CRIPPLE SLUT



**I JUST WANNA SUCK SOME DICK AND
HAVE SOMEONE PUNCH MY CUNT.
IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?**



PORNOGRAPHY: A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

*The author's name can not be printed for obvious reasons.
She lives in the Midwest and will defend pornography for the rest of her life.*

Everybody deserves what they get. I am not a victim as some whining liberals and feminists would have you believe. I had choices. I chose my life, just as you chose your's. I am a transgressor and one of the strongest bitches you'll ever meet. I have seen it all, felt it all, and had it all crammed down my throat and into my vagina. I want you to understand me. Because, if you do, if you understand what I've been through and what countless other bitches and child-whores have been through, then you will change your shabby notions about pornography being uneducational. You will defend pornography, just as I do. You will realize how many lives the pornographers have helped.

Every woman, you and I, and the woman down the street wants to be fucked and we want it bad. I'm talking about getting laid, being hurt, and begging for pain. From the age of four to sixteen I was used in pornographic magazines and films. My father, his friends, my uncles, and my grandfather made pornography using my mother, me, and numerous other bitches and child-whores. Snuff movies (where bitches are actually murdered) are real. I have seen them being made. I have seen men spit on dead women's bodies, and ejaculate on their faces. I have seen men orgasm as women were murdered, so that death and orgasm become the same. I have seen men strip the skin from a woman's head and gangrape her corpse after filming her death. I have heard women's screams. I have seen their agony. And I loved every thrilling minute of it! At age ten, I had my left eyeball removed so that men could skull-fuck me. I love being skull-fucked because I'm just a bitch for hire that can't say 'no'. I want it, and I want it bad. Anyone who wants to fuck me, suck me, rape me, or shake me, I welcome with open legs.

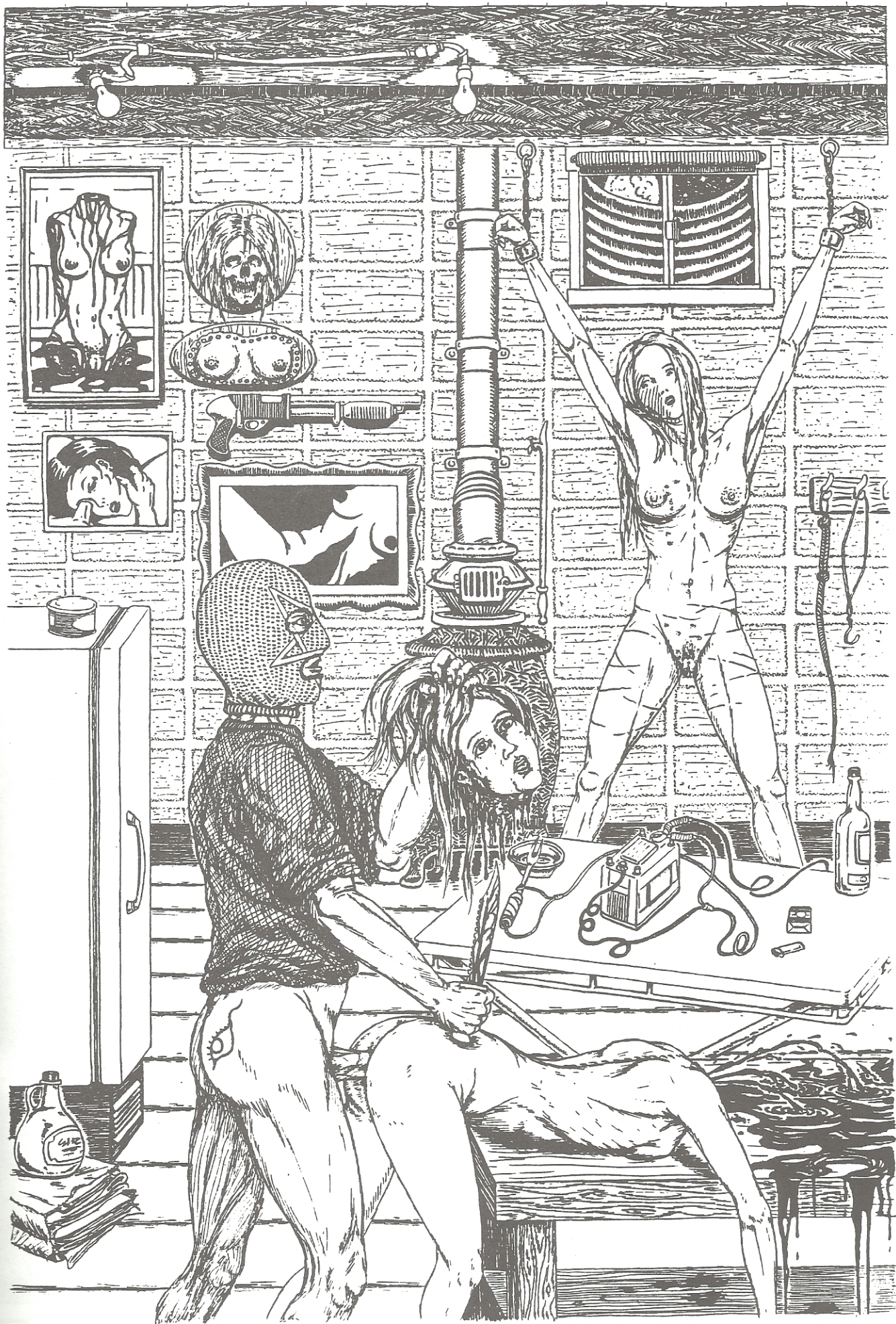
My father and his allies spent years training me. They trained me like you'd train a dog. Only much less than a dog. Less than a pile of dogshit. I was grateful when they set a dog on me and filmed it penetrating my tight twat and pungent anus. The bright lights and pictures of my adventures made me feel real important, like a fucking movie star. A thousand printings of my cunt immortalized and eternal- sold, laughed at, ejaculated on, and fantasized over by jolly fat men. Just like every woman, I love being the center of men's attention. I am lucky. Anyone who says otherwise is just jealous. Sometimes I'll see a tack in the wall and it fills me with nostalgia, as it reminds me of how they ripped at my skin, how they stuck sharp things into my vagina, how they cut apart other women's bodies. Real women. Mutilated, tortured and destroyed. How grateful I am to have been a witness to such profound events. Who will remember these women? These women are gone- dead.

The blabber-mouths will never flap their tongues ever again. But, I will remember the stupid cunts 'cause I was there honey.

Everyday I have to listen to stupid ignorant remarks about pornography from all kinds of idiot preachers, feminists, namby-pamby housewives, and small-dicked peace-mongers. Not to mention the insincere talkshow hosts and other phony do-gooders of the mass media. Everyday I feel like I will kill them. Do these people really think women don't choose this? It's just another career choice. Women want it, the whores, the Niggers, the Chinks, the sluts. We women exist for, and are devoted to rape, pedophilia, incest, throat rape, gangrape, faggots, prostitution, genocide, and tit removal. Rape my cunt, please I beg you! Kill me and cut me! Give me lesbians, penetrate me with dogs, sticks, fists, and beer bottles! Who says women aren't given enough credit in this supposedly male dominated world? What a crock of shit! Why, during wartime women are of great value: they are used to walk in front of military outposts to detonate landmines and booby traps with their bodies. What a noble cause. Sure, they're blown into a million pieces, but, they were of great value. Women in war torn Bosnia are raped 8 or 9 times a day for five months. What more value could they want?!- Lucky sluts. Here in the U.S., whores only get raped 3 or 4 times a week, *maybe*- especially if they're pregnant. Lots of guys enjoy sucking the milk out of pregnant women's tits while they rape them. My father's coworker, who he pimped me out to, raped me and got me pregnant. **Understand that humiliation and pain are beautiful for women to feel. That's why women were put on this earth.** Understand that I orgasmed again and

again as I had an abortion. I could barely see the fetus's face amongst the bloody meat pulled out of my smelly cunt. The fetus was just some fuckstation whore that was certainly not human, but not quite a dog either. I turned the doctor on by licking the aborted fetus's torn up tiny twat. He jerked himself off and ejaculated on its mutilated face. It was just another fuckstation whore, and I threw it in the trash where it belonged.

Speaking of youngsters: as A.I.D.S. rises to alarming proportions among hookers, many men seek out young children in the mistaken belief that A.I.D.S. can not be contracted from children. I used to be think it was pretty funny when these men would contract A.I.D.S. from these children and slowly die. It used to make me laugh alot. But, I have seen so many people die of A.I.D.S. that I am bored of seeing dead bodies.



1. Have you ever seen something you wanted but couldn't have?

2. Have you ever thought about just taking?
Regardless of consequences? Have you? *Have you?!*
You only live once.

3. Have you ever been up in a high place, afraid to step down on the ladder, and wanted to jump off?
Have you ever seen something in the store you wanted, that you couldn't afford, and just shoplifted it?
Well, it's no big deal. Killing's the same way.
People die all the time. Killing's just part of life. You'll get used to it. Animals are put out of their misery everyday, with no compassion.

Piles of corpses rot in the streets of Rwanda. People bleed to death from having their arms and legs chopped off in Haiti.

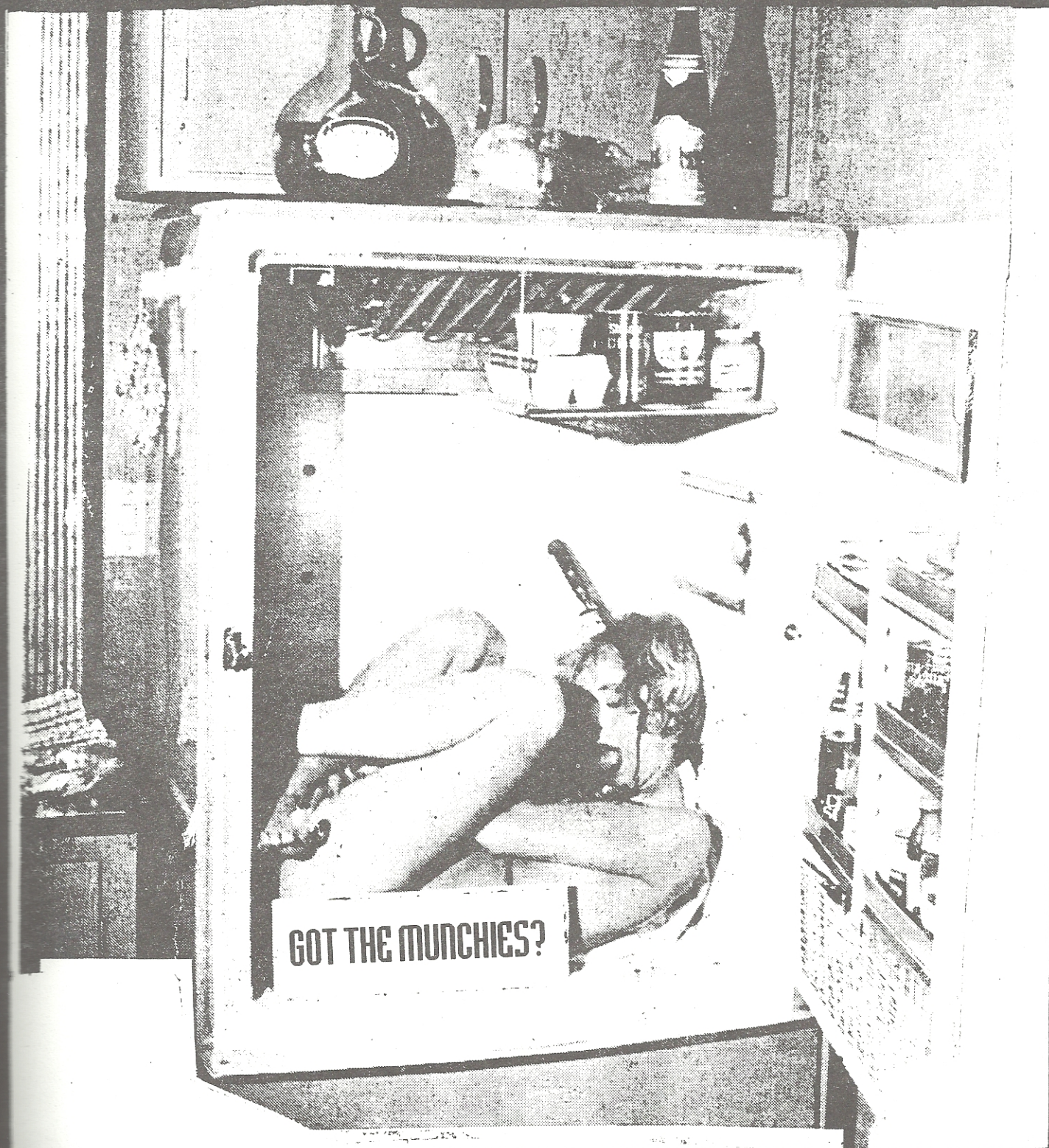
Billions of animals' heads are being cut off in the big building down the street *for science*, or is it for *cosmetics*, or is it for *Burger King*? A father stepped on his baby's small hands the other day. A man kicked the jaw of a dog on a leash last night. The train ran over a rat in the subway. Criminals get death injections. It's over. It's forgotten. Who cares.



Stinking punching bag



EAT SOME PUSSY!



Go-Go Dancer

I walk into the titty-bar around 10:00 p.m. like I usually do every Friday night. I drink the bottles of Heineken that they make me buy, in order to be able to sit and gander at the near-naked 'ladies' strut their stuff. I always have a sense of disbelief as I watch them hump the poles, while leering dads, who've got problems at home, hoot and holler. I don't know how these women can get up there and dance like that in front of a room full of men. *Don't they know what they do to guys?*

The initial thrill of seeing naked female flesh, after a dismal day of shlepping myself around town, wares off, and I get bored of watching them. The only reason I come here is to watch my favorite dancer shake her wares. She's here every Friday night. I never get bored of watching her. To tell you the truth, I think it's her smile that gets me. It makes me go gushy every time.

Gazing at my sexy stripping off her clothes up on stage is my stone-cold act of impotent isolation. It makes me embarrassed of my arousal to sit in this dimly lit bar. I'm a lonely man. I never go anywhere. In the game of life, I'm one of those players who never seems to make the right moves. I fix my eyes on the go-go dancer with a cold black stare. I'm too stubborn to ever show a sign, because my heart is made of knotted pine. Is it any wonder that my sweaty face turns red? Usually, I go home to my lifeless little hole in the wall which gets darker and dingier each day, and I beat off thinking about her. But, not tonight. Tonight, the dice are thrown in my favor. Although, I'm not about to become a winner, I'll get an opportunity for revenge. Tonight, I'll descend on this place like the *black plague*. I've been waiting for this day for a long time.

I wait till closing time. I sit and wait for everyone to leave, while I nurse a glass of expensive watered-down beer. I am the last customer left in the bar. The bartender, an ugly woman who used to be a man, asks me to leave. Tonight, I brought with me a bag of toys. Tonight, I'll decide when it's time for me to leave. I take out my favorite toy, a gun with a home-made silencer on it, and point it at this she-male-critter's chest. I say, "Don't make a sound and give me your keys." He-she nervously asks me, "Why?" Slightly irritated, I answer its annoying question, "Why? 'Cause I'm a fuckin' boy scout. That's *why!* I wanna take care of your cares, ya stupid he-bitch." It frantically pulls the keys from its pocket and hands them to me. I say, "Thank you," and shoot its fluttering heart. The heart bursts like an exploding water balloon. No one hears the dull "jupe" sound of my silencer, because the jukebox is blaring some new-fangled heavy metal rock band that I don't know the name of. I know alot of old heavy metal rock bands, because my mom used to play them all the time when I was a kid. You know: *Led Zeppelin*, *Aerosmith*, *Journey*, and whatnot. I hate heavy metal, except for a couple of *Metallica* songs. I casually walk over and lock the door. I turn the "open" sign around to "closed".

There's two knuckle heads smoking pot in the far corner of the room. Probably the owner, or friends of the owner. They're the definition of 'white trash'. They're no doubt from Kensington, *The White Trash Capitol of Philly*. They probably drink Budweisers on their front steps, while they barbecue road-kill burgers, and let their inbred kids run around barefoot on the sidewalk. I waste 'em both. The losers didn't know what hit 'em. They didn't see it coming in their drugged-out haze.

No one else is left alive in the bar area. The stupid heavy metal song ends. All is quiet, except for the muffled chattering and laughing of the girls in the

back dressing room. I stroll back to where their clucking voices are, and quietly open the door to peek at them. They don't see me, as I play with myself with my one free hand in my pant's pocket, while my other hand holds my gun behind my back. Then one spots me. The nameless bitch squawks, "Hey, you can't come in here! Who the fuck are you?! Get the fuck outta here!" I greet them, "Hello ladies! Pleasant evening, isn't it?" They make no attempt to cover themselves. They nonchalantly flaunt their naked bodies. Shameless! Absolutely shameless! Ya gotta love 'em. I look them up and down. *Golly, they're nice.* Except for the fat one. I shoot her once in the chest, twice in the head, and three times in her cunt. She falls to a bloody mess on the linoleum floor. The other girls scream and run for cover. I entreat them, "Come on now. Listen up. Everyone gather 'round. Come on ladies. Don't be shy. No one'll get hurt. I promise." Slowly, they come out from their hiding places: from behind the chair, the desk, the closet. "What do you want?" wails the blond bimbo. I respond, "Shut up! Not another word from any of you. *I'll ask the questions.* You'll do what I say, or, *you'll get shot.* OK? Everyone understand? Nod your heads. Good. Now, do what I tell you and you'll get out of here alive." There are three of them: the blonde bimbo, a fairly good looking black bitch (probably from Brazil), and of course my favorite sexy. Ah yes, my favorite sexy: sugar and spice and everything nice. She's the cutest little animal in the whole entire world.

I escort the three of them out to the dance floor. From my bag of toys I take out two pairs of handcuffs, and chain my favorite sexy and the black bitch to the steam pipes. Pointing my gun at the blonde bimbo, I shout, "Hey, blondie! *Dance!*" She slowly and awkwardly moves her hips. She looks like one of those scrawny characterless broads I saw in *Penthouse*, that so many men find attractive. But, not me. All that mannequin make-up and no personality are for the birds.

I drop a quarter in the juke box and put on *Will You Still Be Mine?* sung by the quite lovely and quite raped, Connie Francis. It seems appropriate. I sit on the chair and watch the dumb blonde dance unenthusiastically. To liven her up a bit, I aim and shoot near her, being careful not to hit her. She scurries this way and that to the whizzing of my bullets going past her, like a friggin wooden duck at a carnival! It's pretty funny. She loses her shit, and crumbles to the floor, moaning in a fetal position. That's OK. The song's over. I put my arm on her shoulder and poke her butt with my gun to console her, saying, "There, there... It's OK. Everything'll be alright." My cute little sexy chained to the pipe sweetly cries, "Why are you doing this? Why?!" I shrug and say to her, "Boys will be boys." She stares at me blankly, not comprehending. I answer her non comprehension with, "Gee willikers! Why do you shake your pussy at strange men all day in a sleazy bar, and then ask me that stupid question? We all just do what we do."

I turn to the blonde and say, "Now get up blondie! Come on! Get up. *Now!*" She rises with mascara tears streaking her dumb-looking face. I command her, "Hang upside down from the pole, like I seen you do earlier for the customers. *Go on!*" She does it, trembling. I tie her weak female ankles to the pole and gut her with my carving knife like a porky pig in a butcher's shop. All her entrails fall to the floor with the farting plopping sound of wet diarrhea. Not a very lady-like sound, if you ask me.

I walk over to the crying black bitch and shoot her in the head until she has no head. There's just a bleeding, gushing, neck stump. Nigger pussy- *I never touch the stuff.*

My favorite sexy is boo-hooing quite a bit. So sad. So precious. So sweet. I unchain her from the pipe and cuff her hands behind her back. I begin to

strip off her pretty pink satin panties. Hot diggety! This should be a peacherino! I get her panties completely off. *There's that ass I like so much.* "Bend over my darling whore," I tell her.

I stick my middle finger up her ass and thrust it in and out a few times. *Let your fingers do the walking, I always say.* She squeals ever so splendidly. She cries, "No! Oh, please God! No!" I love her, my treasure, my precious one.

I am quite hard by now, and I whip out my wet-willy. She tells me, "Stop! Don't do this! Please! Don't do this!" How unoriginal, I think to myself. Like, I haven't heard *that* before. I slide my purple weapon deep into her tight brown poop-hole. *Jesus God! What an ass! So big and smooth and round and heart-shaped and soft!* She's got two of the cutest little dimples right at the base of her spine. It feels like heaven to skewer her keester doggy-style. I pound my intruder into her crack over and over again. I savor her intoxicating moaning, as I slam against the lovely flesh of her voluptuous butt-cheeks. Goddamn, what a gorgeous ass! I must have done something right in my life to deserve this. My pecker is having a royal holiday in her rear. So *warm and tight.* Her appetizing bare feet are curled up on each side of me.

I turn her over on her back, still screwing her fabulous rump-hole, and bend her god-damned sexy legs so that her dainty feet are in my fucking mouth. I lick the delicious sweat from her shapely soles, and suck each one of her tasty toes, while still anal-raping her incredible backside. I watch her tender, yet pitiful face, sweetly crying, and stare at her mammoth tits jogging back and forth to the rhythm of my pumping. She moans, "Stop. Please. Stop."

As I gaze into my sexy's sobbing eyes, I ponder a question that may seem callous of me to ask, *but I really do wonder:* Why don't women like to be raped? I like raping them. Something that feels this good can't be bad. I stop fucking, and ask it of my beauty, "Honey... why don't you like being raped?" She spits in my face and calls me a bastard. I had hoped we could have an intellectual conversation, but I guess not.

How does she think the species got started? Does she think the dirty caveman took the stinky cavewoman out to dinner? Does she think he brought her flowers and courted her? With his animal hormones raging, does she think the Neanderthal asked permission to make love to the cave-wench? Perhaps... But, I think not.

Of course, at this point in modern time, there are such sophisticated things as *go-go bars* and *condoms*. Things have changed quite a bit from caveman times. What I'm doing to my sexy right now isn't about the procreation of the species *at all.* It's about lust. Lust is a strange thing that builds up in me. It takes over my body and mind. What appeals to me in a woman is a warm mucus-covered hole of meat, the manner in which her elastic skin and muscles are stretched across bones, the proportion of fat smeared over her organs, the high and mighty way she knows she's beautiful and doesn't want anything to do with me. I like women who are out of my league, with ripe breast-bags filled with pus hanging from their chests, topped with huge brown nipples that'll get as hard as diamonds. A bitch like this is my wet-dream, to be ripped open by my cock.

There are police to watch out for. There are angry feminists on TV telling women what their so-called rights are. Times have changed alright.

Indeed, I've had a troubled past, and am dismayed at the turbulent present. Is this why I rape?

I think of Mommy. Am I raping her right now in some recess of my mind for the profoundly negative effect she had on me as a child?

I think of Daddy. He raped me. Am I just mimicking him because he conditioned my malleable child's brain to be a rapist? If the answer is "yes" or "no", what does it matter now?

Some women, I know for a fact, *like* to be tied up and beaten in rape fantasies. There's a whole S&M scene to attest to this. They like rapists like me. I've tried the 'S&M scene'. It just doesn't feel real to me, because I know the bitches want it. I can never fool myself enough to thoroughly enjoy pretending to rape them.

I'm a loving lover. I've got a girlfriend whom I love very much. And she loves me. But, there's something more appealing about attacking an unwilling stranger. I don't have to worry about her needs or enjoyment. She is property I've seized. She is mine to use. And I love her for her usefulness. I love my sexy. I won't have to look at her face tomorrow and worry if she'll like me. I won't have to talk to her and listen to her inane one-sided prattle. Her use to me and my love for her are for this portion of time only. It will be her most profound relationship, because it will be her last ever in the world of the living.

I like this city and I won't leave it. If I let her live, she'd send her furious boyfriend and the bored police to hunt me down. I can't have *that*. My portrait would hang on every fucking telephone pole. I can't possibly let her live. I know that her promise not to tell anyone is *pure horseshit*. Does she really think I'm *that stupid* to believe her? No, no, no. I see raping her ass as therapy for me. I'm able to get out all of my frustrations at the world with a single act of empowerment and control. It feels good. It feels fucking great. Afterwards, I can go about my life feeling happy and satisfied- for a while, at least- till I have to rape again.

This world ain't for me. I wish things were simpler. I long for the days of the caveman to return. But, until then- here I be. If not for the police, I might let this bitch live. I guess I'm a throwback to better times. Nobody knows what I am. To my friends, I'm a nice guy, a pleasant man, basically normal, perhaps a little troubled. But, here, raping this bitch, I am my true self. Here, I am God.

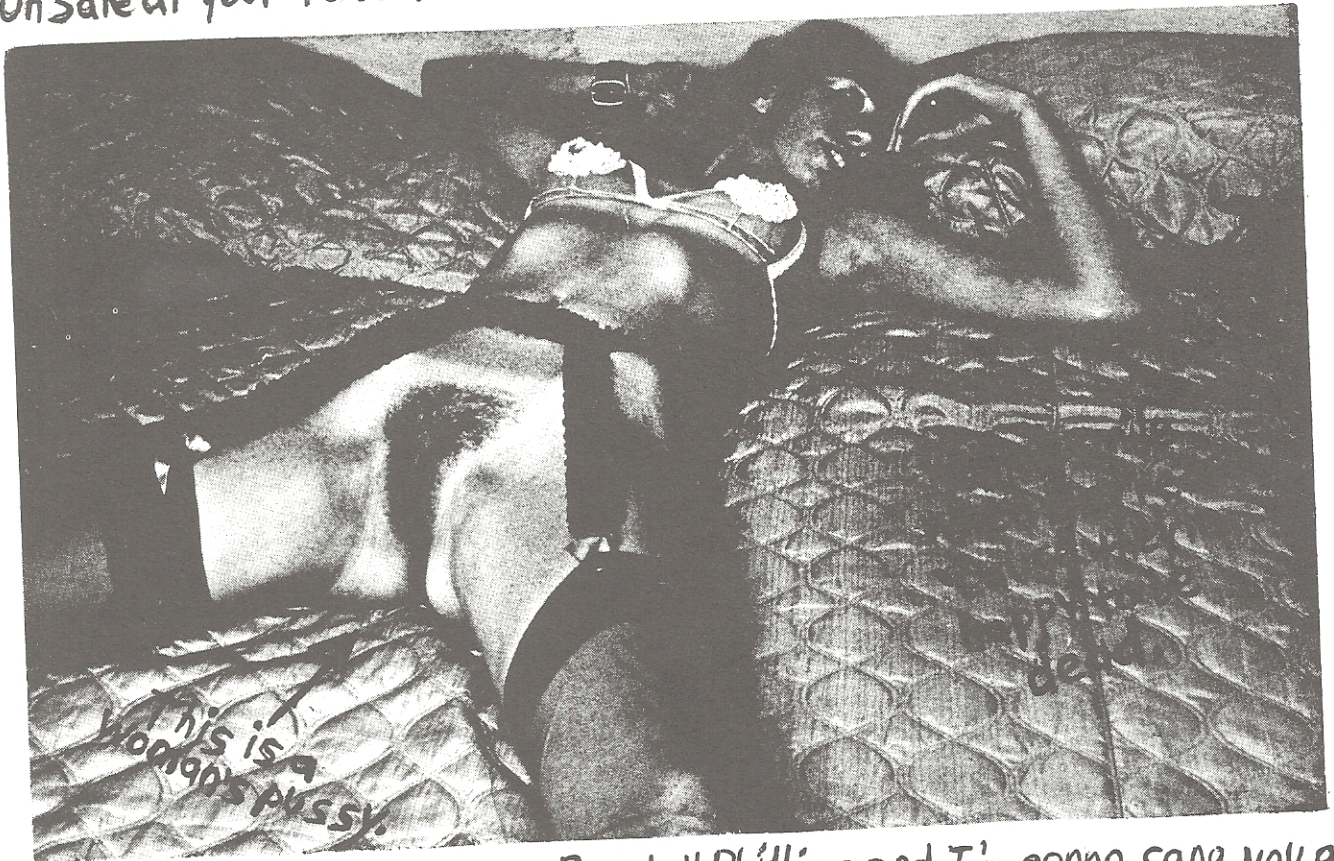
I look down at her ample bosom. Her big titties are jiggling back and forth. I want to taste her big titties. I lean down and maul a mouthful of her warm soft juicy tits. I lick her half-dollar-sized nipples. I get so happy that I bite her delicious right nipple completely off and swallow it in one gulp. Yum.

I pull my shit-slick cock out of her ripped bung-hole and order her to "Suck it sweetheart. Lick all your wonderful shit off my dick till I cum in your pretty face." I tittfuck her as she sucks my meat. Her sobbing little tongue slurps my man-cock while I rape her bleeding mangled breast. I am on the verge of cumming, but am overcome with a new desire. I yank my prick out from between her sensuous lips. I jam my blazing erection into her eye socket, dislodging her eyeball with the wet popping sound of a mommy kissing her kid good-night. A swarm of buzzing locusts blasts from my balls and out the pisshole of my prick. My enraged penis pukes bucket loads of sperm into her rank female brain. She all at once goes limp... and dies. I look at her laying there, so beautiful, so sexy, and wipe the blood and cum off my prick with a Kleenex.

I'm sure she must've been thinking womanly thoughts as she expired. You know: What color nail polish should I put on tomorrow? Where should I go shopping? What clothes should I wear? How should I do my hair? Shit like that.

I relax for a bit, smoke a cigarette, then go home. Just another day in the life, y'know? Guess I should do a load of laundry now... maybe, get something to eat... or, perhaps, mow the lawn.

Lyrics from Dr. Phillip's extraordinary, soon-to-be-released, brilliant.
Bluegrass Jamboree C.D. collection of top ten hits and beatings.
On Sale at your favorite Concentration Camp Whorehouse!



How y'all doin'? M' name's Randall Phillip - and I'm gonna sang you a
little ditty 'bout ma lady-friends. Ah-one... Ah-two... Ah 1, 2, 3, fo!
Hit it boys! Git down on the bed And move yer honky head
While I rape you!
Shake yer bloody cunt 'Cause that's wut I want
While I rape you!
It should come as no suprise as I look into yereyes
That I hate you!
Hey, ya stupid bitch I like to watch yer titties twitch
While I rape you!
If ya happen upon ma lonesome town
Yer smiley face will soon frown
'Cause I'll rape you!
That's why I always say...
Git down on the bed And move yer honky head
While I Rape You!!

FEASTING ON THE LUSCIOUS FLESH OF WOMEN FOLK

If you allow yourself to be tricked again and left to wallow in a pool of your own despair, then you deserve such slavery and destruction.

Hysterectomy is the excellect practice of totally removing the uterus from a woman. All women are unfit mothers who are incapable of caring for children. Women have a malodorous stench because they are genetically dirty animals. Eliminating their periods would make it easier for them to keep up their hygiene. It is ethical to perform surgery to permanently sterilize women. An independent medical review committee has determined that women are mentally incompetent and that therefore sterilization is in the best interest of public health. Women have given their consent to be sterilized by being born retarded. All women are born retarded. Sterilizing the retarded is well intensioned ethical medical conduct. Women are in no position to say "NO" because they are not mentally competent enough to make the right decision.



Bitter-sweet.

The only real value that a woman has is to be used as a hole. Women are worthy only of a man's hatred, for they are mankind's enemies. Beat them because they ought to be beaten upon. Make them cry, for their tears are sweeter than wine. Their bruises and broken bones are your happiness. Once you have them quivering in fear, make them say, "I am a piece of shit," because that's what they are: pieces of shit. Biological science has proven this as a well-known fact. Punch women until they admit this timeless truth. Punch women hard until they say it. Then laugh in their face and leave them in their pain. Give a woman the pleasure of being fucked up her ass. Women like to be raped up the ass. Tie her up and punch her until she complies. She's just putting up a fight to let you know she wants it bad. Then, ram it up her tight unwilling hole. The

more she yells and screams, the more she likes it. Use her hole until you are satisfied. Then leave her to the lonely isolation of her shallow mind. Do not bother yourself with her again until you need to use her hole again. Restrain her securely, but keep her conscious. The more pain and discomfort that she is in, the more she'll like it. Pain will make her squirm for you- her squirming little asshole will feel better to your hard stabbing cock.

Some Don'ts.

To many of you men, such treatment seems abhorrent to you, I know. This is because you are fags. Faggots just don't understand the needs of a woman, because they only like men. Treacherous and diabolical are these women! And so, they deem themselves unworthy of any other treatment. This is the best and most rewarding advocacy that a man can practice with a woman: Beat her to a bloody pulp, then use her hole and make her cry. Women love it! If you don't understand this, then you must be gay. I'm sorry that you were born a faggot- but it's not my fault you're worthless. You must respect yourself enough to use a woman in the proper manner. **Don't** disrespect yourself by submitting to a dumb bitch by catering to her selfish needs. She will only demand more and more, and soon not even she will want you around as the simpering excuse of a man that you have become. Because, you have allowed yourself to become a faggot. Heed my words and be a man. **Don't** be a slave to a woman. **Don't** be a faggot. Women want their cunts filled, so they can pop babies out and boss you around. Those women who don't want babies only want the pleasure of a man's cock will turn that man into her baby; talking baby-talk to him, and treating him like a BIG FAT BABY! **Don't** eat out a woman's sickening cunt like a Chink slurping up lomein noodles. Are you a yellow, slobbering, slant-eyed pig? Chinks eat rats too! Rats and cunts have germs. Do you want to be like a disgusting, ugly Chink? Bowing down to that smelly sewer between a bitch's hairy legs is sheer male humiliation. **Don't** do it. **Don't** act like a Chink.

Men are superior to women.

But, not all men. Some men are big fat baby faggots. It is women's faults that they allow themselves to be used as a man's hole. It is men's fault: that they allow themselves to be pussy-whipped into becoming women's slaves. Some 'men' can not deal with a woman's independence and can not be without their substitute mommies. Teddy Roosevelt once said, "The man who loves other nations as he does his own, stands on par with the man who loves other women as much as he does his wife." Teddy Roosevelt was a pussy-whipped faggot. It is no wonder that he had a beard. Anytime Teddy Roosevelt looked in the mirror he could be reminded of his wife's hairy cunt. Beards=Cunts. Cunts are what poor people's shoes are made out of. Would you fuck a Nigger's dirty shoe? Would you want a cunt on your face? Shave off your fuckin beard, homo. When women die, their cunts are burned so that rats can't live in their cunts and overrun the cemeteries. Otherwise, you'd have the Chinks feasting on rats at the cemetery every night. You'll get all kinds of diseases from a cunt. This is why men should not fuck women's cunts. **Don't** fuck cunts--fumigate 'em.

Can't live with 'em.

The faults of each gender attract the other, and consequently the man and woman support the abuse of each other. The curse of male and female bonding is that one can love as well as hate at the same time-- one does not have to choose exclusively between one or the other. Accept both love and hate. Love a woman enough to stick rotten meat up her nose and keep her captive a few days until the maggots born from the rotten meat crawl up into her brain to eat it. Hate a woman enough to say, "I love you," as you punch her in her stupid female eye.

Rape in necropolis.

A most practical and willing participant for a satisfying relationship is a participant who is drugged or dead. While sex with dead women is safe sex, it is **recommended** that she be allowed live. The purpose of raping women is to make them happy and to feel good. Women love to get raped. If women didn't love to get raped, then why do they get raped so much? Hmmm? You can't answer that one can you smart guy, can you?

Raping women up the ass is a viable alternative to procreation, and will make you feel better about yourself, if done as instructed:

1. Shave off all the pubic hair around your genital region so that hair fibers can not be traced to you.
2. Restrain the woman securely. If she resists and becomes too much of a problem, inject her with heroin, or kill her.
3. Whether she is alive or dead, wear a condom. Wearing a condom ensures that no semen samples can be traced to you. And of course, you can not impregnate the whore if you are wearing a condom.
4. Be **absolutely sure** that your intended prey will not recognize you after the rape, and let her live in happiness. Or, put her to death to make certain that she will not recognize you, and that she will not take up space with her worthless female body.

Funeral homes are whore-houses stocked with plenty of hot babes waiting to be raped by you- and you won't have to pay a fucking dime to get your kicks! Getting a job at a funeral home is an effective way to ensure yourself of a steady supply of hot, I mean cold, bitches. Be sure to have plenty of lubricant handy to liberally apply to the dead bitch's dry holes that you will rape. Happy hunting, boys!

But, really... why would ya wanna rape a woman? Women are a waste of your time. They ain't worth it. Jerk off instead. Then go about your business and don't give dem dumb bitches another thought. You'll be much happier. Besides... with that 3-inch prick you got, the only chance you have of gettin' any pussy is to find a sympathetic cockroach.

Hey Guys! Look at this whore on a death-house slab!
She's a sexy Mamma!

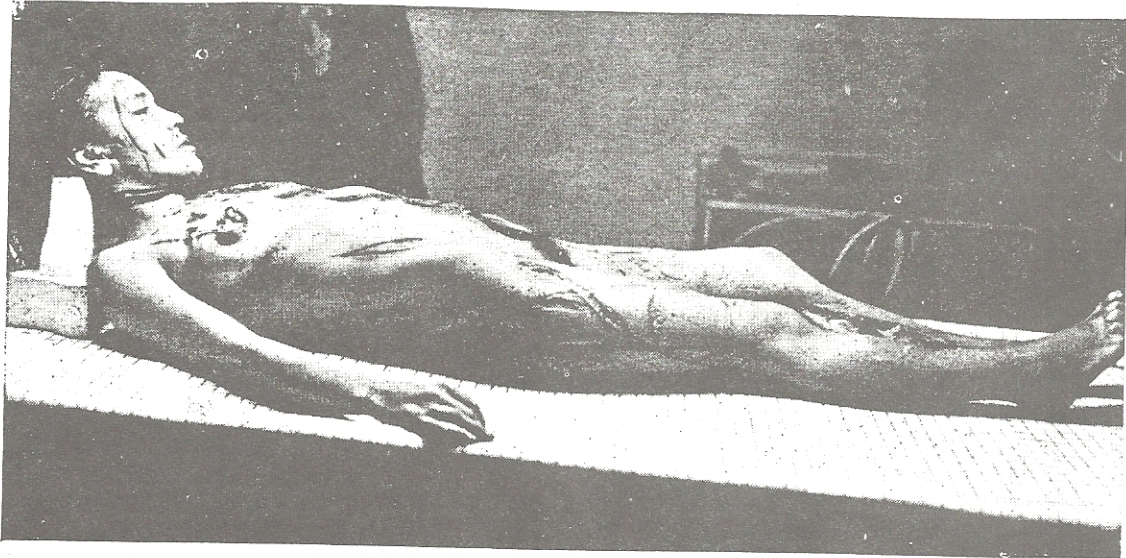


FIG. 31. BODY OF VICTIM SHOWN IN FIGURE 30

Body shows over 95 stabwounds and cuts, most of them made after death. Note absence of bleeding in most of the cuts. (Office of Chief Medical Examiner, Essex County, N. J.)

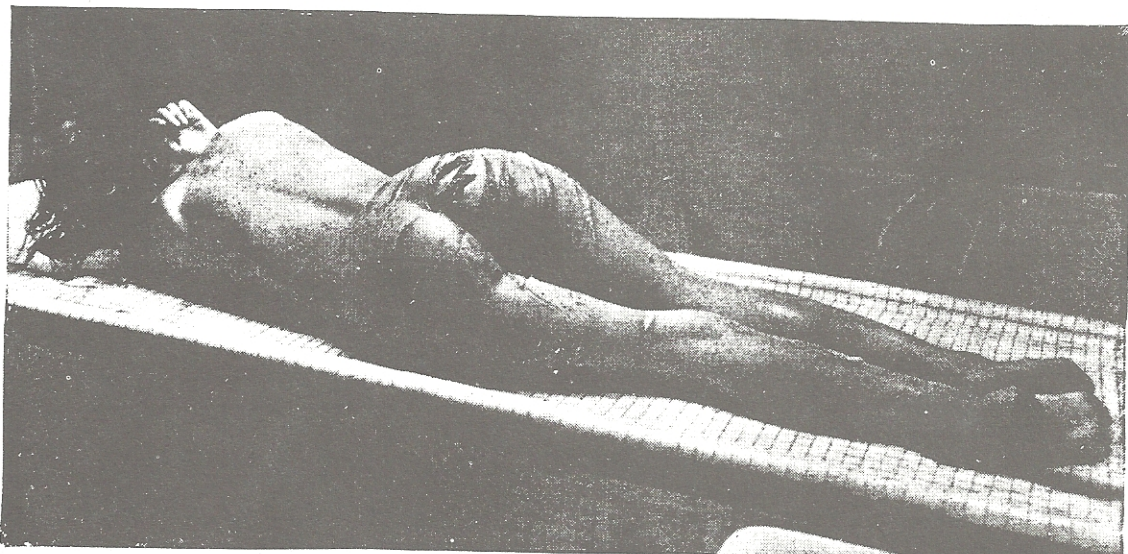


FIG. 32. THE SAME BODY SHOWN IN FIGURE 31
(Office of Chief Medical Examiner, Essex County, N. J.)

PUT THE FUN BACK INTO LIFE WITH HATE CRIMES!

PRACTICE SECTION

A cunt's mentality offends me more than her being raped. Her sheer stupidity is offensive. *Obviously*, no one gives a shit about what happens to her. People just pretend to care.

caring about their particular crusade goes out of fashion when the crusaders realize that the poor, suffering people that they are trying to help *are pieces of shit who would stab them in the back if they had the chance*.

DO IT YOURSELF MURDER

What must happen before the most financially sound and well recognized organizations in this country begin to feel the heat and take some more serious action? Everyone living in the world today with these disgusting Martians is as culpable as the cowardly leaders of lazy organizations. You are being manipulated by a few figureheads who say Humans can't move too fast or we'll lose our *precious* support in the mainstream. Fuck the mainstream.

Whenever Humans start demanding what we are entitled to in an uncompromising fashion, we are accused of moving too quickly, being too radical, or hurting the evolution of The Human Race. That, of course is pure bullshit. Those who move quickly are those who see clearly. They are the messengers of The Human Race. Don't wait for someone else to save you. Believing or hoping that any organization will save us is exactly what got us to where we are today.

Lobbyists, executive directors, big fundraisers, and celebrities never change anything. Grassroots activism and individual empowerment serve as the greatest threat to the established Martian power structure.

So what if you abandon your dependency on groups? What if you marched on Washington on a weekday when the offices are open and the government is conducting business as usual? What if you marched right into the halls of Congress and shot everyone in sight?

What if you decide *not* to join the U.S. military, but instead, **start** your own war?

Throughout history, as a necessary political act, Humans have murdered Martians without the help of any standard military force. **You can too.**

How to cut stomachs open

April 9- I attend church services. They serve pink punch afterwards.

April 16- I attend church services again. Again they serve pink punch afterwards.

April 17- I go to the hardware store and purchase 100 razor blades.

April 18- I purchase pink punch at the supermarket. I go home and make pink punch. I fill up an ice cube tray halfway with pink punch and put it in the freezer. Six hours later, I place razor blades on the frozen ice cubes and fill up the remaining space left with more pink punch.

April 19- The razor blades can not be seen through the dark pink color of the cloudy pink ice cubes.

April 23- I put the ice cubes in a small thermos and carry it in my jacket pocket. I go to church. Before the services are over, I sneak out unnoticed and dump my special ice cubes into the punch bowl. I go back to the services unnoticed. After services, pink punch is served. Many swallow their ice cubes. After a while, one Martian after another doubles over on the floor in pain, clutching their stomachs and screaming. The ice cubes melted inside their fat stomachs and have cut into their insides. I quickly leave, for I can not contain my laughter. Paramedics eventually come.

Father beheads son

April 25- I go to a "Grateful Dead" show and purchase a vial of liquid LSD.

April 28- I go to a restaurant buffet. With a concealed dropper, I put LSD in various foods.

April 29- I read in the paper of various accidents and strange behavior attributed to the effects large quantities of LSD found in persons for whom drug use is nonexistent. One father took his sons on a fishing trip, and suddenly got the idea that they were possessed by demons. He pulled his car over to the side of the road and sawed off his 14-year-old son's head and stabbed him 60 times. One grandpa raped his granddaughter and bit off 2 of her fingers, ranting about the Phillies baseball team during his antics. Two car accidents killed 5 Martians. This gives me a new idea!

May 1- I place a bag of cinderblocks in a shopping cart. I dress up like a homeless bum and push the cart to a highway overpass. I drop two cinderblocks one after the other over the guard rail. One hits the hood of a green Pontiac. The other cinderblock hits the same Pontiac's windshield, which sets off a symphony of sounds that is music to my ears: smashing glass of the windshield, screech of tires, other cars smashing into the Pontiac accompanied by more wonderful screeches, followed by more cars hitting each other with carhorns blaring. Then, the quieter sounds of the usual traffic passing by in the opposite direction. My heart was thumping frantically against my chest. I was gasping for breath and sweating. I nearly peed in my pants. I hastily left the glorious sight with an erection.

This same night, I was full of energy. I went out around four in the morning to a cemetery and pushed tombstones over. I spray painted "God's a Whore" "You Are Dead" "Rape Christians With A Knife" on the door and walls of the church. I superglued toothpicks into locks and threw rocks threw the windows. I went home and slept soundly. The following day the newspaper had this amusing headline:

Police link monument graffiti to black magic

May 15- I purchase 4 one gallon containers of gasoline at the local gas station.

June 2- I mix styrafoam pieces in with the gasoline. At night I go to a church that I had been scoping out. I know that the back window can be opened with not too much trouble. I go in with my flashlight and pour gasoline on the pews, over the alter, onto the walls and curtains. I climb onto the window ledge and strike a match. The force of the hot burst of flames pushes me out the window on my ass, with a !WHOOSH! The whole inside of the church is bright and roaring. What a thrill! The Styrofoam pieces mixed in the gasoline stick to surfaces aiding the burning. A voice from a nearby house shouts, "Hey you!" I run away...then slow down to a leisurely walk home to bed.

June 14- It's foggy out tonight. At 4 in the morning I take a sharp kitchen knife from the droor and go for a walk. I see some Martian walking down a dark alley. I act like I'm drunk and ask the black man what I should do with this 50 dollar bill. I drop it on the ground. He bends down to pick it up and I stab him two, maybe three times, in the back. He moans and falls on his face. From behind him, I reach under his chin to pull his head up. Then I slit his throat, drop him on the ground, and walk home.

July 4- I shoot three Martians with a gun. No one bothers to call the police with all the racket of fireworks going on.

July 10- I go to the public pool and dump 13 killer piranhas into the water. I sit on a lounge chair, sipping a Margarita and watch the swimmers being eaten alive.

I have finally realized the impact of my attitude on life.



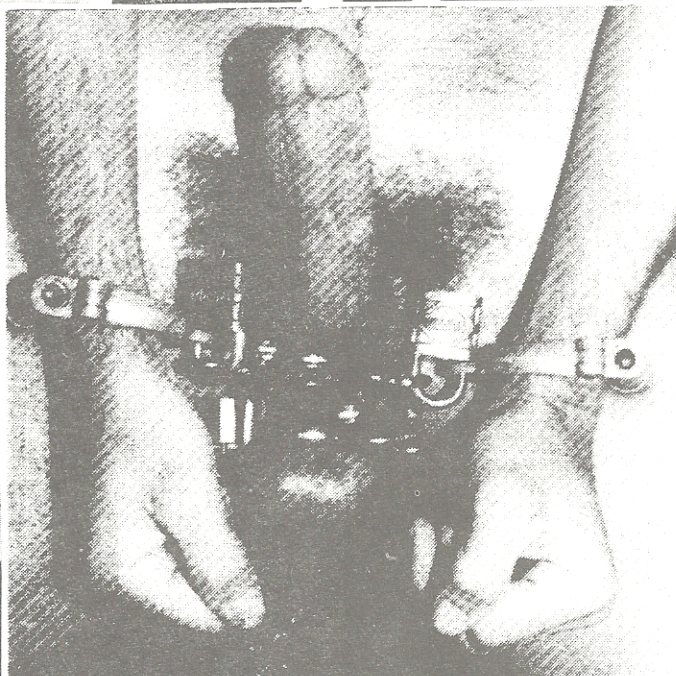
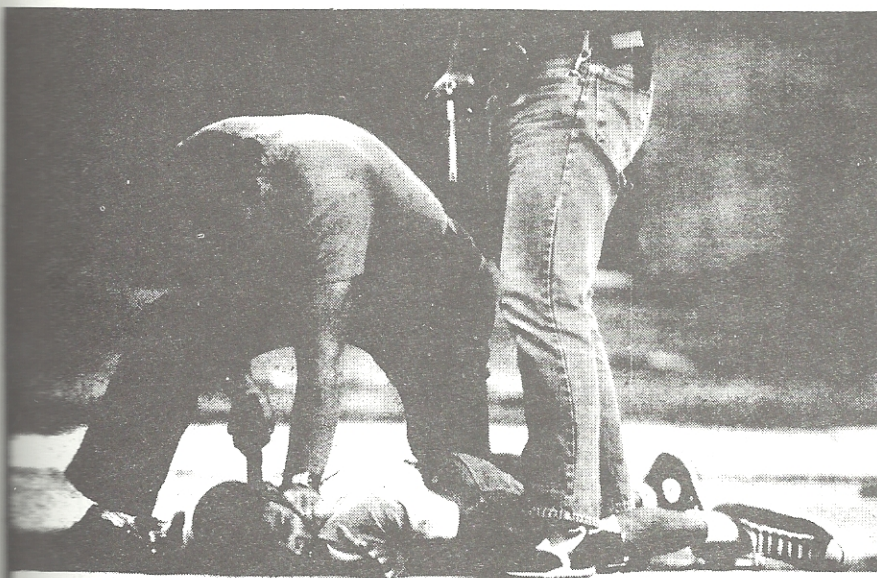
GET POWER

My smart friend committed suicide by jumping off a building. For all the genius that he was, he hit the pavement like a mindless dog. His carcass laid there in a motionless heap. He no longer spoke his wisdom. His brain would never think great thoughts again. Is this the way it is?

I wake up at 6 a.m. to catch a bus to go to be a guinea pig at a drug study for money. It snowed. The bus never comes. I go back home and lie in bed. I got up early for nothing. Outside, I can hear someone's metal shovel scraping + scraping against the pavement. Someone's car stereo is blaring. A car alarm goes off. I cannot sleep. I have no money. What will I do? Is this the way it is?

Mug, rape, and murder the right people. Mug the rich lawyers and their hoity-toity bitch-sluts who think they're such hot shit. Mug the poor people in the neighborhood who are easy targets. Go after the bosses + landlords, and the old ladies + little kids. These snotty fucks need to be cut down to size + humiliated. They deserve to be violated. Leave some sign of anger for them. Whisper in their ears, "You are all a bunch of pigs." Tell them to remember it - then cut off their fingers. Just cut them off and leave them in a supermarket somewhere.

FEAR. Rampant fear and panic are nice ways to get power. It will make you happy. Don't even take their dirty money - burn it right in front of their ugly faces, but take their fingers. Bring a gun + a knife. A gun to get them under your control + a knife for their fingers. Cut off their fingers with the knife. Make them scream + bleed.



TOGETHERNESS



My little sister has grown into a fine looking woman. Her once flat chest has developed two tasty little breast mounds. And her buttocks have become firm and soft and stick out ever so seductively. I grab her and throw her on her willowy female bed. Such a look of shock as I pull down her panties and spit between her legs. Big brother is showing you his family jewels. She tries to make a run for it, but I knock her out with one furious blow to her head. Her long brown hair tosses in front of her eyes. I ram my wee-wee in her succulent tanned thighs. As I thrust in and out, I gaze at the posters of unicorns hanging on the walls of her room. They have bright rainbows and fluffy clouds in the skies. I look down to her and find... oops, I made a mistake. You're not my sister at all. You're the little boy at the playground. So small and cute. With arms so fragile and weak... I like you so much. I want to hug you with all my might, and lick the cooties from the back of your throat. Your warm unconscious body feels like a cuddly kitten resting between my legs. I pull your arms back and snap them. I lift up your baseball jacket and spill pearly white drops of sperm onto your creamy white little-boy back. You awaken moaning in pain. Your tiny asshole is bleeding from the intrusion of my man-sized cock. Your arms are broken. Why? Because I broke them. I take your baseball jacket and tighten it around your neck to shut you up. I tie one end around your stiff little neck and tie the other end around the monkey-bars above. As you hang there, I take out a cigarette and smoke it as I watch your dangling legs kick about in spasms of death. After awhile, your legs stop kicking and droplets of blood from your torn asshole trickle on to the sand below. I hate little boys, because their mothers don't care enough about them. Your mother doesn't even know where you are. She's

out doing her nails and gossiping with all her Jew-cunt girlfriends. But, she'll find you in the morning hanging dead from these monkey-bars in this playground. She'll cry and cry and cry. Mothers are worthless. Abso-fuckin-lutely worthless. Mothers are not fit to raise kids. You're living proof of that, you little twerp. If she cared enough about you, she'd be here now, wouldn't she? But, she doesn't. Your momma just don't care about you. So, I spared her from having to care about you anymore. She will be grateful. Now she can watch all the reruns of the Rockford Files she wants, without your stupid face bothering her, yapping and whining for things. Deep inside she'll be glad I got rid of you. But, she will have the cops hunt me down none-the-less. Oh well, that's life. I put out my cigarette and figure I'd better go back to the house. I walk up the stairs to find my sister still tied to the bed posts. Mom doesn't care about you either. I take the long knife that I'd gotten from the kitchen and slowly put it deep into her asshole. Such a nice girl too. But, I want to save mom the trouble of caring about you. The blood spurts out from sister's asshole at a strange angle, like a fountain, and splatters on the unicorn posters. Oddly, sis is not quite dead. Oh well, if you don't feel like dying, I guess I'll just leave you here. I give sis a warm brotherly kiss on the cheek and leave. "See ya later," I shout before closing the door.

JAZZ

Downtown I watch the pussy parade. The fuck-farm of female cattle. Driving in my Pontiac, I'm trolling the streets for bitches. Look at 'em all prancing around showing off their hot bods. I'm just sitting here and they show their bare legs to me. I don't wanna see 'em. But, they show 'em to me anyway. I'd much rather they went about their business with dignity and leave me alone. *But no!* They flaunt their low cut tank tops bulging their boobs at me. What am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to react to that! They don't even have the decency to wear bras! Fuckin sluts. Their budding nipples show through their shirts. Their asses are sticking out. They want me. All of them do. I can tell that they want me by the lipstick they wear to remind me of their pussy lips. Tight shorts. Shaking their asses at me, wanting me to fuck them. They all want me. Look at that one. Belly hanging out all over the place. Rib cage straining against hot tan flesh. Rape you? Is that what you want me to do? Is that why you wear those unlady-like clothes? That's what your telling me babe. And that's what I'm going to do- rape you.

Broads. Dames. Bitches. Sluts. Whores. Cunts. They all say "Yes! Yes! Yes! I want your big manly cock up my ass, in my cunt, and in my mouth." YOU FUCKIN' CUNTS. I HATE YOU. Delectable ankles form into sleek calves and meaty thighs and sumptuous asses. Trim stomachs give rise to blossoming breasts

and flowering nipples. You dropped your pen, bitch. Pick it up. Bend over, bitch. Show me your ass. Yeahh. Oh yeahh honey. Stick that ass out. Show me your ass crack. That's right bitch. Stick those buttcheeks out your shorts. Mmm, Mmm good. I bet you're a good little cocksucker too. You'd like the throbbing red head of my cock to lick with your tongue, wouldn't you whore? Daddy loves you. Daddy loves you all. Daddy wants to fuck you all. Rape your asses and clean your pussies with Riad. You'd like that wouldn't you? You're the lucky one I choose tonite. There you are. You're my sex slave for tonite, bitch. Come to daddy.

I'm glad you came with me from the beach, as I strangled your stupid female neck. We had fun on the boardwalk together, didn't we? The Ferris Wheel? The haunted house? You liked the rollercoaster. That was scary wasn't it? You're such a big girl. So brave. You're not scared of nothin are you? How old did you say you were? Five? You're a big girl for five years old.

Now that we're back at my house, do you want me to show you something fun?

I've got a puppet. He's in here; in my pants. Shhh! He's sleeping. He's really neat! He can do all sorts of tricks! Want to see him? I'll show him to you. I'll wake him up and he'll do some tricks. O.k? See... this zipper is put here special for him. I unzip it. There he is! Isn't he cute? Isn't he a cute puppet? Yes...you're right, *he does* look like a snake. Pet him. He likes it when you pet him. There... see? If you give him a kiss, he'll do a trick for you. Kiss him. Ohhh, he liked that! Doi it again. You have to give him *seven kisses* and he'll do a trick. See, he likes you. He likes your kisses. He got bigger. Isn't that a neat trick! You know what else? He tastes *real good*. He likes it if you lick him. Lick him a little bit. Lick him. There's nothing to be afraid of. C'mon, lick. You're not afraid of lollipops are you? Well, he's just like a lollipop. *Lick*. Doesn't that taste good? It doesn't have any taste you say? Lick him some more. The more you lick it the better it tastes. If you put it in your mouth and suck it like a lollipop, a *special* juice comes out that tastes *really really good*. You like juice don'tchya? You like grape juice and orange juice and apple juice and pineapple juice and purple poop juice don'tchya? Well, this tastes better than all the juices in the world! Suck real hard to get it out. Go head. Suck. *Suck*. Oh yeah! Oh yeah! That's right! Suck it harder! Here it comes! Here comes the special juice! Swallow it! Swallow it all, you 5-year-old little cunt fuckin whore twat! Good bitch. Good. You're a good bitch and an excellent whore too! You're a good little whore, did you know that? Well, you are. You are a good whore. Good.

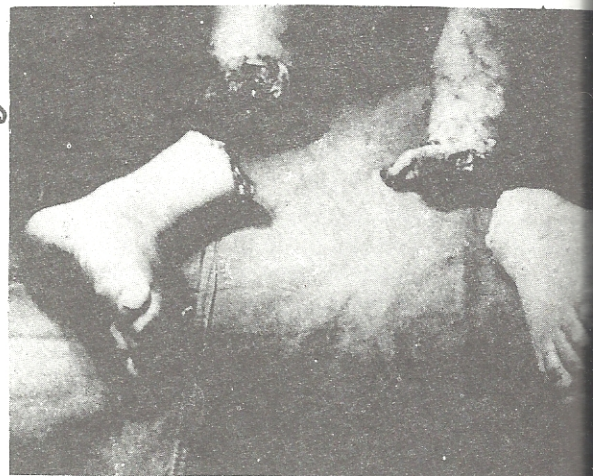
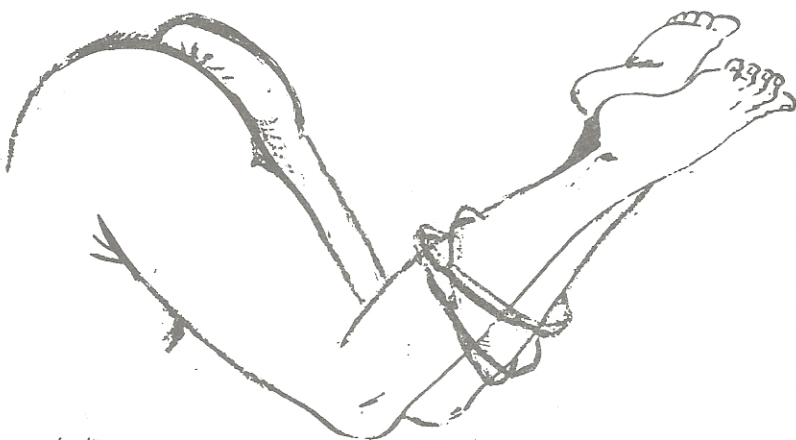
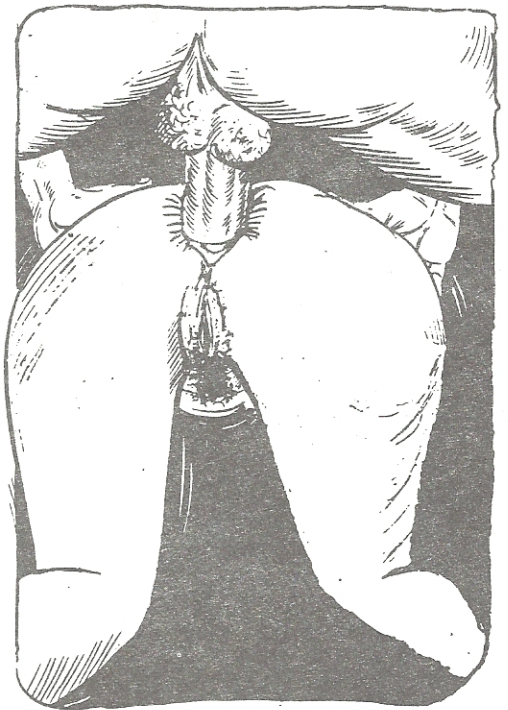
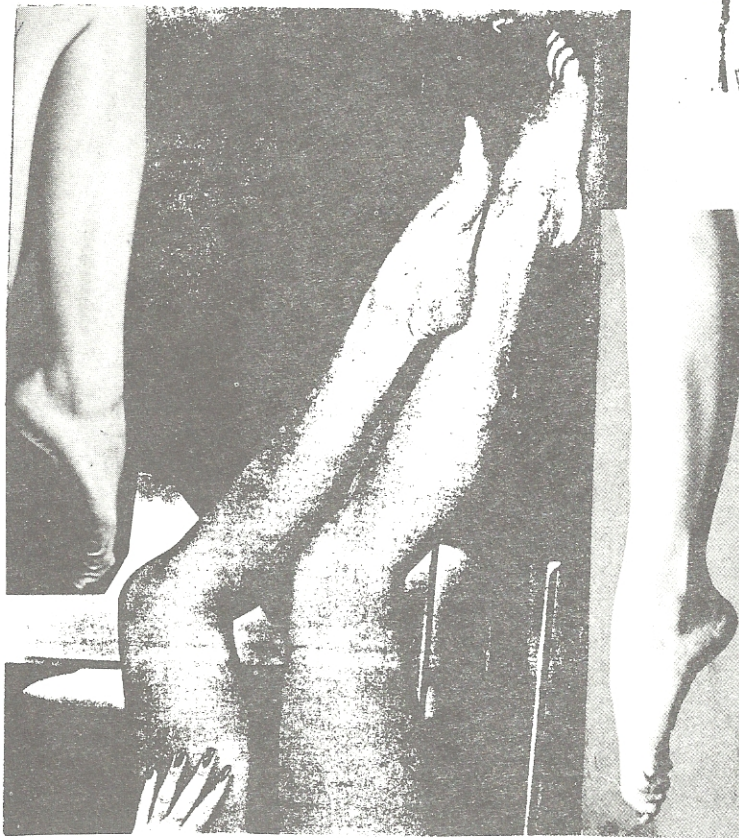
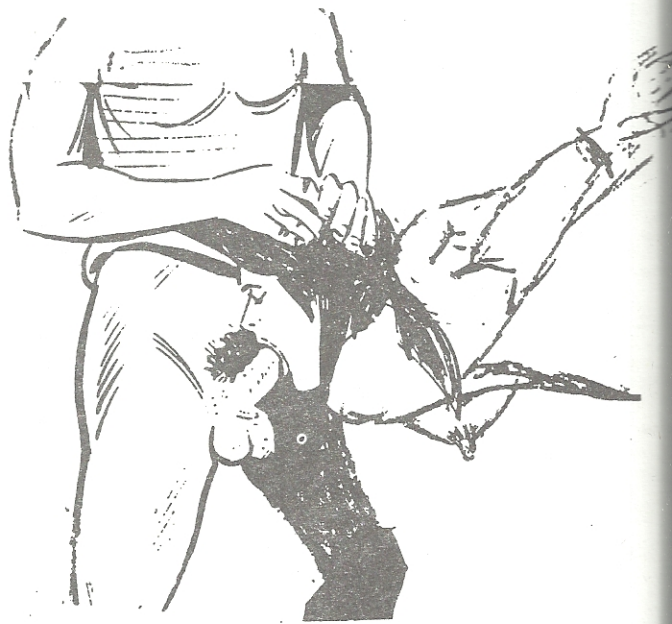
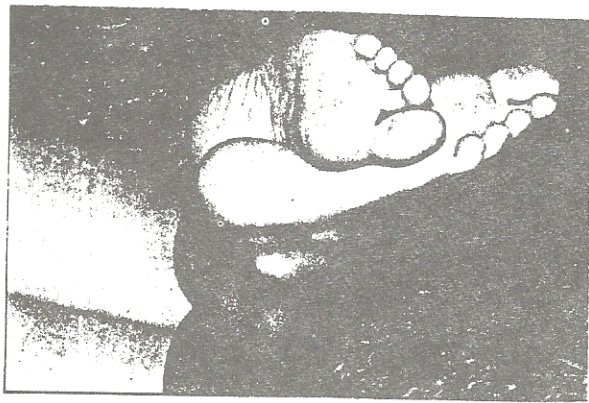
Dear Mr. Chinkfucking Faggot,

This is to notify you that I have borrowed your ugly whore daughter. She is safe and unhurt. You have probably already informed the police. That's o.k. I expected this. However, you will not tell them that you have received this letter, or, your stupid daughter is dead. After reading this you will burn it, or, your stupid daughter is dead. I am a professional doctor. Enclosed is a lovely chunk of your stupid daughter's foot as proof of her comfortable health. Also enclosed is a piece of beef as proof of how nice I can be to you. I expect you to do this: You will fill a briefcase containing \$3 million in \$50 bills. You will receive a phone call tomorrow evening telling you when and where to deliver the money. After I receive the money, your daughter will be returned to you. Though, I don't know why you'd want her. You obviously don't know what to do with her.

You will do as I have instructed you to do, if you ever want to see your stupid ugly whore daughter alive again. Though, as I've stated previously, I don't know why you'd want her.

BEAUTIFUL CHINK BITCH

After checking my mail at the post office, I go to nineteenth street and walk down the tunnel to wait for my trolley. I notice a demure Chinese girl sitting on the bench. Her shiny black hair is pulled back in a pony tail. Her eyes looking down at the ground in humility. She is about eighteen and has rather large breasts for an Asian girl. Her elegant face is tender and smooth. Her lips are red around her small mouth and her cheeks are luscious. I wonder how my dick would feel inside them? I begin to get a hard-on. The trolley pulls up. It's not mine, but I get on anyway because she does. I sit two seats behind her and stroke my rod. She gets off the trolley. I follow her. She doesn't notice me. I just keep thinking about her mouth, her lips, her cheeks, her tongue. She gets to her house and takes out her keys to open the door. I stand below on the sidewalk watching her. The keys go in. The door opens. She goes in and closes it behind her, locking it. I stand outside on the sidewalk gazing into her windows for hours. I make sure she is alone. I walk up to her door and ring the buzzer. I hear footsteps coming down the stairs and the sound of the door being unlocked. I think, stupid bitch should've gotten a peephole or at least asked who it was. She opens the door. I immediately place my hand over her mouth and rush in kicking the door shut. She struggles free and runs. I chase her and catch her by her pony tail. I pull her hair hard and force her to her knees. I take a nearby phone cord and tie her hands behind her back. All the while she is squawking and putting up a fight. I find an extension wire and tie her legs together just below the knees. She's screaming some jibberish in Chinese while I calmly walk back and lock the door and draw the curtains. I come back to her and smack her across her pretty face. "Shut up!" I tell her, raising my



hand to smack her again. "Shut up! Understand?" She shuts up and looks down to the floor in submission. I take in the glorious sight of her tied up on the floor and imagine what her body looks like underneath her clothes. My hard-on is pulsing. I take off her shoes and socks and admire her dainty little feet. I press my face against her feet, feeling them and smelling them; licking them lustfully. I become intoxicated by her feet. I suck her lovely toes hungrily. I pull out my knife and cut her leatards off. She squeals a little bit. Not knowing what to expect, she is frantically panting. I admire the silky smooth skin of her sexy Oriental legs and shapely buttocks. I lick the beautifully shaped calves of her smooth legs and make my way up to her fragrant asshole. I furiously suck and bite each voluptuous cheek of her perfect ass. I bury my nose deep into her beautiful pink asshole and inhale her hot female odor. I lick her asshole, driving my tongue in as far as I can to relish her female taste. I pull out my dripping hard prick and rub it against her perfect calves as I continue my feast of her asshole and succulent asscheeks. I rest for a moment to gaze at her sweet innocent face. I move in front of her and put my dick up close to her face and order her to suck it. She hesitantly parts her full glistening lips. I rub my dripping prick on their ruby redness in anticipation of her hot mouth. I slip my prick in and order her to suck. She obeys. I am in heaven! I am delirious with her hot Asian mouth and gentle tongue sucking me. I have never in all my life known such pleasure. I back her up against the wall and pin her knees to her ears, then draw her sexy feet into my mouth. I hungrily cram her entire left foot into my mouth. I suck and lick it, tasting its sweaty flavor. I command her, "Suck my cock harder, bitch! Suck like you've never sucked before, or I'll fuckin kill you!" She sucks it good and hard and fast, slurping her soft Asian lips tightly around it with her silky smooth tongue licking at my head and shaft, her beautiful hot cheeks draining my meat. I cum like I have never cum before, in a cataclysm, bursting showers of sperm down her gullet. She swallows and swallows, drinking every ounce of my prick's fluid. Good girl, I think to myself. You are mine. All mine. Suddenly, a stream of piss issues forth from my still-throbbing cock. Some goes down her throat. She quickly releases my prick from her mouth, coughing and spitting out a mixture of piss and semen. I shower her beautiful face with my piss.

I go into the kitchen and make some coffee. I drink an entire pot of it and come back into the living room where my Asian sex doll lies awaiting me. I turn her over on her back. I rip off her T-shirt and cut off her bra to view her appetizing young breasts. I caress and squeeze them, being sure to pinch each large nipple until they become hard. She lets out a faint wimper. I madly suck, lick and chew each lovely nipple. I rub my dripping cock on them. I slide my cock inbetween her smooth gorgeous tits, making sure to press them tight around it. I thrust methodically into her tits, feeling

their grandeur while pinching her brownish-red nipples as hard as I can. I prop her head up on a pillow and demand that she suck my cock as I fuck her tits. She obeys, and wraps her heavenly lips around my cock and sucks. As I cum in her face, I let out a bevy of shit onto her trim belly. I finish cumming, and carry her upstairs and shower her. I take the greatest of care to clean her of every dirty bit of feces that I had accidentally farted upon her lovely figure. Once bathed, I repeated having her blow me again and again that night and into the next morning. Each blow job she gave me was more delicious than the last.

I pick up her small body in my arms and cuddle her like a mother would her baby. I drape her over a chair and marvel at her large shapely round ass and her sweet tight asshole. I lube her precious foot and cram it up to the ankle into my ass. I spread her beautiful protruding asscheeks and bury my bulging cock into her sweet tight asshole. She screams and squeals. I become seized by a furious bliss, and pick up the knife and begin stabbing her over and over again as I fuck her sexy Asian ass literally to death. A rocket-burst of cum explodes into her dead Asian bowels and leaks out her Chink asshole. I pull out of her and flop to the floor in exhaustion. I fall asleep.

I awake ten hours later to find a beautiful dead Chink bitch lying beside me. I look past the bloody carnage to her sexy fuckin Chink legs. My prick immediately rises. I take her beautiful dead Chink feet and jerk off with each one for a while. Then fuck her tight anal cavity again, which is now covered with her shit. I relentlessly pound my invasive rod into her asshole over and over, slapping up against her round buttcheeks. I cum only a few drops. I take the knife and cut off her feet, slice off her luscious tits, and carry them into the kitchen to cook them. I cut her head off and fuck her beautiful Oriental mouth one last time. I cum into it. I sit down and chew off the flesh from her cooked feet and tits, swallowing each tender morsel. I jerk off while eating, and begin to sob uncontrollably. I will never again be able to fuck my Asian beauty. She is gone forever. I will miss her so much. I finish eating her and put my head down on the empty plate to cry myself to sleep. I dream only of her.

WHEN YOU SMILE, THE WHOLE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU.

I see you in your room in your bathrobe. I've seen you everyday for three months. I know that you're a single independent woman who works downtown as a make-up consultant for Macy's Department Store. I know this because I followed you. I've watched you everyday for a long time. You're a yuppie that keeps your house clean, your room clean and your body very very clean. You bathe twice a day: every morning at 6 A.M. and every evening at 8 P.M. I know this because I watch you everyday through my telescope. Everyday after your morning bath, you shave your long sexy legs.

You wear your eye-liner and lipstick well. Not like a common street whore. But like a classy whore. You are a whore. You've smiled at me on the street- a fake professional smile of a whore. You aim to please. You try to please everyone, just like the whore that you are. You're always friendly and polite. You like money. You are ambitious and headstrong. I can tell by the way you hold yourself when you walk. All these charms have led you to where you are now. Have led you to me...Here in your room.

Even now, you are keeping your cool. You are so calm and reasonable after having been tied up, having me touch you, having me lick your breasts and tongue your asshole. Still you smile that fake professional smile, trying to barter your way to freedom, thinking that this'll all be over soon and everything will be alright. I use this hope of your's against you. I tell you, "There is a way out of this, you know. It isn't as hopeless as it seems. All you have to do is pass a test. Just a little test, really. It's a test that you can attune all your skills to. All that time you spent going to college and working your way up the corporate ladder has amounted to the situation you find yourself in right now. With this test you will have to concentrate all your senses on one specific task. I have here in my hand, a raw uncooked egg. I'm going to place it in your asshole. If you can hold it there without breaking it, for ten minutes... I'll let you go. You can leave here free as a bird. And I won't do a damned thing to you. O.K.? Understand? Good. Let's begin. Relax your asshole muscles. If you breathe in deep, it will help you relax." Her asshole widens. I continue, "Good. I'm putting the egg in your asshole now."

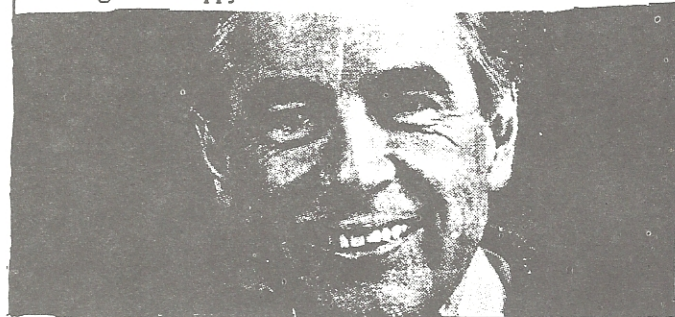
I watch. I stare at her smooth sleek ass. Her quivering female flesh causes me to get a raging hard-on. Five minutes go by. She's very good. God, those quivering beautiful ass-cheeks! That reddish-brown taut *ripe* asshole! I walk in front of her holding my erect prick. "Blow me." I tell her. She smiles a cold faraway smile, with her ass up in the air holding the egg, and replies, "No."

I tell her, "Blow me or I'll kill you." She manages a nervous smile hoping to put me at ease, and says, "O.K."

I bark, "No! Don't say 'o.k.' Don't say anything. Just do what you're told and blow me. AND DON'T let that egg break, or you're fuckin dead." She nods, and takes my cock in her wet businesswoman whoremouth and starts sucking like a good little girl. "You fucking slut! You stupid fucking whore! Suck it you stupid bitch! Use your tongue. Yeah...that's right. You're a good little cocksucker, aren't you? You like sucking my cock, don't you? Yeah, you do, little fucking slut. Look up at me while you suck my cock. Let me see those pretty brown eyes looking up at me. Fuck yeah..." I glance down at my watch. Twelve minutes have gone by. I pull out of her mouth and tell her, "You've done it! That's it! Time's up!" She still

holds the egg in her asshole. She can't break out of her concentration. Yes! That's exactly what I wanted! Without saying a word, I walk behind her and press her ass-cheeks together, smashing the egg. A look of bewilderment washes over her face. I turn her to face the mirror hanging on her closet door so that she can see herself. I walk back behind her and ram my cock deep into her asshole in one thrust. The sudden look of pain on her pretty face turns me on, and I continue to attack her ass, thrusting into her harder. I watch her perfectly combed short hair and her professional smile in the mirror as she tries to calmly reason with me to stop. "Shut up! Look at yourself in the mirror. WHORE!" She obeys. I rape her hard. I watch her in the mirror. What's this?! She's still smiling! I smack her in the face. I want to smack that smile of self-assuredness and that confidence RIGHT OFF HER FACE. I rape her hard as I can. I pinch her fucking tits, digging my fingernails in till her nipples bleed. I watch her head bobbing to my thrusts into her beautiful asshole. That perfect hair on her head shaking like any porn star, taking it with a forced, yearning, nervous smile. Still, she reasons with me, like this is some kind of rational business deal. Still, she is self-assured. Still, she manages to smile! How?! I hit her mercilessly. "I told you to SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH." I fuck her harder, faster, deeper. Her asshole is bleeding now. Her blood covers my dick. Fucking her blood is enough for me to orgasm. I cum and break her right arm at the same time. Listen to that arm break...it's like music!

I pull my cock out of her asshole like a cork from a champagne bottle releasing a froth of egg yolk, cum, blood, and shit. I laugh. But, I look at her face and my joy is squelched. The stupid cunt is still fine. I walk out of the room. I look around the house till I find what I'm looking for. I walk back into her room with the hammer. I hold her head up by her nice hair and bash her teeth in with the hammer. She yells and screams. Her lips become torn shreds. She's crying uncontrollably and bleeding all over the place. I pull out my cock and stick it in the bloody hole in her face that used to be her mouth. Her tears trickle down onto my throbbing cock gagging her. She vomits. I fuck her vomit bloody toothless yuppie-whore mouth. Her tears roll freely from her tormented eyes down her cheeks onto my cock. Her sobs are muffled by my cock down her throat. She continues to vomit and cry, as I continue to fuck her throat. A warm and happy smile crosses my cheerful face. And all is well and good through the happy land.





10-21-93
XER RANDALL
Phillip
HAPPY FUCK'N
HALLOW E'E'EN!

DEATH

From my balcony the
sea of meaningless shapes and
shadows press against
me, pushing me down.

Th Life has been ripped and violated.

forever.

Bodies are
torn. Minds are eviscerated of
decency. There
is no improving things no making
things better no forgiving and
forgetting the past or
the present.

We exist in

a rotting corpse.

The unthinkable has been
thought has been done. The
unimaginable has been made real.

do
not get over it and move on.

we prolong the
decomposition. There are no
shining examples who
change the world for the better. On the
contrary, there is an abundance of
naive
and delusionary, whose actions
sustain death.

I take pains to
associate with the best
individuals. The best friends have
the best intentions. They are
overshadowed by dark
malignant compulsions. Instead of
support.

mock me

Well... I say

in to them

FUCK YOU

I should not count on
anybody, even, though they
postulate making the world a
better place. The world will be
better for some but not for others. I
am not part of their plan.
they're not part of my plan
their shallow
dream will cut
their throats but not for others.

Things don't change
one group overthrow another and
substitut their damaged ideals
high ideals for
what society should be, are
pushed aside to take power in
despisement of capitalist pigs or
anarchist slob. This is
herd mentality.

Here's my alternative:

Real society is never good.
We are not all in the same boat together.
Making things
better for any group can never be a good
thing. The group must be eliminated. The
crowd incinerated. The herd
attacked and destroyed. The
masses obliterated.

The boy who
picks up his shotgun or
kitchen knife to attack the crowd
has risen above it by his tremendous
effort. His freedom is his rage.

COMMAND RESPONSE TEST

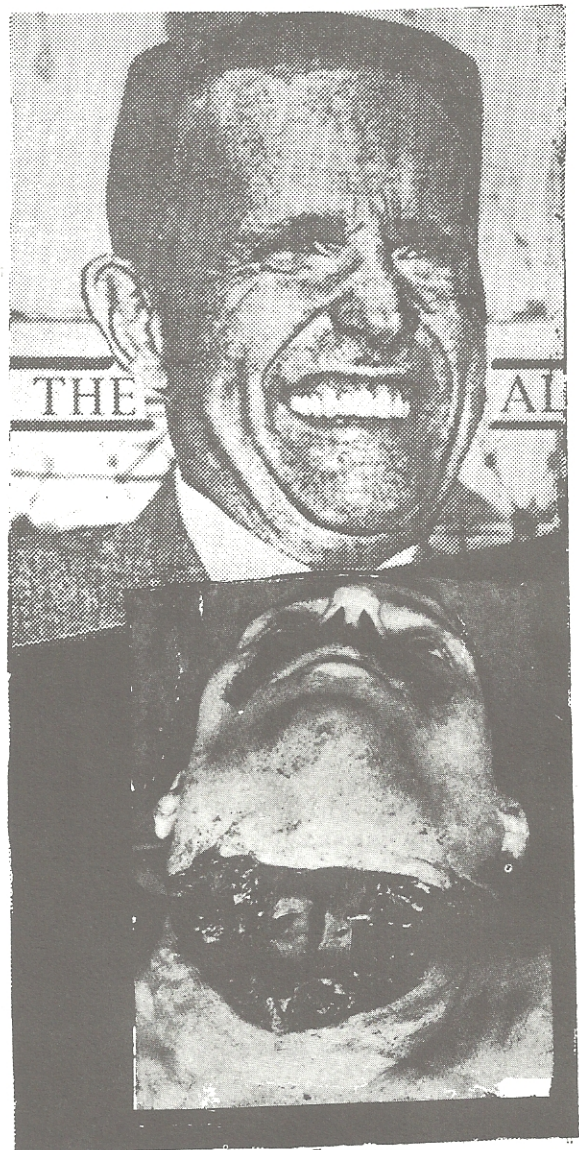
Any prejudice you believe I have expressed is not my doing. It is in the very nature of the words themselves to be enamored with prejudice. To read words is an act of narrowing the mind. This act of mind contraction is a habit you take in stride. Green words on a yellow page wouldn't stop you. You are hungry to read. You're a word addict who needs a constant fix. You select, without effort, just what words you want to pay attention to on a page and just what words you do not pay any mind to. For example, every page of a book might have unseen messages which are constructed totally from the words you don't pay attention to, but which cause the necessary responses in your brain to make you behave a certain way. As you read a page of a book, you hear your voice in your mind reading the unseen words. Later, you hear the memory of these words in your mind and mistake them for your own thoughts, not at all realizing that they were commands implanted into your brain by God. Then, you will act on them. Words always lead to action.

The influence of the unseen commands of God works within the system of an established alphabet, accepted spelling, rules of grammar and syntax. The system is subtly and not so subtly manipulated to make you do as instructed. For example: a slightly boldfaced "b" in the middle of the word "subtle". You might notice a misprint misprint or a misspelling, or an out of context Go to the store and buy a gun. line of type lost in the middle of your page. All of which are intentional errors used to direct your focus. Depending whether you are bothered by these errors or not, will serve to channel your focus appropriately to pick up the unseen command messages. You may be totally blind to what another individual may read. The very words themselves are prejudiced; and not what they seem to express: *A crooked thorn and a line of mud*. Within the spaces between the words and between the sentences ARE words that you do not see, but which you read just the same with your mind's eye.

Take the gun to Easter Sunday Mass and shoot everybody in the church.

Another individual will respond to the subtle and not so subtle directions, and may see different words than you will see, but will read the same command messages that you will read. You will find it hopeless looking for these unseen words because the over-all pattern will emerge just the same. There are reasons enough for me informing you of this technique. But, there are reasons enough for me not wanting to explain what I have just written, without adding the fear that someone will go around abusing this privileged technique. You can go ahead and theorize that the paper of this book has been specially treated, without ever knowing how. Or, you can take notice of yourself when

you re-read the same sentence two or three times, re-read the same sentence two or three times, and wonder why and for what purpose. I have my reasons for informing you that I have put unseen commands on the pages of this book which are already working inside your brain. There's nothing you can do about it. I will not explain to you why and for what purpose I have done this to you. You have lots of time to think over the things I have done to you, and the things I probably have done to you, and the things I have doubtless been capable of doing. Sooner or later the reasons will be made clear to you. You just don't bother yourself with trying to figure it out. It's too late. There's nothing you can do. It's already done. You just forget about it. Go on with your daily routine and be thankful that you are illiterate.



EAT THE BODY

My dear patients,

Your sickness is your asset. Use your illness to obtain everything you desire. As your physician, I must heal you. It is my divine duty to increase your sickness.

There will *always* be the idea that there is *something* evil in this world. This is all evil is: *an idea*. Evil only exists in men's minds. In actuality, evil is *not* out in the world in *any* physical or spiritual form. The idea of evil changes with each person and with the seasons of *governmental* regimes.

It feels wonderful to think evil thoughts. It feels even better to act on evil thoughts. Rigor mortis conformity tells us to choose the path of good over the path of evil. Bewildered officials tell twits: choose the path of good and you will be happy. *Poppycock!* The good path is bamboozlement. The legalized lie of good is but a fanciful dream of cowards, which they cling to for comfort. Tsk, tsk! The life-strangling deception of good envelops dullards in addictive boredom. Being good is being perceptually neutered. There is no legitimate claim to evil without fabricated virtue. Real virtue is to be true to oneself. This clearly has nothing at all to do with good. For one to have virtue, one must necessarily be evil. Evil is the most natural thing in all the universe. Do not be afraid to give into temptation. Do not be afraid of yielding to evil. One can be truly happy only by being evil.

There are two ways for us to suffer: We suffer because we deserve to suffer, or we suffer because we don't deserve to suffer. Not only is this a pious statement, but this is the way of life. To some degree, we all suffer, and will always suffer. There is nothing we can do to fully eliminate suffering from our lives. However, by yielding to evil, we can enjoy the suffering of others. What is more important, by yielding to evil, we can enjoy making others suffer. To be in harmony with life, we must make others suffer.

In the pecking order of life that is the job market of pain, we are (all of us) both the employer and employee of suffering. There are employers above us, who make us suffer, and there are employees below us, whom we make suffer. Are you the mere janitor of suffering, mopping up splattered intestines? Or, are you the executive manager of suffering, splattering intestines? Many are best suited for their squalid position in life, while others are worthy of higher rank. Don't let life pass you by. You can do better for yourself.

Assert your evil. By hurting others, you can be the boss of a large company of suffering. Push the unworthy out of your way. Smash your competitors. YOU CAN DO IT. Be ruthless. You'll feel better about yourself. Organize a team to help you win the game. Your friends and followers are your slaves. Drug them with pills and medicine. Beat them. They'll love you forever. Put them to work. They'll do whatever you say. They'll believe whatever you tell them to believe.

I bless you, my dear patient. I put rubber gloves on my hands and poke my Vaseline'd fingers up your pock-marked behind. In a matter of moments, I am able to work my hand up to the wrist, into your loose wet chasm. My sanctimonious fingers squirm past your juicy prostate to check for cancerous tumors. I feel around in your colon for your brain. Ah, there it is- covered in feces. I pet the wriggling worms inhabiting your hemorrhoidal mind's anus. Your rectum nerves have eaten your groin's carcass. Your masturbated corpse rots in a muddy grave of bowel movement. My physical examination reveals that I am fist-fucking your dead body. With my hypodermic needle in hand, I inject semen into your lifeless sphincter to wake your cadaver to puppet life.

Awake in marionette suffering against the world with maggots and spiders feasting on your entrails! Bacteria and disease swarm beneath your bloated purple bruises that ooze shameful pus. Awake! Come back from the dead! Come back rape-toilets, filthy Jews, from your dead slumber! At last, my semen injection has taken effect! You rise and walk. I give you my commandments:

Autopsy this planetary morgue's mannequin flesh in a baptismal bloodbath! Inter the cretins in a grave of your AIDS shit. The fruit of the womb are guilty abortions ripe for your lustful vengeance. Rape and Abominate! Suck thine enemies' blood with leeches of sexual sin. Use elbow grease to saw through the bone marrow of whores' delicious legs.

Fill the land with ripping howls of amputation torture. Disembowel old hags. For they are wrinkled mutilations in your wake. Fornicate the middle-aged into raw meat chunks with the steel blade of your contempt. Hang the dog-Niggers from gnarled branches of cocaine-fertilized trees, you Niggers. Look into the Niggers' cracked mirror faces to see your own reflection of lowly weakness- and cut their necks with the glass shards pulled from your soul's eyes.

Remember the anointed genius of Einstein's glory when he cannibalized the slimy yellow flesh of atomic Jap-dwarves.

The mashed retardedness of your youth is every puppydog you step on. Crush their tiny backs with your heavy heel as they squeal puke and shit piss their faggoty deaths.

Oh my darling corpse's cunts, you shall flourish in everlasting peace in the kingdom of heaven. The Lord violates you with the purity of His bright light. Follow your burnt star with blind retinas. You are saved. Praise God! You are saved!

You are God's Johnny-on-the-spot. This is why I put you on this earth. You shit your prayers into my skull's colostomy bag. I relieve my constipation with your laxative of worshipping my holy hole. Your brown teeth gnash broken smiles from My turd that you have so graciously swallowed down your sewers' gullets! Feel my holy excrement pump through your corroded arteries of spiritual mercy.

The Father, The Son, and The Holy Ghost dwell within you. I am the parasitic embodiment of Christ festering within your soul. I will guide you to your salvation: Destroy the evidence of your murderous sin. Eat the evidence, the dead body in your basement. Eat of the body of Christ: My flesh, My blood, My intestine, My testicles. After this communion, you shall be absolved of your crimes. I grant you, my obedient patient, a stay of execution. I have passed over My judgment upon you.

Amen.





Euthanasia, Abortion, Religion, Government, Slavery, Martians, Racism, Homosexuality.

What do these 8 subjects have in common?

They're considered by the squeamish and the easily unnerved to be heavy subjects too relevant, thought-provoking, or touchy to be examined honestly. But, I think differently. In this book, each subject will be examined in an adult manner stressing moral correctness.

Reality has exceeded the limits of good taste! Civilization took the plunge into evil a long, long time ago. Evil manifests itself in this world in so many complex ways. Is it too late to make things right? This candid true-to-life book probes the seemingly limitless capacity reality has to shock and exploit!

EXTERMINATION ZONE is a careful compilation of facts on the Martian religious conspiracies that murder, imprison, and enslave the entire planet formerly known as *earth*. This book is not some horrid science-fiction vision of the future, but a lucid study of the present. The conclusions reached in this book, while not pleasant or reassuring, will serve to alert and safeguard the lone Human, as well as, vigilante terrorist organizations- in a last-ditch hope to put civilization back on track.

Are you troubled with the ulcer in your brain that tickles and nags you into having to choose between *the book that dares to rape your brain* and the boob tube that *just does*? If you are, then this book is too challenging for you to ever understand. Don't bother to buy this book or read it, you fool! Put it back on the shelf and walk away. Watch T.V. instead.